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J. C. Dalton



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IMPRESSIONS

OF

G E R M A N Y

BY

AN AMERICAN LADY.

„I bow to Reason's dictates, but not less
Hold to the fair illusions of old time,
Illusions that shed brightness over life
And glory over Nature.

Bryant.

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RBR
Jantz
#802

TO
MY CHILDREN AND FRIENDS
AS A REMEMBRANCE
OF



INTRODUCTION.

I have not ventured this volume without a purpose. After several years' residence in Germany, I returned home and was surprised to find how little people in general knew of German life. A vague idea of beer-drinking students, thick-headed emigrant peasants, metaphysics and philosophy no one can understand, with a cloud of pipe-smoke enveloping the whole, seemed to me the received impression of a people, who yearly have been pouring into our land, bringing with them their thrift and talent. That there be truth in the general conception no one can deny, but that all the sweet amenities of life spring up in its domestic relations, that there is a charm living in a country where every rood of land teems with poetry and historic lore, does not require me to tell. That the constancy of their affections and the goodness of their nature commands our respect, has so impressed me, that I have ventured to print my rambling thoughts.

So many of my country-women are finding their way to Germany, perhaps a few remarks by one of their kind may prove useful.

I do not pretend to convey anything but passing impressions, but such as they are, they may awaken in some a wish, as one of their own writers has beautifully expressed it: „To lift the veil that shrouds this romantic land,“ or it may give some idea of common life as they will find it.

I have earnestly written what I have seen and felt, and hope I have „Nothing extenuated, nor set down aught in malice.

M. G.

BREMEN
AND
THE RHINELAND.

CHAPTER I.

THE STEAMER.

With foam before and fire behind,
She rends the clinging sea
That flies before the waving wind,
Beneath her hissing lee.

With clashing wheel and lifting keel
And smoking torch on high,
When winds are loud and billows reel,
She thunders foaming by.

O. W. Holmes.

THE pier was crowded to see the Bremen steamer depart. The last gun was fired and we were launched upon our voyage. A shout rose from the motley throng upon the shore, where the embroidered cambric and blue-spotted cotton waved high their adieus in one spontaneous feeling of good will. — One more farewell-cheer, and we are off.

Fairly adrift, one looks about with curious eye to reconnoitre what resources are afforded, not of comfort, that word may be stricken from the vocabulary of them „who go down to the sea in ships“, but amusement or sympathy with one's fellow-passengers. How great the disappointment, who can tell? to find only a mixture of strange tongues debarring social intercourse; the eternal „Ja“ jarring your head-nerves; the peculiarly intonated „So“ . . . prolonged from mouth to mouth, while your limited knowledge of German leaves you speculating. Wearisome days and still more wearisome nights were ours, toiling against head-winds, fifteen mortal days upon the broad Atlantic, diversified, it is true, by the more

lively enjoyment of two more, pitching and tossing through the turbulent North-Sea, „Old Nick“ unpropitious. — The Anglo-Saxons believed this to be „Nicker’s“ peculiar domain: it was he they canonized about here in later times, and the shrine of St. Nicholas still hangs in the cabin of many an old sailor. Resuming his former pranks, he tossed us about unmercifully among the fishing-smacks off the Texel and worried us up the very mouth of the Weser, leaving us there in the lurch at sun-down, to cast anchor and wait the pleasure of the commander of the river-boat; this worthy was letting off steam, preparatory to settling for the night. He had no idea, not he, of Yankee alertness, nor the longing of prisoners to be free; he smoked his pipe in peace and turned quietly into his bunk, leaving us to go and do likewise. That last night of concentrated ship-ennui, that narrow state-room, of which I knew every panel, every crevice — how provokingly I remember it! I longed even for the creaking sounds that had at least announced we were getting onward, but to swing at anchor, waiting for that old Dutchman to get his nap, was past endurance; yet this was but preliminary to what one must expect in travelling all through Germany. The sun sprang up at last from behind the port of Bremer Haven, where it lay just in front of us. How I rose, shook off the clothes redolent of ship, and in a fresh suit clambered down a ladder into the small steam river-craft, which had crept along side of us, I need not here detail. Our Ocean-steamer lay like a great black whale upon the waters, disgorging from its open jaws a volume of small fry in shape of passengers, bags, and coffers. There we all stood on the deck of the river-boat, restored to our pristine form and comeliness. The Polish Jew, who had flourished in a battered, steeple-crowned, ci-devant white hat, greasy

coat, and woe-begone physiognomy, had burst from his chrysalis, lustrous in smiles, new beaver, and black broad-cloth; patient nurse-mothers, with mewling infants, now came forth twittering like sparrows in the sunshine; pale faces with lack-lustre eyes and heads of hair like weather-beaten thatch, re-appeared redolent of perfume, crowned with „Jenning's Spring Style“ — a night at anchor had produced a metamorphosis bordering on the marvellous, and So we went our way up the Weser.

Wending through rich farm-lands dyked from the encroachments of the river, flat and undiversified, we gladly hailed Bremen, the good old Hanse-town, which sits peacefully smiling among ramparts converted into pleasure-gardens, now wielding the pruning hook instead of the sword. A day or two there. A look into the ancient Rathhaus, with its rich frontal, figures of Electors and Emperors encrusting it at all points; a peep into its dark arched cellars, where the wines of two centuries hoarded in casks, called „the Twelve Apostles“, former property of some Monastery, and we are through. I was told one of our ship-mates issued forth from these regions in a state of wrathful indignation, denouncing the whole as an excessive humbug: he had expected to see The Twelve Apostles, in full stature and equipment, „a fig for your Saint Paul, Saint Jonas, and Saint Judas“, tho' the rusty brown casks had each its name legibly painted on the end in white letters. Our friend was a recreant Hebrew, who in renouncing the creed of his fathers, had substituted no other in its stead, and certainly „quoted scripture to his purpose“. — There is a class of these Israelites in Germany, who in order to evade the rigor of the law, renounce their religion and try to persuade themselves thereby, they have cast off

their nationality, but their speech bewrayeth them; these are they whom Sheridan so wittily likened to „the blank leaf between the Old and New Testament.“

Threading the narrow streets of the Old Town, we come upon the ramparts, the water of the Weser filling the moats, now made pleasure-ponds for swans, bordered by gravel-walks and plots of flowers. Fresh new-stuccoed houses look pleasantly forth facing these gardens, but I like better the pointed gables and rough red-tiled roofs, in the narrow lanes and down by the river-wharves, with their superabundant windows crowding the fronts, and their quaint weather-cocks, towering away up above the seven stories, at the roof-point; and now, a tedious eleven hours by rail, through a flat undiversified country, and we find ourselves at Deutz, the point of the Rhine opposite Cologne. Here I caught the first view of the famed Colonia Agrippinensis lying almost within her ancient limits, from the southern point, the site of the Roman Capitol, where christianity raised the church of St. Mary's, to the northern hill, where on the foundation of the temple of Mars have successively arisen the church of St. Peter's and the world-renowned Cathedral. But Roman memories and Electoral magnificence are as things of naught. It is the fashion of the day to decry Cologne, its sharp paving-stones, and imperfect drainage; these have been commented upon in prose and verse, until it is deemed a modern Christian penance to remain within its walls. Not so however with me; these grey old towns, furrowed by age, tell a tale of deep interest, and such as pass through the crooked narrow streets with no thought above a flask of the far-famed sweet waters to hold „between the wind and their nobility“ may travel on; we wander by different paths. The windows of our sitting-room opened on the Rhine; along the bridge and quays

were floating an army of banners, emblazoned with royal and princely devices. The hereditary Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz was in our hotel. The king of Holland passed up the river in his yacht on a pleasure excursion. The Princess Sophia Something passed down the river ditto, and away back on the railway, we had seen the private coach of the king of Hanover, capped by a golden crown, glittering in the sun. There seemed a perfect migration of royalty, which warmed up old memories of times, when the galleys with gay floating pennons and the brilliant cortége of the Prince Electors swept down the current of the same mighty stream. These wisely removed their state and splendor to Bonn, leaving the narrow crooked streets and three hundred and sixty five churches to the staunch Burghers of Cologne, who very soon evinced their sturdy democratic spirit, manfully asserting their rights against the encroachments of their Prince Bishops. The day after our arrival Cologne was alive with the Easter festival, the altars were wreathed with flowers, green shrines to the Mother of God were raised inside chapels, and the children, who are confirmed at this season, went about, the girls in white dresses, with wreaths of flowers in their hair, the boys in their best attire, with a flower at their coat-breast. Flowers in Germany accompany every event. The coincidence of the northern Pagan festivals with the time of ours has long since been commented upon, but the primitive Germans had besides a feast of flowers. The President was called „May-king“, or „Flower-king“; they danced around the first violet, and the image of Winter, or Death, was taken to the river and there buried. Nothing seizes the imagination more than these observances of nations in their primeval simplicity, but among warriors and hunters as the old Germans were, men, as

the Germans expressed it „whose minds were as great as their bodies“ that we should find a festival of such delicate imagining, seems the more marvellous when we know that in the solitudes of their black forests, beneath the shadow of their mountain-oaks, their feasts were often sullied by human sacrifices.

We went to hear grand mass celebrated in the Cathedral, and afterwards paid our tribute at the shrine of the Three Kings, whose relics, brought from Italy in the 12th century by archbishop Renaud, made Cologne a resort of pilgrims and strangers, which filled the coffers of the church to overflowing. From the period of the establishment of these relics date the extension and fortification of the town, within whose precincts rose such numbers of churches and richly endowed monasteries, the boast grew, Cologne had a church for every day in the year. A cluster of these remain, claiming the interest of the curious and the study of the architect, but on these it is not in my power to dilate, general and superficial impressions are all I pretend to describe.

What I felt on first raising my eyes beneath the arches of the great Cathedral, was the comparative insignificance of Man, there, within this mighty monument of his power. No known architect can claim this stupendous work; it has been conceded that the Guilds of Free Masons carried out these great Cathedral plans, from suggestions of some master-spirit, founded on a preconceived idea. We read, this one was begun in 785 and consecrated in 1332, five centuries intervening, during which time it was richly endowed by the reigning archbishops. Rising in their shadowy grandeur, these great Temples of God impress one with an undefined sentiment of religion, the mystery of their vastness and silence subdues the soul. In vain have writers endeavored to convey the impression pro-

duced upon the mind by Gothic architecture, it is undefinable. Frederic Schlegel calls it „frozen music“ and Coleridge, „a petrified religion“. The sensation absorbs, without our finding words to solve its mystery. Heine in his poetic warmth has not gone too far, and I quote his words, if only for the beautiful imagery they convey: „The grand idea suggested itself to the Germans, to „whom we owe the development of Gothic architecture, „of expressing the sublimity of the Deity by means of „architectural designs. Rough masses of stone became „fraught with meaning. The loftiness and immensity „were to fill the heart, as the God to whom the Temple is raised, is great and sublime, the pillars to shoot up- „wards toward the light and terminate in light and pointed „towers, like Faith aspiring to Heaven, the sublimity of „the edifice to be veiled by a thousand beauteous orna- „ments, all having one principal form, as if the grand idea „pervaded each particle. This form is the Rose in the „windows, doors, arches, pillar-ornaments, and blossoming „from it the Cross; by the Rose is signified the World „— Life, by the cross, Faith — the Deity.“

Architecture became symbolic, it was the reaction of that religious enthusiasm which had led thousands to the crusades, and which, still working in Men's hearts, expended itself in this mystical embodiment. I visited Saint Gereon's, when the evening sunlight, playing through the windows of its circular central dome, brought in view the rich imagery of Asiatic luxury developed in its Byzantine architecture; twisted columns of blue and red and gold, curious sarcophagi, gilt cases of Martyr skulls, strange combination of undefinable magnificence, producing pleasurable sensations, but far removed from the religious coloring, shed upon the soul by the sombre Gothic. Byzantine architecture had less development, being

stifled at its birth by the introduction of the pointed style, now universally acknowledged of Teutonic origin, sprung from the vast black forests of Germany, „where they sacrificed upon the tops of mountains and burned incense upon the hills under oaks and poplars and elms, because the shadow thereof was good“. One glance into the chapel of St. Ursula, dedicated to her and eleven thousand virgin martyrs, whose bones are mosaiced into the walls, in arabesque patterns, and whose skulls are ranged in glass-cases, each one covered with a velvet-cap, embroidered in gold or seedpearl. This one must visit and speak of, as a leading curiosity among the antiquities of Cologne. In the middle of the chapel stood a great glass-case of relics, subject to the comments of a dull sacristan, done into English this day, for our special edification, somewhat with the usual intonation of a *Ménagerie*-keeper setting forth the peculiarities of his collection. Whilst this humming was going on, I caught sight through a half-open door of a scene worthy of Hogarth. Some boys were practising a chaunt, a benevolent looking old priest presiding, a pair of black horn-spectacles on the end of his nose, to which he applied every now and then an enormous pinch of snuff, keeping his eyes meanwhile fixed over his spectacles, to see that all were attentive. The group in front, with open mouths, of all dimensions, piping away in great seriousness, evidently intent upon doing their best before the old Pater, the ridiculous overcame the charm of young boys' voices, which are so peculiarly touching in religious services, and the whole led me far away from the drawling sacristan and must be my excuse for not retailing the merits of his relics, of which I heard not a word, save the last, which informed me the true cross, found by St. Helena and brought from the Holy Land, had the faculty of budding every year, and thence was

accounted for the great quantity of this relic, all over Christendom. The Electoral States had a character of their own; but tho' the Electoral college is dissolved and the title of Elector become extinct, yet there remains enough of the odor of sanctity clinging about Cologne, to render it highly tenacious of its Catholic rights, evinced while I was there by a marriage among the magnates of the city, where the parties were of opposite faith, and where after a magnificent wedding at the church of the Jesuits and entertainment at home, the bridal party were compelled to travel up the Rhine, as far as Saint Goar, and go through the ceremony again under the Protestant form. Cologne was called „the Holy City“, „the Rome of Germany“, but with all its associations, dating from the Roman conquest, it does not warm the imagination, its primitive character has faded away, modern trade and prosperity have cast all souvenirs of the Middle-Ages into the shade. The architect and antiquarian, it is true, will find there some of the oldest churches in Christendom and specimens of every style to gratify his research, but the chance-traveller cares not to dwell among them, and hastens away to Bonn, about two hours' distance by rail, where the beauties of the Rhine begin, and where the Electors themselves removed and established their *Residenz*.

The Electors of the old German empire were confined to seven, three Episcopal: Cologne, Mayence, and Trèves, four secular: King of Bohemia, Duke of Saxony, Count Palatine and Margrave of Brandenburg. These decided the election of the emperor.

The palaces of the Elector of Cologne at Bonn were ceded to the university in 1818; the German empire had ceased to exist, and a new order of things was established.

CHAPTER II.

Il n'y a point de terre si bien moissonnée
qu'il n'y reste pour l'histoire, la poésie
ou l'imagination, une dernière gerbe à y
glaner.

Alex. Dumas.

Boxx is lovely, its site upon the Rhine, its beautifully wooded parks, now become academic groves, its palaces, retaining their external aspect, all remain; the only change, the Drones have been ejected and Bees have possession; widely different the daring conceited Bursch, his cap set defiantly forward or cast carelessly sideways, to the prim ecclesiastical proprieties of former days. The student-cap is a badge of fellowship with some society or club; the white caps usually noblemen, the others wear red, blue, green, or party-colored. In changing proprietors, the old motto has evidently not been expunged from the town-records, „Unter dem Krummstab ist gut wohnen“ (it is good living under the Crosier); for the immortal Beer-Mug holds as prominent a post here, as in its pays par excellence, Bavaria, if I may judge by the vociferous demands of some handsome young students who frequented the gardens beneath our windows, and whose bursts of song enlivened us, without being offensively vulgar. These young men gave vent to genuine hilarity of spirits, and they were men of two or three and twenty, indulging in almost childish glee, rejoicing in existence unshackled by care; with us, they would al-

ready be in heavy harness, dragging up hill the burden of life. Bonn is the chosen university to educate the young princes of Germany, who associate to a certain extent with their comrades.

At Bonn the splendors of the Rhine begin. From the gardens along the river you watch all the beautiful changes which evening-sunsets cast upon the seven mountains and the ruin-crowned Godesberg, from the hills without the town, all those varieties and combinations of natural beauties, which have been the theme of travellers for ages. I remained at Bonn many weeks, exploring its environs far and near, but our expedition to the Drachenfels produced an impression indelible for life. There be those who dare say the Ruins of the Rhine are a hackneyed theme; such will appreciate the enthusiasm of the English lady who, hearing me exclaim at first sight of a ruin, said: „Let me look upon the woman who has never seen a ruin“.

Coming, as we do, from a land where there are no „far-reaching memories“, no „birthright of a pictured illuminated Past“, we feel perhaps a stronger appeal to the sentimental and imaginative, than Europeans reared under the shadow of these old memorials. They speak with the same fervor of our great virgin-forests, our wide-stretching prairies, the volume of our mighty rivers, and are lost in wonder at the sublime grandeur of nature as it exists in the New World. A German officer of high rank told me that twenty years ago he was for throwing up his commission, shouldering an axe, and „away westward he“ from sheer enthusiasm after reading Cooper's descriptions of our forest-scenery and life in the woods.

It was proposed one glorious afternoon we should visit the Oel-Berg, the highest of the seven mountains, and we crossed the Rhine on a flying-bridge to the little village of Koenigswinter. Passing up a straggling street, we found at the end a troop of asses waiting to be hired. These were furnished with seats, by courtesy called saddles, a sort of armchair covered with cherry-color, in which when once a lady has established herself, there is but little visible of the animal save the four spindle-shanks and the ears, his hereditary honor. Mine, named Myer, was an ass unexampled among his kind, ambitious, requiring no urging, no argument to force him on his way. We ascended gradually by a pathway through a thicket. Once I caught a glimpse of the glories in store for us, through an opening, but only for a moment; we again turned into a thickly wooded path, Myer steadily pursuing his upward way, Hans, his master, following, I with my own thoughts, our party having straggled from each other at the outset; but I did not feel alone, there were crowds of familiar friends nodding to me as I passed; wild flowers, whispering pleasant tales of home, while I wondered in foreign lands to meet the pied blossoms so familiar to my childhood. They brought trains of thought and the way did not seem long. I was surprised when a sudden turn brought our party together, and we found ourselves on a bit of table-land, 1453 feet above the level of the river. The rich inner country lay before us, the vine-clad hills around, the sun was sinking in a cloud of golden crimson, in the East a great round harvest-moon, not clad „in silver sheen“ but golden too, shedding yellow light. We paused all of us in deep silence. It was like a sermon, as some one aptly remarked, a feeling assimilating Nature with Nature's God, the same that prompted the Pastor on the Alps at sunrise to raise his

hat and say: „Let us pray“! We felt in the glories of nature a revealing of the Godhead and were silent. The weather was so serene, the moon so cloudless, it was proposed we should ascend the Drachenfels that night. There it lay towering before us, with a dense mass of black forest filling the valley between. To me it seemed an impossibility, but Onward was the word, and Myer obeyed with an alacrity untold of in the annals of his tribe, carrying me in ten minutes far ahead of all the party. This enhanced my enjoyment. The sound of merry voices on scenes like these disenchant the imagination and diverts the mind from contemplation; the profound Cathedral solemnity of nature demanded silence. Winding through thicket-paths, dark and dense, now we came upon openings in the wood, now plunged into deep ravines, again fronted amphitheatres of green hills illuminated by the moon, always toiling upward, hardly discerning the path before us, shadowed as it was with matted copse-wood. Suddenly we came upon the Steinberg, a parapet of rocks that seem to reach the clouds. Large blocks of stone have been detached from its sides and transported to Cologne for the repairing of the Cathedral, but little do they know, those hewers of stone, they leave behind a grander monument, a Cathedral of God's own work, „a mockery of Man's art“ towering in its might of architectural impossibilities. Here we paused and dismounted under the shadow of those mighty rock-masses, which recalled to my mind descriptions of Petra. In the sublimity of the solemn silent night fast gathering around us, my eye rested on the meek patient expression of the poor tired asses. It was no transition from the sublime to the ridiculous, it was a mute appeal to the heart's best feelings, and the words of the poet seemed made for the time and place:

„The moon sits o'er the huge oak-tree;
The soul of all her softest rays
On yonder placid creature plays
As if she wished to cheer the hardships of the oppress'd“.

Again the word was given, we mounted, another quarter of an hour's upward toiling, and we found ourselves at the base of the far-famed „castled crag of Drachenfels“. It was verging midnight, we looked down upon the Rhine silvered by the stream of moonlight, the adjacent country veiled in that dreamy indefiniteness of night-vapor. One or two fishing-boats were floating on the bosom of the river, with a lamp at their prow, glimmering like glowworms in the distance, the mountain and the ruined tower above us, half light, half shade, imagination carried back to days of shadows standing under broken archways, beckoning the adventurous spectator onward. The Dragon's Cave below, the fair Gunhilda imprisoned there, by the ruthless lord of Drachenfels rescued by Siegfried, the hero of the Niebelungen, who slew the Dragon and restored the lady to her father. We have to thank the Past full often for the pleasure of the Present, but Nature, the great Mother, was there, and memory will fondly cherish through life that glorious midnight-hour upon the Drachenfels.

Such was my initiation in the legendary lore of the Rhine, and I thought of the wild forest-clad mountains of my native land, of the boundless view from the Kaatskill, of the noble Hudson, that rival of the Rhine diminished to a silver-thread, winding through the harvest-colored lands, gold and brown and green, earth's motley. I wondered whether in the world's progress there ever would

spring up, among those rocks and bounding streams, wild seedlings of Fancy, clustering and blossoming in poetic legends, or shall these Chroniclers monopolize all? — Wise brains have conned the genealogy of Dragons, traced their history afar off among the oldest Chinese legends, which delight, we know, in reproducing these green-eyed monsters grinning defiance from cups and platters and flower-vases. Dragons have dwelt for ever in the islands of the East. Dragons were the emblems carried aloft on standards before the Persian armies; aye, old Roger Bacon recommends an unguent made of the flesh of the Dragons of Ethiopia said to be efficacious in prolonging human life. Bronzed with antiquity, they pass current yet, these Lindwurms as the German poets call them, whilst the modest appropriation of a modern Yankee sea-dragon has been laughed to scorn, „but mind ye, it argueth a verie rustic wit, so to doate on worm-eaten elde“. This episode of the great national epic excited my curiosity to know more of its hero Siegfried. The work is full of sorcery and wonders, divided into thirty eight books, curious as portraying the manners of the age, its author unknown. The story turns upon the adventures of the princess Chriemhild of Burgundy, won by Siegfried. He is treacherously murdered. In order to revenge herself, she weds Attila, king of the Huns (Etzel as the Germans call him), hoping through his power to accomplish her purpose. All the kin are invited to Vienna, a dreadful battle ensues, the murderer of Siegfried is brought to the queen, who cuts off his head with her own hand. Hildebrand revenges him by stabbing the queen“.

When Germany roused herself from her long inglorious thralldom to foreign tastes, and began to listen to the notes of her native Bards, the poetry of the Middle Ages revived, and then was formed what has been called the

Romantic School. This poetry not only manifested itself in their songs, but appertained to their painting, building, art, and modes of life.

The brothers Boissérée at Bonn were among the first whose attention was called to the merit of the old German art. From sequestered convents and obscure places they gathered that curious collection of pictures which was purchased by the king of Bavaria in 1827 and remains one of the most splendid features of the gallery at Munich. Thus while the French were transporting to Paris all the well-known works of art, these men employed themselves in exhuming from the dust of old convent-chapels, and cobwebbed book-shelves, pictures, traditions, and volumes of ancient German Sagas, which had till now remained without interest. They communicated their enthusiasm to Frederic Schlegel, and through him they asked the opinion of Goethe and backed by such authority, they pursued their researches. Cologne was rich in these treasures, and in five or six years their collection embraced a period of two hundred years. This impetus being given, various other amateurs continued the same researches, making collections which all tended to one end, the development of art and the national pride in a school of painting which had flourished simultaneously with that of Italy.

The inexplicable charm that attracts the taste toward the productions of the Middle Ages is like other mysteries of the mind hard to define, but the naïveté, simplicity, and childlike faith pervading the conceptions of those days excites a tenderness of feeling which supplants any idea of the ridiculous in the crude achievements of old art.

CHAPTER III.

THE KREUZBERG.

„It was a strange and fearful sight:
„The crows upon their head,
„The clinging robe and the changing light,
„All gathered around the dead.“

WE took a carriage one afternoon and driving up the alley of chestnuts which forms a strait avenue from the old Palace to that of Clemensruhe (of which more hereafter), we turned aside to the right and skirting the walls of the enclosure passed through the little village of Poppelsdorf. In spite of the beauties of nature, everywhere heaped in profusion, these German villages seem constructed to keep out all enjoyment of its charm. Tall, narrow, uncouth-looking houses, gables towards the street, packed so closely together that rarely a gateway is left between. If such occur, it is a wide portal, flanked by stone-pillars, furrowed by time, encrusted with wall-moss, forming the frame-work, not to a flower-garden but a cow-stable, and all its delectable accompaniments. The houses are built of beams of wood transversed fantastically; the interstices filled up with brownish red clay, windows of the very smallest dimensions, and usually a stone bench against the wall, where the good man sits and smokes his pipe at evening when his work is done. The impression is one of total discomfort, and the

only evidence there of the existence of feelings beyond the toil for daily bread and the bare necessity of living, are the pots of flowers that garnish the window-sills, telling there is a sense of the beautiful deep-rooted in the human heart, which even poverty cannot eradicate. These window-flowers are universal throughout Germany. We were bent upon visiting the Kreuzberg a little further on, where a chapel built on the site of an old convent of Servites, dating from 1627, is the attraction. From the point where the chapel stands, the eye wanders over the beautiful country of the Rhine, and Bonn lies just below, embosomed among its groves and gardens. They chose well, those old fathers, for rarely was a convent raised, that did not command some beautiful scene of Nature. We entered the chapel through a side-door where crouched some miserable old women mumbling prayers and asking alms in the same breath. Poor old souls, how many benedictions a few groschen bought! „Never turn thy face from any poor man“ is the text of the Germans. The coin is insignificant, it is true, but the habit commendable, no one can deny; the argument against encouraging paupers does not hold here as with us. They are poor, want bread, and so long as one has a halfpenny to give, they are helped. It is only however in these country-excursions that demands are made upon one's charity by the old and decrepit; in the cities provision is made for them and no street-begging allowed. — The chapel of the Kreuzberg bears now but little evidence of prosperity, once a pilgrimage of some importance, now a village-church with white-washed walls and naked altar, the flowers and ornaments faded and covered with dust, but the sorrowful image was there, Mary holding the dead body of the Saviour in her arms. However coarsely wrought there is always sympathy for that mother-grief — a puny

lamp burned before her. But it was not to this shrine our pilgrimage had been devoted, nor to that of the Holy Stairs in the rear of the church, said to be the facsimile of the one our Saviour trod when he ascended to the judgment-hall; our visit was to the Dead. In front of the image of the Virgin lay a trap-door leading to a vault beneath the chapel where we were to descend. The sacristan lighted a torch at the taper on the shrine, and preceded us down a wooden ladder. There below, like carved effigies, side by side, lay the ancient Fathers of the convent in cowl and cassock, preserved in a mummied state by some peculiarity of the soil or dryness of the air, their skins and garments reduced to one uniform clay-color, this very fact taking from the disagreeable effect of Death. In many the features remain formed, on the clasped hands the nails are still visible, and some hair remains on the chin of one of them. Most have lain there three hundred years, the last interment was ninety years ago. I asked if exposure to the upper air would not decompose the whole into dust. The sacristan told me the same idea had suggested itself to a young Englishman some time since, who stole a finger to test the experiment. However that horrible finger remained goading his conscience, with the dread of hooded Monk haunting his path, to claim his own; for who knows from these prolific Banks of Rhine, rife with such legends, what might have happened, had not the rifled finger been restored. The Monk regained his own, and the Briton his peace of mind. On our drive homeward we stopped at the Clemensruhe Palace. It has been appropriated to the museums of natural history, and its gardens to botanical specimens. The collections of minerals and fossils are considered especially interesting as illustrating the geology of the Rhine and the volcanic deposits of the Seven Mountains. One

grand saloon is exhibited as a relic of former grandeur, the whole wall and columns encrusted with shells done in mosaic patterns and with minute detail, puerile in taste, but probably very expensive in its day. Monkeys, birds, lizards all colored to the life, done in shells, represented climbing the columns or sitting aloft on the architraves of the doors. I saw afterwards another such room at the Red Palace at Potsdam, but no other effect is produced than wonder at the labor it must have cost.

One cannot remain long in a university-town without becoming interested in that peculiar institution, the student-class, so marked a feature of German life. Apparently reckless, yet restrained by a code of law pertaining to themselves, the Burschen have, since the great catastrophe at Prague in the time of the Hussites, been governed by a fixed regulation. It was at that time the new laws were made, professors were paid by government and the Bursae were institutions for the maintenance of the students. Later the Reformation introduced a free spirit, and though retaining the name, the students divided themselves into clubs, according to the countries to which they belonged, and so remain at this day. We were attracted to the window one morning by the sound of music and saw a large open omnibus drawn by four horses filled with musicians; then followed in succession eight or ten open carriages, some with a pair, some with four horses, and lounging in them two or more elegant fellows with white caps, who with all their seeming indifference, did not fail to cast side-glances at the pretty Fräuleins who peeped out at them. I was told it was a *Commerce*, anglice a spree. They make these parties two or three times a year, drive to some pleasant country-hotel and remain a day or two indulging in extraordinary feats of beer-drinking and pipe-smoking when,

having gorged themselves, they return to their usual avocations. I gained access to a student's-room one day which gives one an idea of their prevailing habits; but so much has been written and told of the Burschen Life that I shall limit myself to mere externals, and as it has been said of woman „let me but see her usual surroundings, and I will tell you her character“ so of this party-capped gentry. It was a large room, carpetless of course, containing a big stove, a few scattered chairs and tables, and a very hard sofa which is usually a friend's refuge by night if locked out of his own premises, or in the state: How came ye so? — But these are secrets of the prison-house, not to be spoken of. Look around the great comfortless room and you will notice the walls are everywhere covered with decorations — in these consists the luxury of the apartment — here and there a framed engraving, before you a photograph-sketch of his club, twenty perhaps, grouped together, some standing, some reclining, this one astride the beer-barrel, holding up his cup, another behind supporting a standard, the colors of the class, others on the floor lounging with favourite dogs. Beneath this picture may hang a number of photographs, likenesses of friends or comrades who have left, it being not uncommon to pass the three years of student-life in as many different universities. On the third side of the room are the formidable duelling-swords, called schläger, fastened crosswise. They are perfectly unique in their formation: the blade three or four feet in length and three quarters of an inch wide, blunted at the end, but kept sharp as a razor at the sides, made to slash not kill, the basket-hilt of large dimensions is covered with cloth answering the colors of the club. But the most conspicuous ornaments of the room are the pipes. There may be fifteen or twenty of them of all forms and

proportions, porcelain-bowls exquisitely painted, some with fancy-subjects, some with the arms of a friend, the stems of polished cherry three or four feet long. Then there are these several varieties of Meerschaum from Vienna or Hanover, embrowned by smoke, each possessing some excellence undreamt of by the uninitiated, three or four smoking-caps and walking-sticks flung about. Such sum up the wordly goods in a student's den.

One day the death of one of these young men was announced, and my friends advised me to witness the funeral which is peculiar to their habits. About nightfall they assembled, some two hundred in number, in front of the house where their deceased brother lay; a torch was handed to each one, and the pall-bearers, who formed a sort of committee of arrangements, placed the students in two rows, one on each side the street. The torches were then lighted, shortly after the hearse advanced slowly between the lines, preceded by a band of music which, with muffled drums, played a solemn death-march. On each side the hearse walked the pall-bearers, and behind, the relatives of the deceased and principal professors. As soon as the hearse reached the end of the line, the students turned and followed in two regular files, holding their torches above their heads. Arrived at the churchyard, the clergyman took his station at the head of the grave, and the students ranged themselves in a large circle around it. There was a deep silence, while a short address and prayer were offered. This ceremony concluded, the music played a slow impressive strain, known as the „Students' Requiem“, which was caught up by all present, the body was lowered into the grave, one by one each student came forward, and throwing down his

torch, took the spade and cast a portion of earth upon the coffin. By the time the grave was filled, the torches had blazed up into a sort of funeral pile and under the uncertain glare of the flickering flame you could detect the quivering emotion on those young faces, manliness struggling with weakness, till feeling at length found vent in the grand outburst of the German requiem, the farewell-verse. The torch-fire flickered and smouldered and at length went out, as the last shadowy form walked homeward in the silent night, leaving the dead alone in his cold resting place.

It is in the German character to cultivate such emotions, and the heart is all the better for it. I witnessed a scene not long after of a student's parting with his comrades. They had accompanied him to the station-house and were to drink a farewell-glass together. As the moment approached, all stood cup in hand, and sang a chorus, he waved his glass, drank a farewell-cheer, dashed it to the ground, grasped the hands of his fellows and was off. Nature's poetry lies deep in the human heart; you may crush it, keep it down by conventionalities, call it weakness, what you will, but when found in the simple ingenuous daily existence of a people, its charm awakens the old sealed fountain in our hearts and our feelings respond to the voice of Nature.

But I must not leave Bonn and its enchanting scenery without one word of greeting to them, at whose lovely villa of Rolandseck I was always received with the grasp of kindness, and whose long-tried friendship and faithful hearts are among my dearest souvenirs of the Rhine. From the balcony of that villa I have dwelt on the magnificent view of the Seven Mountains; Nonnenwerth, the little

low island just beneath us, and Roland's Tower looking down upon it from the shore; all that well-conned poetry, written there on nature's magic page; the ripple of the river at the shore-edge, where the toiling patient horses go, towing the river-boats against the current; the great wood-rafts floating slowly past, twenty men perhaps in a row with oars working them forward; the little steam-boats narrow and sharp, painted light-green, which glide triumphantly by, leaving their froth-track to wash the sides of the poor old slowlytowed boats. I have it all before me, with its rich magnificent back-ground of purple-mountains, and the German fancy of a colored glass-window, each pane presenting a distinct shade, that one may temper the view according to desire. I could not help thinking how in travelling we take our views through some such medium and see things jaundiced or rose-colored, as our feelings may instigate; but thanks to my first impressions, I took with me from that villa the genial glow of the heart, which time has never faded.

CHAPTER IV.

„Wo ich bin, wo ich gehe, mein Herz ist am Rhein.“

I read somewhere „Germany can never be expressed by an epigram“, and have observed, however facetious writers may be in their attempts at description on the Rhine, unwittingly they imbibe its atmospheric influences. — The Rhine-story has been told a thousand times, but there is intrinsic interest in it; for a thousand times we return and are ready to burst forth in the chorus of the enthusiastic Bursch: „The Rhine, the Rhine, a blessing on the Rhine“. We linger heart-chained upon the crumbling ruins, where the ivy of centuries sheds its inexhaustible poetry, and listen to the mystic breathings of the past, rising from a hundred hills. The Englishman feels this deeply, but with his undemonstrative nature leaves such impressions unuttered or, fearful of ridicule, turns the weapon against his heart in self-destruction and wends his way among beautiful things, making a humorous tale of them. The Frenchman with his false sentiment, unappreciative of nature, sentimentalizes with an eye to the effect to be produced in the Salons de Paris, whilst the American, too intent upon progress, and making the most of his time, which he has been brought up to consider money, condensing in as short a possible space as great a given number of objects on his onward course, takes no time to pause.

Sentiment is generated in repose, and it is probably the physical repose of the German temperament that makes it so appreciative of the holy voice of Nature. It was the latter part of May when we embarked upon the Rhine. „The flowers had appeared on the earth, and the time of singing birds had come“ — the lilacs and chestnuts, the acacias and laburnum-blossoms loaded the air with perfume, the northern hordes had not begun to swarm, and our light steam-craft shot through the waters with only a moderate complement of passengers. Among these were some charming people I had the pleasure of knowing, and nothing could have been more delightful had not the clouds thought fit every now and then to spoil our enjoyment and drive us for shelter down into the cabin. Here we underwent a scrutiny which I everywhere remarked in travelling through this land. The people sit and stare and stare and stare, not impertinently, but with a provokingly long searching, which seems to take in, not only the fashion of your garments and your peculiar features, but a sort of quiet pondering, as to what might be your history past, present, and to come. A genuine Yankee, would „guess you hadn't been long in these parts“, guess where you were bound, in fact guess you into divulging your whereabouts, but these good people stare and learn nothing — but after all, what are people in a journey up the Rhine? Most of the time I was so absorbed with the scenery about me and its rapid shiftings, I hardly knew who were in my vicinity. I have travelled far and wide, I have returned many times to the Rhine and say there is nothing equal to the variety and interest it affords — „where not a mountain rears its head unsung“, where romantic legends meet you at every turn. Here, white villages with their curious old spires; there, others with fragments of old walls and

watch-towers, savoring of the Middle Ages; pleasant gardens and wild woodlands, vineyards bristling among crumbling rocks; peasants away up on the mountain-sides, toiling for their daily crust; now and then, flitting beneath the shore-trees, a Catholic procession, the priest at its head, chaunting from an open book, the peasant-men and women following in two long lines, responding to the chaunt; boys with banners, all, on pilgrimage intent, to some favourite shrine, on a Wallfahrt, a word derived from the old Pagan custom of visiting a consecrated wood. Sometimes these pilgrimages bring together a vast concourse of people, which produces like results with our camp-meetings at home, being accompanied by a host of „outsiders“ whose object is very remote from that of doing penance. At Remagen a little way below Rolandseck there is an abbey, now restored, built on a wooded height, the Apollinarisberg, named after a Saint whose head is preserved there. Many of these processions are bound to this shrine, but I doubt whether many of her votaries know as much as I do about the principal merit of this their favourite Saint. I read in an old book one day, „she was seized and all her teeth beaten out, with threats that she should be cast into the fire if she did not utter certain impious words; whereupon she leapt into the flames. From this legend St. Apollonia has become the Patron Saint of people afflicted with the tooth-ache, and well may they want such a Saint in this land where teeth are so terribly neglected, but where „the grinders do not cease, because they are few.“

WIESBADEN.

My doom was the ordeal by water at Wiesbaden and lingeringly I went to execution. Six weeks incarceration in a hotel, on a vast plain, recognized as the hottest in Germany, was no small penance, but my sentence was irrevocable and I endeavored to make the best of it. I took up my quarters at the Black Eagle, the Post-Hotel, built round a hollow square to which you gain access by an arched way from the street. A fine garden in the rear, highly cultivated and stored with shrubs and flowers, offers a pleasant retreat, and according to the national custom people breakfast there, or take their afternoon-coffee. The dining-hall opens onto this garden and, taken as a whole, I have never inhabited a more pleasant hotel. My windows looked out on a square court which proved to be the inn-yard, whence started and came in, four or five times a day, the diligences and post-waggons from all the smaller inner towns. The bustle and stir this occasioned was rather exciting than otherwise, and to an attentive observer, much of a nation's peculiarities can be gathered from just such scenes.

I had curiously looked forward to my first simmering in chicken-broth, as old „Bubbles“ likens the Wiesbaden waters, and when my physician, Dr. Müller, ordered a bath prepared for me at a fixed hour, and a trim little Badefrau came to conduct me to it, I went on the tiptoe of expectation. Beneath the first story of the hotel, is a range of corridors paved with stone, with arches on either hand. These are closed in for bathing apartments,

each furnished with a sofa, glass, table, chairs and carpet, with white curtains from a window high up, near the ceiling. A circular stone basin, about three feet below the floor, contains the water, into which you descend by three or four steps. In one of these cells the Badefrau locked me — heroically I descended and immersed myself in the thick yellow fluid up to my chin — a rattling at the door-key, and my jailor re-appeared. Regardless of my existence, she whipped up all my under-garments and vanished, leaving me to my reflections. I believe they turned upon „l’habit fait l’homme“ in spite of the French version to the contrary, and I recalled what I once read of Cimon the Athenian who, having taken many Persians prisoners, stripped them of their garments, which were very rich, and offered both for sale. There was an anxiety to obtain the vestments, but the naked Persians no one wanted. What happened to those Persians might happen to many others, if their personal merits were detached from what fortune has granted them. My eyes wandered about the yellow precincts of my cell, rested on the floating grease-bubbles of my bath and dwelt in serious reflection upon the many hours of my existence I was to pass in this solitude. So I resolved day after day to keep a record of my reflections. Just as I had come to this conclusion, another rattling at the door-lock and enter Badefrau with a thing like a gigantic salt-box. Closing the door, she drew from it an immense sheet, „heigh’d“ me (as I have heard the ostlers heigh the horses when they have been long enough at the well-trough drinking), held the sheet in the air to form a barrier between herself and me, when rushing to her embrace, I was folded in the grateful smoking heat of the aforesaid sheet, which instantly absorbed all moisture from the body. From the same depository she produced my heated garments and

left me at my leisure to pursue the *Bad-toilette*. — Wiesbaden was empty, the spring backward, the weather lachrymary, consequently rheumatic patients confined within four walls to seek their own resources. Hors the episode of the greasy bath once a day, I ventured to dine at the table d'hôte, hoping thus to make a diversion in the monotony of life, but the ceremonious length of time these dinners last is exceedingly irksome for an invalid. They are unexceptionable in all their appointments, and the cooking at the Black Eagle particularly good. Later, when the season opened, there were many distinguished guests, and the habit of meeting every day and sitting in each other's neighbourhood establishes an acquaintance for the time which is very agreeable, to be recognized or not afterwards, as the parties may see fit. A peasant-child with a basket filled with small fragrant nosegays went regularly round at the desert-course, and the gentlemen show their gallantry by presenting them to the ladies. Rarely or never did we leave the table without five or six. It is a privilege for the gardener's child, who daily collects in this way quite a little sum.

In the „douce far niente“ of my bath this morning, I wondered whether the old Roman *Thermae*, established here two thousand years ago, offered any of their wonted luxury, or whether like us moderns, they reposed in a fish-kettle of a thing, with a wall about them colored Dutch Pink, and a curtain with two transverse seams, tormenting one's vision with the economy of six penny cotton. Dutch Pink is the technical term for a very tawny orange. That Dutch Pink has lain an unsolved problem in my mind ever since infancy, when the annual renovation our kitchen underwent every May, was a coat of Dutch Pink, and every May came out yellow as a sunflower. Dinah never could explain the matter to me, though

she felt perfectly satisfied her premises were resplendent in Dutch Pink, and here in my past-meridian that I should be again striving to solve the enigma, was trying in the extreme. It is said the finest specimens of sculpture were found in the baths of the ancients, and I can understand in the listlessness of inaction, how appreciative the eye might become of beautiful objects. This is the third time in my life I have submitted to immersion for ailments. — Away off in the broad valley of the Tennessee, in that Tartarus called „Avon Springs“ I have passed many hours of reflection in wooden boxes like horse-troughs, emerging thence to the luxury of two strips of coarse crash, called by courtesy towels, you re-appear wrapt in hoods and blanket-shawls, to crowd into a long omnibus, which is waiting, hauled up under the trees — the horses hitched to the fence; Jim, the driver, always in the ten pin-alley. The most energetic person present screams for him at the top of her voice, but Jim leaves you there yelling till the game is finished; then at his leisure unhitches and drives you four-in-hand, tearing up and down hill, two miles, till you reach the hotel through a cloud of dust white as powder, when you find yourself for the rest of the day smelling like — Proserpine perhaps. The Wiesbaden waters contain no sulphur, and yet patients are sent here for the same class of diseases, gout and rheumatism. The principal spring bubbles up clear and hot from the ground, its temperature 156° Fahrenheit. A stone basin has been constructed to receive it; here the drinkers resort early in the morning, young women preside to fill the cups, each person walks off, goblet in hand, up a covered way, and when the water is sufficiently cool, drinks it and recommences the same routine, to be repeated according to the number of glasses prescribed by the physician, the said prescription being widely dis-

similar in this our day from that of the learned Gaspard Hundorf in the 16th century, who ordered „trois bains „par jour, l'usage modéré du vin, une joyeuse humeur, „de la salade au souper, et une fervente prière pour cloire „saintement la journée“. Wiesbaden was known to the Romans, and there are yet found remains of walls and ancient baths. Charlemagne also resorted here, and the fame of its healing powers has borne the test of two thousand years' experience: it is the most frequented watering place in Germany but by no means the most select, Ems and Baden-Baden continue to be the resort of fashion and display.

The Kursaal is a building which occupies one side of the great square. In its rear extend the vast gardens and pleasure-grounds, where the people can enjoy the luxuries of cool shade and beautiful flowers; every afternoon a band of music plays at the public expense, and the gardens then become the resort of the visitors, who take coffee and ices at the little tables prepared for them. The vast saloons of the building, sumptuously fitted up with marble columns and statuary, are open to the public night and day, and the Gambling Tables stand conspicuous among the attractions. These are a source of large revenue to the government, and the practise is excused upon the plea the same gambling would go on, and that it is safest under public surveillance; but it is hard for us, unused to such exhibitions, to excuse the alleged motive, however plausible. To me it seemed a great moral Lazar-House — a painful picture of human weakness; and I have seen faces there, which have haunted me ever since. Day after day might be seen the old Prince Emil of Darmstadt, with gold heaped up around him, absorbed in this his domineering passion. It is said one day after gambling away all his available funds, he

played and lost the old orange-trees which garnished his terrace. No one speaks loud in the gambling saloon, a circle usually surrounds the table, and behind stand a crowd of lookers on, who venture now and then a few florins, but no further. As I stood watching a game and the different countenances before me, my eye fell upon a young man, pale and worn; his large dark eyes, eager yet weary, watching the turn of the game, hazarding perhaps his last florin. Behind him stood his wife in deep mourning, her hand upon his shoulder, as if she would stay his movements, while large tears coursed each other down her pale cheeks. What a moral lesson! — but no one heeded it, the hard-looking bankers raked in their profits, or pushed indifferently their gains to those who had been fortunate; every one was absorbed, I turned away and left the room with impressions of the most painful nature. The season was early, and yet the gardens were much frequented, whether by the townspeople or by strangers I could not determine, but I remarked how very little beauty one sees at these places, and a long residence in Germany has convinced me, that it is not only rare, but that the homeliest faces I ever saw in my life came under my observation. I could not help pondering on the matter why it should be so. I never remember to have seen such ugly old women, and yet it is said the Americans fade earlier than any other nation; certainly we do not devote as much time to preserving our complexions as the German girls do. I was attracted by a group of old dowagers who had collected on some chairs near me in the Kursaal-Garten, and was struck how their homeliness was enhanced by the want of taste and assimilation of dress to their age. The beautiful Marie Antoinette never wore flowers after she was thirty; there was taste in that. „To grow old with grace“,

has been the favourite motto of one of our distinguished women, and when I see a bonnet wreathed within with field-daisies or lilies of the valley, reposing on a complexion of the color and texture of an old winter haystack, I feel such a bonnet has missed its vocation, to say the least; but if the women be homely, the men are homelier: my observations were made at table d'hôte. It is said, if a man be clever, no matter how ugly he is. Now all these may be wise as Socrates for what I know, „ce sage au nez épaté“; there certainly was an extraordinary likeness to the philosopher.

An inn-yard would not seem the most desirable view in the world from your drawing room-windows, but that of the Black Eagle is peculiar. — Antiquated rambling buildings surround it, with steep red-tiled roofs; strange bits of windows, here and there; an old trumpet-creeper with a trunk like a tree, trained against one of the side-walls; a perpetual stream trickles its clear water into the horse-trough, and the area of the square is kept sprinkled and scrupulously swept. — Beneath a range of sheds stand some half dozen of those uncouth contrivances called Diligences, all painted a tawny red; one or two of these always going through the process of packing and starting, under the superintendence of a sort of generalissimo, a stout man with a figure und beard worthy a Herr Baron, who attends to his business with a natural hauteur and magnificence of manner which would be profoundly absurd were he conscious of it; but it is the nobility of Nature, and I doubt, whether any Prince in

the kingdom could pile luggage and brush out the inside of a Diligence with the same style and grandeur.

Across the court we of the inner house are obliged to pass, whenever we wish to leave our premises, and as the kitchens are in our vicinity, toward evening the gentlemen operators there come out to cool themselves, white as millers, caps, clothes, apron, everything, with a sheathed carving-knife hanging at their side. Here commences that series of bows which marks my progress and characterizes this people. The cooks uncap, the hostlers uncap, the porter and any stray waiter I may meet gives the salam, and I go nodding in and out like an old Chinese mandarin. I would not have this changed however, it arises from genuine good feeling, I only fear the constant ridicule of more cold-blooded travellers may spoil the amiable bonhomie to which this hat-lifting owes its origin. While we were at Bremen, one of our fellow-passengers, a German gentleman, who had been for four or five years a resident in the United States, went into a coffee-room for a moment, and seeing it apparently empty, did not remove his hat. He told me his attention was called to two men, who sat in a shaded corner, by an observation from one of them: „That man with his hat on, is one of the Americans just arrived, they are only half civilized“ — Harken, ye legitimate descendents of the Man-hat-on Tribe, whom Diedrich Knickerbocker classed ere now. But I opine our surliness is an English inheritance where a bow is a mark of superior condescension, a sort of Imperial Jove-like attribute. Every one knows the anecdote of the man who when Pitt asked him what he could do to forward his interests, simply requested the Prime Minister to bow to him in public. The German people are intrinsically good and affectionate — kind in their manners to all. I never hear

gruff words or impatient exclamations, and yet there congregate hour after hour beneath my eyes a mixture of all classes — everything is done quietly, no one seems in a hurry, no one ever seems impatient, and yet I confess it, my American blood shoots up in wonder sometimes how people can be so slow. The Diligence-passengers stand and wait, the horses ditto, the post boy goes and comes; then something has to be added after the roof-packing is completed and the leather buckled down — a bale of hay perhaps, or an old hair-trunk, and then they get the ladder and poke as I should say at home; and the people look on; finally, all is completed and the passengers take their places, the Postillion blows his horn, always very falsely and harshly, — music about equal to the Fish-horn at home, during the shad-season. This wonders me in Germany where the national ear for music is so fine, but so it is always, and if an attempt be made at a little flourish, it becomes laughably ridiculous. I have had opportunity of judging, I should think, in a nine weeks' residence in the Hôtel de la Poste. After the horn-blowing our people are off? — By no means — they wait — first, till the Postillion climbs up to a high seat in front of the carriage and there adjusts his great coat and two or three brown bags. — They wait, till the conductor with his little knapsack strapped across his shoulder, goes in and gets his great coat and sees that properly stowed, goes in again to the Post-office and comes out, tries all the carriage-doors and at last does climb up and settle himself along side the driver when, „heigh“ they are off — yes — always provided some one who is too late does not arrive and stop them just under the arch, to get in. Nobody swears, each accommodates himself to the circumstances of the case. They are a good kind people. Just over the arch is painted the

great black two-headed eagle from which the hotel takes its name. — I suppose every one knows this was once the noble Roman Eagle that led the Legions on to conquest, but whose head became split at the time of the division of the empire into East and West, so that he could, look two ways at once, a sort of Janus-like arrangement, which did not succeed very well as is proved by his degenerating into something very much resembling a dried Bat nailed against a barn-door: a practical lesson this, the moral of which I would hold up to our own country. May our Eagle never be split.

Day after day I find this city of waters growing hotter and hotter, and eagerly watch the sun declining to make an excursion across the plain, and by rising among the wooded hills that surround it, find a fresher breeze and inhale long draughts of perfume exhaled from the woods and fields at this season. There has been recently erected on one of these hills a Greek Mausoleum-Chapel, in honor of the late Duchess of Nassau, a Russian Princess. It is distinguished externally by five domes, one in the centre, with four lesser ones, all richly gilded, which reflecting the rays of the sun, render it conspicuous from a great distance, towering above the forest-trees that surround it. The inside walls are encrusted with precious marbles and gorgeous Byzantine decorations; paintings of apostles and saints on golden grounds by Neff, its shape a Greek cross, one arm of which is a chapel, containing the splendid marble monument of the Princess, a sarcophagus richly carved. She is represented lying as in sleep, with a crown of roses on her

brow, the very personification of loveliness. There are those who prefer it even to Rauch's celebrated monument to the Queen of Prussia.

These woods and hills that surround Wiesbaden are delightful when once reached; but the contrast of returning to the plain and rattling through the streets past the long rows of square cream-colored houses and finally being ensconced within the atmosphere of a hotel, requires some philosophy and much previous suffering, to reconcile one to the absolute necessity of the thing. There is a hunting seat of the Duke of Nassau known as „Die Platte“ built on the brow of a mountain, and conspicuous to all the country round. We were told it must be visited from the grand view it commands. The thermometer had ranged above ninety for three days, every one was exhausted by the heat, when, about three in the afternoon, the signal boomed through the air — a thunder-storm was coming. The Heavens darkened and we were assailed by a storm of hail and rain which fell violently for about fifteen minutes, — the hail-stones the largest I had ever seen. It had the usual effect of cooling the atmosphere, so that at five, with the sunshine reflected from thousands of glittering rain-drops, we found ourselves on the ascent to visit „Die Platte“. The road is cut through a forest, and the excessive neatness and care, with which everything is looked after, indicates there is no wild forest here, — at least as we Americans know wildness. About an hour and a half brought us to the hunting lodge, for so „Die Platte“ may be considered, placed on a bald spot of land. Here the Duke comes to hunt; but the deer, we learnt, were civilized folk, who at evening hover round the inhabited premises, eager to be fed. Two fine models of stags, done in bronze, are placed on either side the great door of entrance, which

opens into a circular hall where antlers without number are affixed to stag-heads of white plaster, producing a most miserable effect. In fact I was entirely disappointed with all the interior arrangement. I was told it was got up in a peculiar style, with furniture of stag-horn, and looked for something sylvan or rustic. I found a little villa with inlaid floors, flowing white draperies and bright hangings and mirrors, many chairs and tables curiously wrought in buck-horn, but they gave no character to the place; there was no amalgamation or taste in the whole thing. The Duke and a privileged few come here to hunt; the rest of the world to see the view. A mist had crept up from the forest, exhalations after the storm, and we were disappointed in seeing the whole extent of the prospect, which is very vast. To me these topographical chart-views possess little interest, and I returned without any desire to revisit „Die Platte“. On the roads we met numbers of weather-beaten peasant women carrying upon their heads enormous loads of faggots; children toiling under armsful, and the feeling that this paltry brushwood is gained by the hardest labor, that the forest-laws are so rigid, no one dare under severe penalties appropriate the smallest stick, made my heart ache for these hard struggling patient people. Man indeed eats bread by the sweat of his brow, and the conviction forces itself upon one travelling through an old country like Germany, where every inch of ground is made available and where bodily field-labor comes constantly under one's eye; where sunrise and sunset find the peasant at his toil; where the earth, in order to give forth her fruits in due season, must be labored and coaxed and cherished with indefatigable perseverance during the four seasons,

„Re-iterated as the wheels of time

„Run round, still ending and beginning still“

— and all this patient industry, not as with us, to reap finally the fruit of their labor by competency in old age, but to divide the coarse black bread, so dearly earned, with their children, who in their turn, from generation to generation, will have gone through the same routine, and eaten the same dry crust. Of the frugality of the common people in Europe we can form no idea without witnessing it. It is this early habit of abstemious living that serves them in their first struggles in emigrant life and leads to fortune. The proprietor of one of our wealthiest cabinet-warehouses in New-York told me, he came out steerage passenger, with four children and nine dollars in his pocket. Black bread is a marked feature of German life. You meet the peasant-woman returning home at night with a basket on her head, from which protrude black loaves about three feet long and four inches in diameter; the color and shine on them reminding one of an old oak-post polished by time: this is life's staple. I meet the children going to school, with their satchels slung, holding the chunk of black bread which is to stay their stomachs at lunch. Our beggars at home would consider a moment, whether they would take it, and if they did, perhaps cast it slyly in some bye-corner, as I have often seen them do dry white crusts. Black bread-puddings are esteemed among the table luxuries at the best houses, where even with the blandishment of wine-sauce I never could do them justice. National predilections evince themselves nowhere more forcibly, than in our eating. The prejudice of foreigners, generally, to our sweet potato amounts to repugnance; and so with many other things. In one of Voltaire's sarcastic fits of ill humor, perhaps some day when he and the Great Frederick had had a domestic squabble upon the score of reducing the number of wax-lights, or the cups of choco-

late, he denounces *Pumpernickel* — the black bread par excellence, that which has found its way to Kings' tables — as, „certaine pierre dure, noire, et gluante, composée à ce qu'on prétend d'une espèce du seigle“. The last stage of this black composition is the horse-bread which does answer pretty nearly Voltaire's description, but which the horses eat with avidity, and which is a very easy method of transporting fodder on a journey. I could not keep my eyes off it, the first time I saw a pile of loaves on a side-walk; and only learnt by seeing the postboy slice a loaf, and the horses munch it, that there was a degree coarser bread than the peasants ate. The delicacy and texture of the white bread in Germany together with its moderate price makes it the more extraordinary that any one can relish Pumpernickel, with this at their command. But servants and common people would consider themselves ill-treated, if they only had white bread. In the household-arrangements they are allowed so many pounds of black bread a week, and in the morning to eat with their coffee, two or three white rolls.

The drive to Bieberich was my favourite afternoon's excursion. The palace and gardens of the Duke overlooking the Rhine, are generously left open to the public. The vast extent of view, bounded at the North by the Taunus-ridge; while to the South old Mayence with its towers and bridge fill up the picture. The gardens with their labyrinths of flowers and noble clumps of trees, the red chestnuts heaped with pyramidal masses of dark pink-blossoms, contrasting finely with the deep green

of their leaves, the air loaded with perfume, such are the attractions of a June evening at Bieberich, not to name driving over the most perfectly macadamized road. We meet the Duke frequently, driving himself, like a private gentleman, with only one or two attendants, avoiding all ostentatious display, and loving to go alone among his people, which strengthens their attachment to him.

CHAPTER V.

M A Y E N C E.

„I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and things of fame,
That do renown this city.“

Two Gent. of Verona.

THE Towers of old Mayence looming in the distance excited my desire to go there, and the celebration of the Feast of St. Boniface finally determined me. He, the first missionary to Germany, came from England in the ninth century and accomplished so much in the cause of christianity, that he was made Bishop by Charlemagne and afterwards canonized; curious this, he having been one of those who strenuously denounced the admission of so many new Saints into the Calendar, as also Saints' days, founded too often upon the ignorance of the people. It is said that even within a century a hymn was chaunted in the Cathedral at Mayence on the anniversary of Saint Mercurius. Having been long a Roman city, the twenty second Legion which had been engaged with Titus in the destruction of Jerusalem, was stationed here A. D. 70, and Crescentius, one of the first preachers of the Christian faith on the Rhine, was a Centurion in this Legion. It is easy thus to trace the curious incongruities that crept into the early church. As a matter of expediency they christianized Pagan names.

Tradition tells us, it was near this city the vision of the Cross appeared to the Emperor Constantine, and a spot in the vicinity of Mayence always has gone by the name of the „Field of the Holy Cross“. — The prudence of Boniface, his great piety, and the esteem in which he was held by the Emperor, laid the foundation of that future greatness, which made the Archbishops of Mayence the most powerful princes of Germany.

A centennial feast has been instituted to his honor, and it was my good fortune to be present on the great day. — This, one of the oldest cities of Germany, has undergone so many bombardments and struggled through so many wars, that her battered houses and dilapidated towers have gradually gone through the process of repair and very little remains to give the character of antiquity to the place. The houses are freshened up with new yellow plaster, the walls, fortifications and old Cathedral-towers have been restored in red sandstone; the latter, having suffered awfully under the Prussian bombardment of 1793. During the French invasion it was converted into a magazine and barracks for soldiers, who, as usual, amused themselves by mutilating the monuments. Mayence has always been a frontier-fortress, owing its existence to the camp Drusus pitched there. It soon became the most important of the chain he built upon the Rhine. Here he died, and a tower they call the Eichelstein is said to be his Monument. Up to the present day, the peasantry of lower Germany swear by „Drus“, whom they consider to be something worse than the Devil. The remains of an enormous aqueduct are still to be seen, yet few traces of the ancient splendor of the Romans exist in Germany, except enormous foundations of walls and the old watch-towers scattered along the river, round which towns have

gradually sprung up. Mosaics, single statues, coins, etc. have been dug up all along the Rhine. Mayence is the oldest Bishopric in Germany, and its Episcopal Prince Elector stood first on the list. As Archchancellor of the empire, he presided at Diets, in the absence of the Emperor; at coronations, the post of honor was conceded to him; he anointed and placed the crown on the Emperor's head, and was considered as the Pope of Germany. A great number of remarkable men figure in the annals of Mayence, and among them stand conspicuous these Prince Electors. History has recorded their deeds. The extension of their territory, the aggrandizement of their families and indulgence of their own revengeful passions distinguished these Prince Prelates, as it so often has their brethren of Rome; among them, the name of Hatto has been branded by posterity. A man of daring courage, deep cunning and cruelty, seeking unlimited sway, hated by the common people, his treacherous policy was upheld by the Dukes, whose interest it was. The popular disaffection vented itself in ballads, decrying hierarchical lust and power; thence the legend of his death, his denying in time of famine the stores of grain he had monopolized to the starving peasantry, and the miraculous swarms of rats pursuing him even to the little Maustower on the Rhine, where he had shut himself for safety, and where they devoured him. These popular ballads, reviling those in power, show the spirit then reigning among the people, excited by the tyranny of the petty lords, exasperated by the perpetual disputes about the heavy tolls exacted from the merchants on the rivers. Arnold de Turri, a citizen of Mayence, gave the first impulse to resist these exactions and oppose the robberies of the nobles. It is to him tourists owe the picturesque memorials that crown the Neckar and the Rheinfels, many of

the robber-chieftains being expelled at this time, and their castles laid in ruins. One of the most remarkable men who reigned over Mayence was Willigis, the son of a wheel-wright. He rose from his humble origin to the dignity of Archbishop; the continual theme of his enemies was the lowness of his birth — a high crime against German prejudice. It is said, one morning in the early part of his reign, he found written, not only on his house-front, but upon the walls of the city, an offensive distich, reminding him of his humble origin. He resolved on the moment to turn this to good account, and adopted as his arms a white wheel on a red ground, to make it the more conspicuous. This he joined to the arms of the State appending to it the obnoxious couplet:

„Willigis — Willigis —
„Denk woher du kommen bist.“

It is even said he caused his chamber-walls to be embellished with wheels and beneath the motto „Recole unde veneris“, — remember thy origin, — in order to keep his pride of power in subjection, — a salutary lesson and which I recommend strongly to those at home to whom the wheel of Fortune is sole escutcheon; with the familiar motto, „Here we go up, up, uppy, and here we go down, down, downy.“ There is a hidden vanity however under the veil of such humility. Agathocles was always served in earthen vessels because his father was a potter: pah! it makes one's teeth grit to think of Falernian drank from a stone pot.

We entered Mayence, as I mentioned before, on the Feast of St. Bonifacius. There has been a strong effort making on the part of the ultra Catholic party, within a few years, to revive the old ceremonies of the church, but in the enlightenment of the age, this can only be

partial. Catholics themselves in Germany see the puerility of such things. The childlike belief and poetical religious enthusiasm, which hallowed these things during the Middle Ages, has died away. Then there was a demand for novelties, and new ceremonies were instituted and relics and pilgrimages increased. One of the most extraordinary of the latter I cannot forbear mentioning, though perhaps out of place, but it has its bearings on a religious sect of our own, part of whose worship is similar, I speak of the Shakers. In the year 1273 Frederick, Archbishop of Trèves, founded a pilgrimage to the grave of St. Willibrod at Epternach, where a general dance in her honor was performed by the pilgrims, who, linked together, made two steps forward, one backward, and then zig-zagged off to the right and left, — a custom kept up till within a few years. An ass's festival would not now be tolerated, but processions, pilgrimages, and saints' days have been revived.

On this the feast-day of its Patron Saint the town was decked with garlands festooned on every house; rows of fir-trees planted along the streets; shrines, and statues of saints, embowered in flowers. From the mansions of the great, down to the tiniest cobbler's stall was exhibited something in honor of the day. In the first, gorgeous paintings, and rich vases, closed up most of the lower windows, with natural flowers mixed among them, while in the latter, a little plaster image perhaps, and a crown of blue corn-flowers, showed he did what he could. Thus to passers-by everything wore a festival aspect: hundreds of people had collected in their holiday clothes, from the poor vine-dresser, with her hard sun-burnt face to the delicate lady in her velvets and silk. The deep peals of the Cathedral bells; the chaunt of the different processions belonging to separate parishes, going to con-

gregate beneath its roof; girls in white, holding garlands suspended from banners, all gave a peculiar aspect to the day, and from its novelty excited our curiosity and interest. We followed in the crowd. The inside of the of the Cathedral was a perfect jam, and we with difficulty made our way through to the end, where a private stair gave us access to the organ-loft in which we had been fortunate enough to procure places. From here we could look down upon the great altar in one of the choirs, — this church like those of Trèves, Worms and Spire, having a double choir, and high altars both at the East and West ends. It is more renowned for its antiquity than beauty, having been built between the 10th and 11th centuries. There were no less than seventeen bishops present, to preside at the high Mass in honor of St. Boniface, whose statue was placed on an elevation above the grand altar, done in wood, well varnished, with a good benevolent pink face, a gold mitre and crosier, and white robes. I saw the ceremony performed by the array of priestly honorables in their gorgeous robes and mitres, the presiding Archbishop, prince of Schwartzemberg, one of the high aristocracy of Austria, an interesting looking man of seven and thirty, said to be on the upper step to a Cardinal's seat. After the high mass a procession formed and passed through the principal streets, which were lined with people, and every window filled with spectators. Each parish walked by itself accompanied by its Priest. Banners; figures of Saints decked with flowers, carried by young men; and girls in white; the charity schools with their teachers (as with us); the Sisters of Charity; the orphans; Ladies of the sacred Heart; Friars, peasants, ladies, gentlemen, all slowly marching, chaunting some canticle which was accompanied by brass instruments; the figure of St. Bonifacius in all possible si-

zes and attitudes, and finally the great body of priests, from the white robed choirmen, up to the seventeen Bishops, in cloth of gold, and so the pageant vanished. There were eight or ten Friars, Franciscans, with brown frocks girt with rope, „sandalled shoon“, and heads, on which the tonsure had drawn a bold circle, not a little round spot as big as a dollar, which is the mark now-a-days set upon the crowns of priests; — well, here were real Friars, as nasty a set, as the eye could rest upon; dirt was of yore deemed an accompaniment of piety. We have many records of that fact, one of which I recall, where Saint Eufaxia, who presided over a convent of a hundred and thirty nuns, concurred with them in a vow, never to wash their feet. — „Cleanliness next to Godliness“, an innovation that crept in with the Reformation; but our Franciscans had not allowed any such heresy to lead them astray, judging from the color of their skins. However here was a picturesque looking Friar, rosary, hood, bare sandalled feet, and all; it was a picture for my journal — a sketch in brown ochre. After the ceremonies of the day, we returned to the Cathedral, now restored to its quiet, the throng having passed elsewhere. It contains the monuments of many of the Prince Electors, and that of the Dalbergs, oldest barons of the realm. But the most interesting is that of St. Bonifacius, a red sand stone monument erected in 1357. He was an English monk and left his country with eleven others to preach the Gospel to the barbarous nations of Germany. His labors extended from the Elbe to the Rhine, and from the Alps to the Ocean, and lasted upwards of thirty years. But no woman of sentiment can loiter through the aisles of the cathedral and not turn into the chapel that opens upon the cloisters, to pay a passing tribute at the tomb of Henrich von Meissen. He, surnamed Frauenlob or Lady's Love, was

buried on the eve of St. Andrew 1318 and his bier was supported to the grave by eight ladies. Though a canon of the Cathedral, he devoted his muse to the praise of woman; his was that romantic enthusiasm which inspired the Minnesingers, resulting from the mystic adoration of the Virgin, making the Mother of the Saviour the ideal of beauty — the mystic Deity of every heart — thence elevating the soul into Platonic rhapsodies, and throwing a poetic halo about the sex. I own to a little relish of Schiller's ridicule of the Minnesingers however, when I think of this simple priest, who must have known as much about the genuine passion of love as the gilt cherubim of his Cathedral did, or as the Abbé who was playing the game of definitions, and having the question put to him: What is Love? (amour) answered demurely: „Un mot qui contient trois voyelles et deux consonnes.“ — Schiller says: „If the sparrows should ever think „of writing or publishing an almanac of love, it probably „would be composed in the same style: A garden, a „tree, a hedge, and a sweetheart; — quite right — some- „what such are the objects which have place in the head „of a sparrow: and the flowers they exhale; and the fruits „they ripen; and there is a branch on which the bird sits „and sings in the sunshine; and the spring comes, and „the winter goes, and nothing results but ennui.“ Those who, like Schiller, delight in the development of strong passion, can never probably abide the forced conceits of the „dolz pleurai“. But all reverence to the good canon of Mainz, moaning like a solitary sparrow upon the house-top; though the sex since his day, have assumed a new code of rights and forsworn the insipidity of sucking-dove life, yet they have not neglected their champion, and a new monument has replaced the old one, — which was destroyed by some accident, — erected by

the ladies of Mayence in 1843, bearing his portrait in bas-relief from the chisel of Schwanthaler.

There are two massive brazen doors opening from the Cathedral into the market-place on which is inscribed the Magna Charta of Mayence. These doors and the privileges conferred by the charter, were the gifts of Willigis to the citizens, A. D. 1000. In the various chapels which are found along both sides of the church many sumptuous altars are seen, but to a plain unpretending one a miracle is attached which is a curious proof of the naïve simplicity of the people's belief in those far-off ages. — „An Image of the Virgin stood in this chapel; on her feet she wore a pair of golden slippers — the votive offering of St. Crispin perhaps — be that as it may, a poor itinerant fiddler starving and miserable, after playing unsuccessfully through the streets of Mayence, entered the Cathedral und kneeling before the altar of the Virgin, put up his prayer for succor; looking about him and observing the church was quite empty, he, in a moment of devotional zeal, tuned up the old fiddle and sung a hymn to the Virgin. So earnest was he, so warmed up his heart, that he again threw himself upon his knees before her altar. On rising, the statue of the Virgin dexterously kicked out her left foot and deposited the golden slipper in the ragged bosom of the fiddler. Elated by his good fortune, he flew to a jeweller's shop to exchange the gift for money. It was recognized; he was arrested for sacrilege, judged and condemned to be executed in the Speise-Markt opposite the brazen doors of the Cathedral. His judges treated his story as an impudent falsehood. Arrived at the foot of the scaffold, he asked, as a dying request, to be permitted to offer one prayer and sing one hymn at the altar of the Virgin. They could not refuse, — it would have been an impiety equal to his sacrilege,

Closely guarded, he was allowed to enter the church; he prayed and sang as he had done before. The Virgin lifted her other foot and flung the remaining slipper into his bosom; all present witnessed it, none could deny the miraculous interposition in his favor, and the fiddler went free." — On leaving the Cathedral, we went to the open space where 'Thorwaldsen's statue of Guttemberg is placed, the expense of which was defrayed by all Europe. His house no longer exists, but that in which he established his first printing-press was shown us; — he was the inventor of the moveable types as all know. With this, we had exhausted what Mayence offered to interest us and we returned to Wiesbaden, crossing the superb bridge which unites Mayence to Castel, 1665 feet long; and driving among gardens and orchards in that state of perfect cultivation which characterizes Nassau. The precision and neatness of the market-gardens must be seen to be realized; there is not a hand's breadth of ground that is not rendered available. Many of these small proprietors depend entirely on the produce of these little spots of earth and necessity compels them to cherish them with such care.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RHEINGAU.

„In heart I am a very boy,
Haunting the woods, the waterfalls,
The ivies on gray castle walls:
Watching in silent joy
When the broad sun goes down the west.“

Alex. Smith.

A beautiful episode was that, when stealing for a time from the monotonous routine of bath-life at Wiesbaden, we went among the mountains of the Rheingau. I can now appreciate the glowing enthusiasm of the Germans for this, the garden paradise of their country. We landed at Bingen; there was a walk, shaded by lindens, down upon the shore of the Rhine; here and there, a resting seat. To this I found my way the first evening. Beyond lies the bleaching-ground for the city-housewives, whose diligent maidens were spreading and watering, or folding and piling in baskets, masses of house-linen; all was conducted in that quiet orderly manner, so peculiarly national; they might have wondered why I sat and gazed so intently on them. Just as the girls were giving their last sprinkle, preparatory to leaving, the sun began to sink behind the Falkenberg, and I hurried down to a bend in the shore, to see the river in its glory before the night fell. The sides of the mountains lay in deep shad-

ow below, where the impetuous waters, chafing over ridges of sunken rocks, break their way through a passage called Bingen-Loch, closed in from sight by the dark promontory of the Falkenberg. A deep grey had fallen upon nature; the hush of night seemed already there, when slowly the cloud-lids parted and the great golden eye beamed out for a moment, revealing away back, the green river-islands and the bristling vineyards of the Johannisberg, in powerful contrast with the black pools and turbulent eddies of the Bingen-Loch whirling past the Mäusethurm, which rests on its little green islet—that legendary tower where Bishop Hatto met his doom. I sauntered slowly along the river-bank till night closed in, then home through the garden, on which our windows opened. The damp evening-air exhaled perfume from beds of mignonette and rose-trees in full flower. Among the shrubberies stood white statues; there a Bacchante holding up a cluster of ripe grapes; here, a long-robed Ceres, with wheat-sheaf and sickle; fronting our window, the indolent Apollino, leaning against a tree-stump, his arm negligently thrown over his head. For a moment, in the still twilight there came a nightingale and perched upon the uplifted arm; it warbled derisively I fancied. The lazy Apollo had left his lyre no one knows where; no poet was at hand to lend him one, so the beautiful incident passed off into thin air, where many a lovely thing has vanished before. It was the first time I had heard a nightingale. They are so cherished in Germany, that to kill one or disturb a nest, subjects the offender to a severe penalty of the law.

The early morning-sun on the morrow found us floating down the current of the Rhine in a small row-boat. We were bound to Rheinstein, a proud castle of the thirteenth century, on whose walls Rudolph von Habsburg

planted the Imperial banner when he came with an armed force to destroy the robber knights of the Rhine. Long a ruin, it has been within a few years restored, and fitted up as a summer-residence by one of the royal family of Prussia. Old armor, colored glass, quaint carvings, narrow turrets and dark chambers, terraces with orange-trees in bloom, ivy-covered walls, and the vast beautiful view from every balcony and tower-top, allured imagination and compensated for the heavy toil of climbing upward several hundred feet, which is made easy however by a road cut winding up the side of the mountain.

Leaving this, we crossed over the river to the vine-clad Assmannshausen. At the village I renewed my acquaintance with the donkey-tribe, but to my shame I confess it, all those delicate sympathies of Drachenfels memory vanished; for a couple of as viciously wilful beasts, as were Hans and Fritz, I leave for future tourists to judge. Hans would grin, show his yellow teeth, lay his ears back upon his neck, and look uglier than ass ever did before. Fritz, every now and then, stopped stock-still, for no purpose in the world that any one could surmise, and which the peasant-woman, his mistress, explained by the very wisest of apophthegms „Esel sind Esel“. So I jogged on, repeating, „Men are but men, and asses are asses,“ upwards through the narrow village-lane, then out upon a country-road and again beneath the Niederwald, where paths and vistas, cut through the forest, offer every attraction for a summer-day's excursion. Our first pause was at the Jagd-Schloss, where a huntsman and his family reside and provide refreshments. A taste of the delicious Assmannshäuser, the only red wine of the Rhine, and we are off again; the old guide and the peasant-woman trot along side, and have long patois talks together, and munch black bread, of which the asses get a snack

now and then, making Fritz exacting. He is constantly pushing his nose into Gretchen's pocket, who is very fond of him, and puts her sun-burnt forehead against his hairy one when we halt, and they two have love conferences. I am persuaded asses are not stupid — wilful I must concede since I made Fritz's acquaintance, but that shows character, — and so we travel on under the high oaks and beech-trees, till we reach the magic cave, which unfortunately we are obliged to enter at the wrong end and thereby miss the surprise. The recent heavy rains had deluged the grotto, or dark arched stone passage so called, which leads to a circular chamber only light enough to distinguish large objects. From this, three arches open on to long vistas, cut through the forest down to the water's edge, producing the most charming dioramic effects. From this magic cave, a short walk carries you to the Rossel-Tower where the glorious view bursts full upon the eye — the grand sweep of the river, dotted with its green islands, those gems of the Rhine, crowned with young oaks and fringed with poplars, reflecting in their calm water-mirror, their gentle loveliness. The Nahe winding its yellow waters through rich inlands, spanned at Bingen by an arched bridge, from under which it runs to greet the Rhine, then creeps beneath the shadow of its bank, unmingled with the dark blue waters, the aristocratic river condescends to no mésalliance. Midway upon the side of the Assmannshausen mountain hangs the ruin of Ehrenfels (the rock of honor) built to command the rapid passage of the river, through which vessels must pass, to avoid the whirling rock-eddies that obstruct it here. This castle, with the Mäusethurm opposite, were toll-houses of the thirteenth century which toll-service became so exacting, it was finally exploded by the league of towns. There were no less than seven tolls

levied, between Bingen and Coblenz. The far stretching vineyards covering the Rüdesheim, the Johannisberg and the Scharlachsberg, with the blue line of mountains edging the horizon, comprise the vast view from the Rosel-Tower. We spent an hour or two more wandering beneath the cool shade of the forest, resting in spots where peasant-girls offered for sale great glorious strawberries heaped in cornucopias of green leaves, and cherries strung on longtwigs. Literally the cherries of this land have two bites in them, we have nothing like them with us, where we rarely see perfect ones. Again we came out upon the open hill-side, among the vineyards. These, the most valuable in Germany, are mostly owned by great landed proprietors; that of Johannisberg for example, in the beginning of the present century, belonged to the Prince of Orange; then Napoleon made it over to his Marshal Kellermann, and finally in 1816 it was presented by the Emperor of Austria to Prince Metternich, who holds it as an Imperial fief at the present time.

Here and there among these rich inheritances are found small proprietors, who part with their wines to speculators who purchase the product and stand their chance whether it be good or bad. The toil of the vine-dresser is unceasing; for this they are paid about nine dollars an acre, by the year. The vine is a very delicate plant, and hail or frost may in a few hours, ruin the hopes of the cultivator who may be depending upon the crop for his subsistence. Some idea may be formed of the revenue by that of the Johannisberg; the vineyard contains seventy acres, and in good seasons the estimate is, it brings in eighty thousand florins. In bad years the juice of this celebrated grape is not allowed to go into the cellars, but is sold for what it will fetch. We descended a precipitous flinty road which soon merged into the back-lanes of the

the town of Rüdesheim, narrow and close — so close at times, that with extended arms I could touch the walls on either side. In one of these passes a discussion took place between Fritz and Gretchen, he having made up his mind to a browse upon some grass that grew along the base of the wall; she, that he should come on; I, on his back, remained a passive spectator. Gretchen pulled him by the bridle, and Fritz elongated his fore-legs and held back. It is not my affair, thought I, and left them to settle it. We were between two garden-walls, the one on the right had been newly repaired; the holes in its old face plastered up, a splendid rounding off of new mortar at the top stuck all over with bits of sharp broken black bottle. I doubt not the proprietor eyed it complacently, little boys who steal plums, with awe. Its opposite neighbor, an old mouldering mass, was discolored with patches of brown lichen; above, knots of long grass had gathered, and crawling stone-moss clustered its dark pink-blossoms over the rough brow. Thoughts of old age came over me, — the newly plastered wall suggested a battered beau who had mounted a smart wiry periwig which did not make him a whit the younger, for all the pains he took; the other, a cheerful effort to endure pleasantly the remnant of existence, by gathering about him what was left of the poetry of life. I had known both kinds. At this point of my rumination, the argument between Fritz and his mistress wound up by his trotting off down a stony lane, shaking me most unmercifully and bringing up abruptly on the river-bank. Here we parted company; Gretchen pocketed her florins, and Fritz walked off after, looking as meek, as if he were the most patient ass in the world. Close on the shore, just beyond the town of Rüdesheim, stands the Brömserberg, a massive quadrangular castle of the year 1100, whose walls vary

from eight to fourteen feet in thickness, now inhabited by the Countess Ingelheim, an octogenarian. As we slowly rowed across the Rhine, our guide pointed out, where some of the chambers of the ruin had been repaired to make it the summer-home of the old countess. I could not but dwell in a musing mood upon its hoary stones, the wild grass and flowers crowning them above, like wreaths upon a tomb, while here and there a projecting balcony, or a sash fitted in a broken arch, spoke yet of life within. Eight centuries the stones of the Brömserberg have been furrowed by the summer-rains, or been crisped beneath the winter-frosts of the Rhine. Eighty years has the hoary head within bowed before the storms and changes of life. What a world of sorrow and suffering to have borne! What brave strong hearts they have, who combat and live on. I have noticed the placid smile of endurance petrified as it were, on such faces, and it reminded me of it, — that effort of Nature's verdure, away up there among the hard stones, shadowing desolation. Another tower, the Brömserhof, higher up, was the residence of the knightly race of Brömser. To this is attached the tradition of the death of the beautiful Gisela, so well known in German song. Her father, in the wars of Palestine, being made prisoner by the Saracens, vows to devote his daughter to the church if he ever is allowed to return in safety to his castle at Rüdesheim: he escapes at last, under the guise of a pilgrim reaches home, and is affectionately welcomed by his daughter, who, in the mean while, had grown into a beautiful woman. She listened with consternation to his vow: she had formed an attachment to a young knight in the neighborhood, but neither tears nor entreaties could change her father's purpose; he threatened her with his curse if she would not obey. In the midst of a violent storm, she precipitated her-

self into the foaming waters of the river, from the tower of the castle, and her body was found the next day, by some fishermen, in the whirlpool by the Mäusethurm. The boatmen to this day, think they hear the dying wail of the beautiful Gisela, when the storm-wind comes sweeping down the Rhine.

I stood one evening on the Rochusberg behind Bingen, looking down, now upon the river, now upon the inner country, with its long lines of white road, stretching off among cornfields as far as the eye could reach: this one, past Ingelheim to Mayence; yonder, to Trèves; and away North, another, to Coblentz; the distant windings of the Nahe, and the outline of the Donnerberg on the horizon, all mapped before me. The chapel of St. Rochus gives its name to the mountain. Here on the Saint's day, in August, thousands of people assemble. It was this Saint's peculiar property, to cure the plague. The chapel had long since sunk into ruin; „the owl looked out of the window, and the wild birds of the forest built their nests there“, but unfortunately for the lovers of the picturesque the „noble arch in proud decay“ has been plastered up, and the Rochus Capella rejoices at this present writing, in a steep blue slate roof and an uncouth steeple, — a sorry appendage to the beauties of the Rheingau. Will not some votary of taste from the good town of Bingen plant an ivy there? They who have embowered their own beautiful old church down upon the Nahe in trees and vines and flowers, they who have taught those white roses to clamber against the rough brown stones, shadowing quaint monuments, fit emblems of pale death, and the spirit exhaling upward,

— will not the same hand train a twig of stern old ivy over the naked walls of the Rochus Capella? — ivy clinging like strong friendship, through weal and woe, covering flaws and imperfections. The sun lighted up the seams and furrows of the old church; it was very homely, but it cast a shadow where, on a stone bench, one might rest and think. So I turned my back and let my thoughts wander. Away off there at Ingelheim, once rose the proud residence of Charlemagne with its marble columns and rich mosaics, spoils of old Italy, presented by the Pope, to adorn the palace of the Emperor. Now, not one stone is found upon another, every trace of its existence vanished, and the crowded peasant-houses of a German village all that remains of the proud memories of Ingelheim. The broad meadows there smile beneath the harvest, the same as when, a thousand years ago, the magnificent Charlemagne, uniting the hitherto disjointed German states, founded the empire. Patron of agriculture, as well as of the fine arts, he carried into practice here, in his farms upon the Rhine, that art of husbandry hitherto so much neglected in Germany, and which in the present day they have carried to the very highest pitch of perfection. From his residence at Ingelheim, it is said he remarked the early melting of the snow on the opposite hills of the river, and made the experiment of transplanting thither the vine from Burgundy. The little hills of Johannisberg and Rüdesheim „rejoiced and were glad“ and the mountains have dropped down with new wine a thousand years. Tradition whispers, that the spirit of Charlemagne still hovers around these his favourite haunts, to bless the vine in this the „Bacchanalian Paradise“. It is pleasant to dwell on such memories, to wander back to that Christmas-eve of the year eight hundred, when with a splendid retinue, Charlemagne stood in Rome, and

the Pope placed on his head the crown which for one thousand and six years after, represented the union and supremacy of Germany; when the assembled multitude shouted: „Charles Augustus, crowned by God, great and pacific Caesar, life and victory to the Roman Emperor“. — Then again, the great Emperor here, in his short doublet of otter-skins, overlooking his farms, or fishing among the low islands of the Rhine. There is a peculiar fascination in tracing historic events on the soil whence they sprang, like „calling spirits from the vasty deep“. Here, particularly on the Rhine, does the memory of the Imperial benefactor strike one. The reign of Charlemagne is an illuminated page in the great volume of German history, clear and defined; those which follow, are so involved in vast intricacies, that one becomes confused, though here and there, romantic incidents stand out, giving life and reality to solitary places. Charlemagne died as he had lived, honored and adored by his people. Canonized after death, his tomb at Aix-la-Chapelle became a shrine for devout pilgrimage. One more leaf turned in the chronicles of those times offers a sad and painful contrast to the rich coloring upon a golden ground we have just left: a page, which the Germans would call „grey upon grey“. — On that long low island opposite Ingelheim died Lewis, the son and successor of Charlemagne, surnamed „the Pious“. Controlled by priests, subjected to papal power, which had been held in abeyance by the stern determination of his father, despised by his people, a victim to wretched family-quarrels and intrigues, deposed by rebellious sons, this miserable Emperor died, shrieking „hutz“, „hutz“ like the huntsmen, to scare the devil from his bed-side.

„Gaze on that picture, and on this!“

Returning over the wooded height of the Scharlachsberg, where paths have been cut and views opened, I descended by the road which passes the public cemetery, or Court of Peace, as the Germans poetically call man's last resting place. Here the hand of affection had embellished with shrubs and flowers each narrow spot, marked by a black cross, the sad way-marks in Death's narrow domain. Groups of people had gathered along the road-side — a funeral was in sight. I stood a little way apart and saw it pass. First came choir boys carrying huge wax-torches; then twelve young ladies in deep black, their heads uncovered, walking in two parallel lines some distance apart; next little girls in white, with garlands of white flowers in their hands, then others, carrying the emblems of Faith, the anchor, the cup, and the cross, done in evergreen and white flowers; another bore aloft a crucifix; next to these followed the mourners, the chief one, a young lady, in deep black, with a white veil falling to the ground, bound about her head a crown of cypress. Her grief was almost uncontrollable. She was supported by a female friend on either side; her costume and the wild expression of her countenance recalled to me a painting I once saw of the Pythian priestess, crowned with bay, preceding the people to a sacrifice. After these mourners, came two priests in white robes, edged with deep lace, their heads covered with black skull caps; then eight men, bearing, by bands passed under it, a coffin which they held quite low. It was of light colored wood, filagreed with silver ornaments. Then followed a crowd of male friends, for the deceased was evidently a young girl from the white flowers and ribbons. Alford's beautiful Dirge came to my mind:

„Slowly and softly let the music go,
„As ye wind upward to the grey church-tower
„Tread lightly on the path-side daisy flower;
„For she ye carry was a gentle bud,
„Loved by the unsunned drops of silver dew.
„Her voice was like the whisper of the wood
„In prime of even, when the stars are few.
„Lay her all gently in the flower-full mould;
„Weep with her one brief hour.

Solemn and touching was this funeral cortége, so characteristic too of German domestic life. For us, born under other habits, we cannot understand this public demonstration of feelings which the heart everywhere holds so sacred. Endurance in retirement, apart from public gaze, is characteristic of our manners. But here, all events of life are made matters of public sympathy. They go up to the house of God in company, hang votive garlands on Saints' shrines, and raise their voices in solemn canticles together. They go forth in crowds on All Saints' day, Protestants as well as Catholics, and carry grave-crowns to cast upon their family tombs. They hail the Pentecost together, and are rejoicing among the fields and gardens. The Bridal, the Baptism, the Confirmation and the Burial are all events to which friends and relatives, dependents, all contribute their token of remembrance or respect by crowns of flowers. The Sunday holyday finds troops of families and friends out upon the roads and lanes for a ramble together. All this produces good humor and good will to mankind, and that benevolence of manner so marked among the German people, that religion of every day life which softens so many of its asperities. Perfect simplicity and integrity of purpose is the national characteristic, I have always found it in my long stay among them. I have discovered faults too, which do not tally with my habits and prejudices;

but that there is something very lovely and respectable in these customs which conduce so much to family union, the most prejudiced must acknowledge, and the results have a more happy effect on the heart than the more reserved and undemonstrative habits of their English descendants, in which we so largely participate.

Life is indeed a picture gallery if we only mark its varieties as we pass along: here a dark Rembrant; there a golden Claude Lorrain; sometimes a rare Raphael catches the eye, but more frequently a Teniers, if one would but stop to sketch it. I had gone on my way in a subdued frame of mind, induced from the sad scene I had just witnessed, because „Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets“. The sunlight was still lingering upon the mountain tops, and I found my way down the narrow streets of Bingen on to the thoroughfare along the river. The business of the day was over: only here and there was seen a solitary individual making his way homeward, or sauntering along for amusement. Drawn up, in an advantageous position, stood the stage of a puppet show, its curtains falling in green folds, to the ground. Two or three puppets, like decoy ducks, placed on the outside, leered comically at the passers-by, hinting there were lots of fun inside. Two or three venturesome little boys were dodging in and out under the stage in great glee, but in constant dread of being caught, which enhanced the enjoyment, of course. Where was that most potent personage then, the Puppet Master? I walked slowly past.—Drawn up close behind the little theatre I saw one of those covered waggons,

which serve the double capacity, of a carriage and pair, or a sylvan abode, as may be, furnished with a bed, stool, table and small cooking stove. Stretched on the miserable pallet lay the Man of Jests. The last rays of sun-light pouring through the open door showed me his haggard features and his arms thrown over his head, in the weariest of attitudes, alone, forlorn, — altogether an object of pity. My heart ached for him. I went on my way thinking of the melancholy lives of Jesters; Grimaldi, the famous clown, advised by a physician who did not know him, to go and see Harlequin, to dissipate his melancholy. I dwelt long on the philosophy of these things, on the strange constitution of the human mind, but in spite of all my attempts at reasoning, I felt a heart load. I would shake it off; I would not sleep without offering some relief to the sick Jester; alas! for poor Yorick. When I returned they had lighted up the little theatre; a crowd of gaping children had collected in front of it; a few laborers in their homespun blouses, smoking their long pipes, were lounging about; Poor man! and for the few copper coin such an audience can collect, you must come with aching feverish head, and gibe and jest, and wear life out, to earn perhaps a crust of black bread. The twilight was now thickening into night; I made up my mind to look into the waggon, and offer some relief. A severe peck-marked, hatchet-faced woman, scowled at me from the inside, as much as to say, „and what are you peering at?“ She sat mending a pair of old pantaloons; the ailment lay there; the audience was waiting for them. With the pleasant consciousness the jest was against me, I sneaked up a back-lane home, pocketing my florins and sensibilities together.

CHAPTER VII.

THE little Rhine steamer transported us the next day to Bieberich, and from there, it is a short hour's drive to Wiesbaden. Some wise old saw tells us to consider every day as a leaf in our history. I had just conned over two very picturesque ones, but when we think there is a limited number to that folio called Life, it is appalling to

„Collect at evening what the day brought forth,
„Compress the sum into its solid worth,
„And if it weigh th'importance of a fly,
„The scales are false, — and Algebra a lie.“

Life at a watering-place, has always impressed this truth most forcibly upon my mind, and particularly does one feel it when bodily ailment urges one to the stupid routine undergone for relief; one's whole time occupied, and mind stagnant. Father Gaspard, who enjoins a „joyeuse humeur“, had an eye I suppose to the ennui produced here. The dinner hour becomes an era in such a life, the great event of the day. We have a band of music which keeps time to the knives and forks, during the grand assault. We sip our scup with an *adagio sospirato*; the vegetables disappear to the sound of a rustic dance; *fricandeau sauté* with a polka; pudding with

sweetsauce, melts in an arietta dolce amorosa, minor key; roast fowl with prune sauce, penseroso: finale, toothpicks, staccato.

These dinners are always served about one o'clock and there is a great deal of etiquette and propriety which, however tedious, well bred people never infringe upon. The afternoons are passed either in the Kursaal-Gardens or in making excursions; about eight or nine in the evening, parties return and order their suppers apart at small tables; there is no general evening meal as with us. On some tables may be seen the smoking tea-urn, but generally more substantial food. It has been alleged that the wild imagery of the German brain is the result of night-mare excursions in the regions of Fancy, produced by their habit of eating salad, meat and hot potatoes at night, just before they sleep. What a substratum for a work of Fancy! but they do it, and what is more, we travelers follow suit; but I am more inclined to think the Procrustean institution — German beds — is the cause. They have passed into a proverb with Diogenes' tub, and bear a huge resemblance to the same. Description baffles belief. I had read of „Sleep's downy pinions,“ — poetical, very, — the reality dreadful: — down pillows, most heat-provoking to the brain, and a down bed sewed in sheets as sole comforter, — worse than Job's. I acknowledge to „the fine frenzy rolling“ but how imagination produces results in her combat with temper, I do not comprehend. It has been a serious speculation in my mind ever since I entered the land, how a big German fixes himself in one for the night. Of course that mystery I have never solved. My own private arrangement was to haul out a great horse-hair thing in the shape of a wedge; a bolster ditto; and an extra-pillow four feet square, and fling them at the astonished

chambermaid with an emphatic „Fort“ away! Things now could be brought to their proper level, and by taking a diagonal position you may be able to collect your „sleep-thoughts“ unless, like me, you have a travelling companion in the next room, who in the dead of night, „when deep sleep should fall upon man“ mutters curses, „not loud but deep“ at every turn, when he is obliged to gather up his downy companion from the floor, not having taken the precaution I had. We are creatures of habit, it is true, but to lie zig-zag, as they must do, from generation to generation, and never discover there is a mode of relief, is more than I can fathom. They make up, however, for these short-comings in their bedsteads, by the very long legs of their tables and chairs, making you as uncomfortable all day as you are at night. The luxury of comfort is creeping into drawing-rooms in private houses, but only partially there. Germans move slowly in everything.

There have been dug up at Wiesbaden votive tablets dedicated by some old Romans, who experienced relief from the waters. Christians do not trouble themselves about such things; here and there one may be found, who hangs up a wax leg or arm at the chapel-shrine to help make a taper for the Virgin, but the rest of us quit I believe with only a grateful feeling of escape from Purgatory. The long siege is over, Rheumatism has capitulated. The chaise and post-horses are at the door; adieu to Wiesbaden; adieu to the excellent Madame Schlicter of the Hôtel de la Poste; adieu to the assembled multitude of Kellners, cooks and maid-servants who, from our long sojourn among them, claim us as their

own; adieu to the wiry tribe of Scotch Terriers with whom we have made friends, and the younger son of the tribe whom we have christened „Yankee“, and who rejoices in clipped ears, bright eyes, and the remnant of a tail; adieu, we are off, free, „fleeing like birds to the mountains“, and there, upon the Hohe Wurzel we look back upon the dear beautiful Rhine, spreading like a lake, as it washes Mayence, and wanders away off to where the horizon meets it. And now we are among the narrow valleys of the Taunus ridge; round-headed hills, crowned with golden harvests close us in on every side. Brown, weather-beaten peasants swarm, sickle in hand, felling and laying in rows the full ripe corn; here and there a field already stacked, and among the stubble, tiny bits of children, gleaning scattered straws, their heads sun-bleached, gaping with wonder eyes at us as we pass. Within three hours, we are at the top of the steep mountain and catch a view of Langen Schwalbach, nestling in its green valley. In these little green valleys, or natural basins of verdure, bubble up the far famed health-fountains of the Taunus. The narrow place, where the town of Schwalbach has contrived to assert a right of soil, is hemmed in by the same kind of round-topped hills, sloping down into a narrow strip of valley, which has been converted into pleasure grounds. In these the Brunnens bubbling up from the earth, have been confined in stone basins, and present their miraculous waters to all conditions of men. There beyond, rises the great sumptuous bath-house with its luxurious arrangements, and its colonade below filled with little shops, offering the same wares you find in every watering place: Tyrolese with their wood carvings, and doe-skin gloves and waistcoats; Bohemians with their beautiful specimens of colored glass and carvings in buck-horn; and lapidaries with all the

varieties of native cornelians and agates, made up into all possible objects to attract purchasers. People in Germany of every degree flock to the baths, some for health, most for amusement; but it appears a solemn tread-mill life to my perceptions: a crowd pressing round the balustrade that encircles the fountain, each eager for his cup of cold water; then, men, women and children, trotting after each other through the green alleys, up and down, backwards and forwards, round about, up the middle and down again,—a forced exercise which, as such, becomes very wearisome. The waters are a strong chalybeate, and remain cold upon the stomach, unless the blood be kept in action by exercise, they then produce an excitement which stimulates the system, and are very efficacious in many diseases. I took my seat frequently under the trees to watch the moving mass; face after face became familiar to me; Jews and Gentiles; Poles, Russians, English, French, and a stray American now and then — all these marching onward, and as the last disappeared the first came on again, reminding me forcibly of those delectable pieces of mechanism attached to hand-organs, where, if they grind long enough, you may view and review the procession, *ad libitum*. The drive to Schlangenbad, four miles further on, is perfectly charming, winding among hills, or mounting and descending long slopes of mountains with richly cultivated farms filling the narrow valleys. A cluster of hotels and lodging-houses embosomed in groves and gardens comprise the little town. The road sweeps round in a horse-shoe form, the hollow of which is a ravine, and the houses face this. If report say true, this Fountain of Serpents is the fountain of beauty too; its waters are so esteemed as a cosmetic, they are bottled up and sold all over Germany. Whether they owe their qualities to the influence of the

tribe of small serpents which inhabit the grand reservoir, or whether the promise of the fatal gift of beauty, so coveted, be a device of the old serpent, as I fully suspect, to decoy unwary travellers, let Saint Fechin decide, St. Fechin being that saint, who makes ugly people handsome. I only wonder in my wanderings never to have stumbled over his shrine. Be that as it may, I confess to the fact of patronizing for my morning ablutions sundry brown jugs, brought over the mountain from Schlangenbad to Schwalbach by a poor peasant-woman who got about four kreutzers apiece — about two cents of our money; that I made her raise her old shrivelled hands and eyes to heaven and pronounce a solemn benediction over half a florin gratuitously bestowed; that I removed the sun-tan from my face one day, and that I was ten shades redder the next. So much for my devotion to Saint Fechin, whose piety, by the bye, was said to be so fervent that when he bathed himself in cold water it became immediately boiling hot. The waters of the Schwalbach, when they are permitted to escape the baths, run off into the valley, and assuming the name of the Waldbach turn some mills and go on their way rejoicing in their freedom through a lovely valley, having certainly performed their part well in the economy of life. Onward, side by side with the Waldbach, runs a road, a turnpike, kept in magnificent order, and one travels towards the Rhine through a beautiful rural district; scattered along are many large comfortable farm-houses. These are of rare occurrence in Germany, where unceasing wars, and march of troops taught the people to gather into villages for mutual defence and protection. A few miles more, and we reach the Rhine at Elfeld, the one town of the Rheingau, once a Roman station, known as the Alta Villa. After it was raised to the rank of a town, it was placed

under the stewardship of the Counts of Elz. The picturesque watch-tower on the edge of the river crowned with four turrets, is the remnant of their ancient castle. We stopped at Elfeld to dine, preparatory to an excursion to visit the convent of Eberbach. Mine host of the Golden Stag dined us most sumptuously in a neat garden pavilion, shaded by a superb squash vine, trained with its coarse broad leaves to shade one, à la Jonas, the squashes, big as a man's head, resting on the trellis work, recalling Esop's fable of the traveller, and his reflections on Dame Nature's arrangements, which she fully propounded to him during his nap under the oak. Legends, like mushrooms spring up everywhere in German land, and gather like fungi, particularly in the damp neglect of ruins. There is a tale told of this castle of Elz which in the wild native metre is very effective, how it will sound prosed into plain English I know not, very tame perhaps. But it is my peculiar fancy to gather these relics on the spots where they took form and being, and transcribe them. „The brave knight, Ferdinand of Elz, had dissipated his estate in riotous living. A great tournament was proclaimed by the Emperor, and from far and wide came nobles and knights to attend it, while the young Count Ferdinand chafed in spirit. Having no means to appear equipped beseeming his rank, he sat one evening alone in his chamber gloomily meditating suicide. While in this despairing state there appeared before him a dwarf all clad in yellow, his complexion, eyes, hair, were all to match. He addressed the Count, offering him a sack of gold, for which the only return he asked was a hair of his head. This was willingly granted, and they entered into a compact, that each time the bell tolled midnight, the dwarf should appear, and a similar exchange be made. The Knight appeared at the tourney, was in-

vited to court, and passed years of extravagance, folly and dissipation, till his spirits became exhausted, his body prematurely old, and his limbs paralyzed. In the extent of his anguish suicide again tempted him, but he had not power left to move hand or foot to perpetrate the deed. Again the yellow dwarf appears and tauntingly offers him a halter, twisted from the hairs he had collected."

CHAPTER VIII.

„A noble convent! I have known it long
„By the report of travellers. I now see
„Their commendations lay behind the truth.“

From Elfeld we turned our horses' heads towards Eberbach passing through the village of Kiedrich. Here we alighted a moment to look into the church, distinguished only for some curious ancient carved wood-work; but the little chapel of St. Michael, standing hard by, dating from the year 1440, is a perfect gem.

Built on a mound, by which you ascend three or four steps, the ruthlessness of war, time and neglect, have left this beautiful chapel a mournful relic of decay; windows of stone fret-work, once glazed with colored glass of which you detect a few fragments up high in the peaks; all now open to the weather; great crevices in the walls; shattered carved oaken doors nailed up; colored frescoes of Saints washed by the storm; curiously beautiful towers mouldering and rapidly hastening to ruin, one looks upon it with an interest, that would arrest if possible its passing away. But Kiedrich is dead; a few houses of quaint architectural pretensions indicate what it once was, when the proud Bishops of Mayence had a residence here, that of Scharfenstein, of which but one remaining tower indicates the site.

From here, we turned into a rough country-road leading us across cultivated fields, till we reached Eberbach, once the most celebrated monastic establishment on the Rhine. It was founded in 1131 by Saint Bernhard, whose followers eventually counted six establishments along the river. Emulating Peter the Hermit, St. Bernhard, abbot of Clairvaux, went about preaching the third Crusade, which roused the German enthusiasm and thousands followed on that disastrous expedition so well known. But it is not equally well known perhaps, that Hildegarde, abbess of Bingen, the Velleda of her time, lent her aid, by her enthusiasm and religious fervor, to excite the public mind. Of an ardent temperament she had adopted mysticism which admonished men to bid defiance to the double spells of sense and of reason, with eyes fixed in constant adoration on Heaven. Under this excitement she had ecstatic visions, and became renowned for her sanctity. She denounced the abuses of the church and in the spirit of prophecy raised her voice to warn her people. Pope Eugene III. canonized her writings, and ordered that all her revelations should be carefully noted. Saint Bernhard asked her concurrence in reconciling contending parties and denouncing those who should neglect the cry of God's people in Palestine. She proclaimed in an awful prophecy the miseries that awaited Germany, which prophecy is extant to this day, kept among the archives of the convent at Rüdesheim. She stood upon the highest point of the Taunus and like the prophets of old, with outstretched arms, remained in prayer to God so long for the success of the enterprize, that she fell senseless to the ground. Her fame grew with her age; thousands visited her cell; crowned heads bowed before her and the outpourings of her religious fervor were listened to as the voice of prophecy. From flights of inspiration, we must turn

to the paltry superstitions that were mixed with the enthusiasm of these religious awakenings. Saint Bernhard is represented as seeking a spot to found a new monastery, and tradition tells of his meeting with a boar who led the way and with his snout upturned the earth which marked the foundation of the future convent of Eberbach. It is certain I saw the carved effigy of the boar several times, among the ornamental foliage of a chapel's decorations. The massive building lies deep in a sheltered valley; a towering arched gateway rises high in air before it, surmounted by figures of the Virgin Mary, St. John, and St. Bernhard himself, formerly glittering in gold and purple, now faded and woe-begone. This was once the grand entrance, but it is now closed, and we passed in through a smaller gate a little further down, that led us under a noble archway into the inner court, or garden of the convent. All of course has been secularized long since and now converted into a public prison, the monks' cells devoted to convicts, and a part of the building till lately to a lunatic asylum: but a new home has been constructed for these unfortunates half a mile off, where they have been all removed. The wide halls of Eberbach are a home for convicts, and the wide vaults too have changed masters; the renowned vineyards of the Rheingau still send their choicest produce to be housed beneath its roof. We went down into what seemed a lower chapel with the „dim religious light“ shrouding it; there lay „the Brotherhood“ of wine vats and casks,

„Dwelling for ever under ground,
Silent, contemplative, round and sound“,

once the property of the convent, which exported the wine down the river to Cologne, then the great mart of commerce, now belonging to the Duke of Nassau, and become world-renowned, as Friar Claus sang:

„What a delicious fragrance springs
From the deep flagon while it fills
As of hyacinths and daffodils.“

The chapel of Eberbach is reformed, ergo white washed the rust of antiquity has been polished away, some glum-looking worthies encased in black frames stare at one from the refectory walls, but upon the whole the impression was not such as I had expected. I turned back to Schwalbach very weary with my day's excursion. The evening air upon the mountains sprung up suddenly with a cold chill; wrapped in a thick mantle, I sunk back into a corner of the carriage, and let my thoughts go wandering as the twilight settled into evening. The stars came out one by one, and it was night when we reached the top of the mountain that overlooks Langen Schwalbach; every house was glittering with lights dancing like fire-flies among the moving leaves of the trees. It is a gem of a place so seen, certainly, but if I were to designate a spot where ennui reigns supreme, it would be Langen Schwalbach; monotony is there written upon all things.

A few miles from Schwalbach stands the ruined castle of Hohenstein, one of the strongholds of the lords of Katzenellenbogen, destroyed during the thirty years' war. Its outer walls and towers are still so well preserved one gets an idea of its immense strength and extent.

It commands a magnificent view, and is a favourite resort, but where the eternal German eating goes on, as it does everywhere. I would have given much to lounge a while on the terrace topping a moss-grown wall, where shrubs and creeping vines have found their way, as they

are wont, to sympathize with Ruin, but a party of eaters had established a table, and a table-cloth flapping in the wind, and were imbibing their greasy soup etc. just on the spot were nothing beyond a shepherd's wallet and a lounge upon the grey rock should be tolerated. All my romance thoughts somehow have been jostled at this same Schwalbach. I came with the volume of „Bubbles“ warm in my pocket and soon I began to wonder, how he had extracted anything from that long straggling German village, without form or comeliness in its parts and proportions; — perhaps felt a little nettled at my own incapacity to discover the charm of his inspiration. I did hear the horn of the Schwein-General, but he of Bubble fame rests with his fathers, and a small wiry, red-headed, freckled-faced lad reigns in his stead, habited in a very tattered nether garment „a world too wide,“ inherited evidently from his elder. We heard a tintamar sounded upon a horn as we were passing a wood, on our return from Hohenstein, and on a turn of the road came upon this worthy exercising his lungs in a stubble-field where his thin flanked regiment were foraging. At sight of our carriage, the General deserted his post, and was down upon us, ragged cap in hand — a few Kreutzers made him happy — he returns to his regiment to make merry — he will have a large Stück of black bread that night, I wager.

CHAPTER IX.

„Time honor'd Frankfort, free Imperial town and mart of trade.“

We left Schwalbach in a post-chaise and following the river-road, again enjoyed the Rhine views till we reached Bieberich, where a rail-road communicates with Frankfort in less than two hours. The life and activity of this place struck us at once, being the great commercial mart of central Europe, and the seat of the German Diet. The old fortifications which one encompassed the town are levelled and laid out in gardens and public walks, on which front innumerable villa-houses, built with ornamental façades, and porticos or balconies. These are decorated with vines, or vases of flowers, very agreeably to the eye. We drove to that of the Frankfort Rothschild, a charming residence, and one wonders he ever leaves it for the Zeilstrasse. From this it is no strange transition to the Juden Gasse, or Jews' quarter, though the old law is no longer enforced, that the Jews keep themselves within certain limits, but that narrow alley, with its curious old carved houses, is ever their peculiar domain. Here the Rothschild mother would retain her home, in spite of the old clothes and second-hand boot-shops that surrounded her. She declined her son's offer of a palace wherever she chose to fix it. I saw her portrait hanging

in one of the saloons at the villa, a strongly marked Jewish face. I never think of the parents of the Rothschilds without a respectful feeling for that father whose last words on his death-bed were, to enforce upon his sons brotherly union, the strong cement which has sustained the enormous fabric of their fortunes. Frankfort was alive with one of its annual fairs, of which three are held in a year. Some reduction of duties, which is an ancient privilege, induces the city housewives and those from the environs, to purchase and supply themselves with articles enough to last till the recurrence of the fair.

We soon escaped from the bustle and drove over the splendid bridge that crosses the Main, passing the elaborate palace of the old Knights Templar, now used as a barracks. Somewhat further on, in an ancient tower, hangs the alarm bell, which formerly called the citizens to arms, against any depredatory robber-knight attacking the travelling merchantmen on the river. It is now tolled to announce the fair, a remnant of the old custom. Goethe in his *Autobiography* speaks of these customs still kept up (1775) in the „Escort Day“ when the whole population was in a ferment of expectation moving about. This originated in the Middle Ages and times of the knight-robbers, when the rich merchants and others caused their people to be escorted to Frankfort by armed men. The inhabitants of the city, tenacious of their rights, would not permit the escort to advance beyond a certain point. A sort of controversy has always been kept up and words often extended to blows. This degenerated in time to a mere parade; the city cavalry went out to meet the others, had a carouse and returned at night-fall, when the expectant crowd waited for them at the bridge, where the Nuremberg post-coach arriving at the same time with its escort was received with shouts. „Another more singular

ceremony was the Pipers' Court. This commemorated the attempt to abolish tolls, finally granted by privilege by the Emperor but commonly only for one year, so that it had to be annually renewed. These were represented by symbolical gifts presented to the chief magistrate before the opening of the fair; even after the total abolishment of tolls, the representations from Worms, Nuremberg and Bamberg acknowledged the ancient favor and retain the custom even to this day (1775).“

„The Judges assemble and business commences: — all at once a singular kind of music announces the Three Pipers; one plays on an old shawm another on a sackbut and the third a pommer or oboe. They wear blue mantles trimmed with gold; having their notes made fast to the sleeve, their heads covered. These, followed by their deputies and attendants, enter the town-hall. The law proceedings are stayed and the Pipers and their train halt before the railings or bar; the emblematic presents offered, consist commonly of the staple wares of each individual city. The deputy brought a handsomely turned wooden goblet filled with pepper; upon it lay a pair of gloves curiously slashed, stitched and tasselled with silk, — token of a favor given and received; along with these a white staff and some small pieces of silver money were added. The city of Worms sent an old felt hat which was redeemed again and so did service a number of consecutive years.“

Modern Frankfort with its bustling streets and glittering shops was not however what I sought, we have enough of that at home, but I coveted impressions of, „the old Imperial free city“ and soon found the way to the neighborhood of the Cathedral where the buildings with projecting upper stories, overhanging narrow streets, and dingy carved fronts prepare the mind for the visit to

the Römer, so called town-hall which contains the vast saloon formerly used for the coronation banquet and the council-chamber where the Electors assembled to discuss the election of the Emperor. The windows of the Kaiser-Saal, or banqueting hall overlook the market place which divides it from the Cathedral. There, in front of the great altar, the Emperor was crowned. Even after the power of the Empire had declined, the coronations were held in great splendor at Frankfort. The Regalia were brought from Nuremberg: „they consisted first of sacred relics: a piece of the holy cross; a thorn from the Saviour's crown; St. Maurice's sword; a link from the chain of St. Paul etc. Secondly of the insignia of the Empire the massive golden crown of Charlemagne weighing 14 pounds, set with rough diamonds, also the golden ball, sceptre and sword; the Imperial mantle and robes; the priestly stole and rings.“ In the election chapel, called Wahlkapelle, the vote for Emperor was decided; and the election over, a peal of bells ushered in the coronation day. The Emperor and all the princes assembled in the Römer, and went thence on horseback to the Cathedral where mass was read. The Elector of Mayence, as first Bishop and Archchancellor of the Empire, rose, and staff in hand, demanded of the Emperor, „Vis s. fidem „catholicam servare?“ — to which he replied „Volo“ and took the oath on the Gospel. Mayence then asked the Electors whether they recognized him as Emperor, to which they with one accord replied „Fiat“. The Emperor then took his seat and was anointed by Mayence; whilst Brandenburg held the vessel and assisted, after which he was attired in the robes of Charlemagne and the ceremony was concluded in front of the altar, by Mayence assisted by Cologne and Trèves. The crowned Emperor then mounted the throne; the hymn of St. Ambrose was

chaunted, and afterwards he exercised the first act of his power by bestowing knighthood, with the sword of Charlemagne. The procession now moved to the Römer over cloths of purple spread across the market place, where the fountain played wine. At the banquet which followed, the Emperor sat at a table raised six feet above the rest, the princes below, the Empress three feet lower than the Emperor. The electoral princes now performed their offices: Bohemia the Imperial cup-bearer rode to the fountain of wine, and bore the first glass to the Emperor; Pfalz rode to an ox roasting whole, and carved the first slice for the Emperor; Saxony rode up to his horse's belly into a heap of oats and filled a measure for his lord; and lastly Brandenburg rode to a fountain and filled the silver ewer“. The gorgeous pageant rises before one's imagination in all the splendor of that half barbaric taste when gold and jewels were profusely lavished but where the delicate refinement of modern invention was undreamed of. The hall of the Römer is decorated with portraits of the Emperors painted by eminent living artists at the expense of the citizens of Frankfort. Francis II closes the series. After him the high sounding title of Emperor of Germany became extinct, and merged into Austria. „The Title of Emperor, a vague undefined power, was backed by no manifestation of its strength, no sceptre, no senate, no one metropolis. The Emperor of Germany and of the Holy Roman Empire, sometimes had but small possessions to fall back upon, the successors of the Caesars were wanderers in their own vast domain; still there was a prestige connected with the dignity of the position, which more than compensated for its uncertainty.“

Frankfort from its central position, its rail-roads radiating in all directions, and its facilities for trade, has become the most bustling town in Germany. Its Zeil-strasse is crowded with brilliant shops, among which the jewellers are the most attractive. Our traders come here to purchase, and a vast quantity of Frankfort jewelry is sold for New York.

From this gay thoroughfare the traveller wanders off to bye-places and finds himself perhaps in the Goethe Platz, decorated by a colossal bronze statue of the „King of Poets,“ as the Germans enthusiastically call Goethe; the lofty bearing and high intellectual forehead are there well defined; the imperial attitude, conscious of superiority; that innate deification of self, results of his inordinate vanity; — the self-conscious Jove of the German Parnassus; the idol of his own age, yet whose glorious gift was expended too often upon frivolous things; with no religion, no seriousness to hallow the genius with which he was endowed. It is impossible for foreigners to appreciate all the delicacies of a language, and they pass very erroneous judgments on the productions of other lands. It is not the elegance of composition or the impetus given to national literature by Goethe, that I pretend to understand, only the cold selfishness of the man, throughout his whole career, known by his own revelations. It is the boast of Frankfort that it is his birth-place. A day or two exhausted the objects of interest and we determined on a flying visit to Heidelberg and Baden-Baden.

CHAPTER X.

HEIDELBERG.

„Thither he hied enamored of the scene
Where rock and woodland throw their magic spell;
Where, lightning scorched, or dight with ivy green
The Castle lords it on the mountain swell.“

Beattie.

Heidelberg is beautifully placed at the entrance of the valley of the Neckar, backed by wooded hills and vineyards, which cover the rising ground as far as the Heiligenberg. The town, old and gloomy, is built along a main street, nearly a mile in length, and for the mere traveller, offers no attraction. The famous university is the oldest in Germany after Prague, and is held in the highest estimation for learning and erudition. Its library was pillaged to enrich the Papal one at Rome, during the dark period of Heidelberg's history, but a portion was restored by Pius VII. It now contains 120,000 vols. besides rare and valuable manuscripts. The well known Schloss or electoral palace, was sacked by the French in 1693, and struck by lightning in 1764, since which it has remained a magnificent ruin „in proud decay“, tended with jealous care by inspectors appointed by government who fine any one severely detected in appropriating even a few leaves as a souvenir. It was with feelings of deep interest I found myself upon the terrace of the far-famed ruined castle of the Giesberg. Many years before I had

stood, a young girl, looking forth upon the very scene, the world before me, not a care weighing my spirit, — now, a heart yearning after absent ones and thoughts welling up from the far past.

I stood gazing from a well-remembered spot upon the beautiful valley of the Neckar, and the far-off glimpses of the Rhine, and I felt the heyday of youth passed. When the shadows of life begin to lengthen, there is a deeper, holier feeling coloring all things, than when at its zenith, we go forth rejoicing in our strength. The same picture was there, but time had mellowed it. It is with nature as with poetry, we must have felt much, suffered much, to appreciate the deep sentiment of either. Wordsworth understood this when he said:

„I have learned
 „To look on nature, not as in the hour
 „Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
 „The still sad music of humanity:
 „Not rough nor grating, tho' of ample power
 „To chasten and subdue.“

I could now realize all the phases of feeling Elisabeth Stuart must have experienced, from her brilliant happy life in this Palace, to her coronation with Frederick at Prague, and her subsequent flight as a refugee into Holland, and when I gathered a few ivy-leaves clambering over the ruined wall of her garden, it was a sincere tribute to the memory of her, the loving wife and mother, so sorely tried, whose beauty and sufferings are always cited as among the most touching events of that Thirty Years' War, which desolated Germany. One brief year she reigned with her husband Frederick prince Palatine, who had been elected King of Bohemia. Religious intolerance on his part excited civil war; weak and inapt to govern, Calvinistic in his principles, Frederick disgusted

his new subjects who were Lutherans, and the result was that terrible religious war, of which Prague was the focus. One winter night brought his reign to a close; Frederick and his family fled, and he thus obtained the sobriquet of „the Winter King“. He died at Mayenee, soon after hearing the fate of his friend and protector Gustavus Adolphus. The States of Holland offered Elizabeth a home, and she lived at the château of Rehen near Utrecht. She mourned for her husband, her brother Charles, whose head had rolled on the scaffold, and her unfortunate children, of whom she had eleven, but only one remained to console her old age, when, at the restoration of the Stuarts, she returned to England. The Queen bore her misfortunes with patience and dignity. In the Low Countries, she was called the „Queen of Hearts“, she never departed from herself-respect. Poverty and distress seemed to render her the more an object of admiration. She lived to see her fourth son Charles restored to the Palatinate, but with his son, the family became extinct. Weary was Elizabeth's pilgrimage through life, and the sad tale is echoed from every crumbling stone of her ruined castle, which, like herself, once stood in regal grandeur, now defaced and worn,—not so much by the hand of Time, as by the ruthlessness of War. I never could think of the history of the Palatinate without a thrill of horror. Absorbing wonder at the vindictiveness of war and the wickedness of man, crowds upon the mind, as you stand among the ruins and recall the past. A second time did Louis XIV desolate this fine country: „the flames with which Turenne fired two cities and twenty villages of the Palatinate were but glimmering sparks compared with the present conflagration“—Louis signed an order to Louvois, „to make the Palatinate a desert“. The French generals could not but obey.

An order was issued apprizing the inhabitants of the villages, the citizens of the flourishing towns, and the owners of more than fifty castles, that all was to be delivered to the flames. Men, women, children, decrepit old people, all fled in haste. Thousands wandered without a home in their devastated country; others found refuge in the neighboring states, whilst foreign soldiers sacked and pillaged their own. They began with Mannheim and Heidelberg, the residences of the Electors. Their palaces were destroyed; their tombs torn open; their ashes scattered to the winds. Thousands upon thousands of the wandering Palatinates found their way to Holland and England — many entire communes, headed by their preachers. It was at this period that many obtained permission to settle in the province of Pennsylvania, where they founded Germantown and where their descendants to this day are accounted among our most industrious and peaceable citizens. There was an attempt made to restore the castle of Heidelberg, but again the thunderbolts of Heaven scathed its walls, and it remains towering on the Giesberg, a seeming monument of wrath, to tell its own history, — fit type of Elizabeth's sad fate.

The environs of Heidelberg are exceedingly beautiful and it has become a favourite residence of strangers. All the architectural adornments of former splendor have vanished, as also the monuments of the Electors, before five sieges and sackings, which Heidelberg has undergone, now replaced by modern improvements which have entirely altered the aspect of the place. After a day spent in the castle we left in the railroad which in three hours brought us to Baden-Baden.

CHAPTER XI.

BADEN-BADEN.

„Where dark fir woods eternal murmurs made,
Where o'er the cliffs the eye remote surveyed
Blue hills, and gentle dales, and skies in gold arrayed.“

Baden-Baden was one of those names which called up in my mind, as long ago as I can remember, associations of Fashion and Folly, Gamblers and Grands-Seigneurs. Its beautiful scenery had been a secondary consideration hardly holding place in my mind. Consequently when I approached it, I was taken by surprise at the loveliness of its environs, and when the next day we took a carriage and ascended the mountain to visit the ruins of the old castle, enthusiasm knew no bounds while dwelling on the magnificent range of hill and valley, and dark evergreen forest which extend as far as the eye can reach, on to the distant horizon, where they point out to you the beginning of the Black Forest. The „heaven-high firs“ were thick about us and shed that blackness in the woods, I never saw before, and from which the name is naturally inherited. A German writer has charmingly described these woods of his native mountains: — „The golden sun-beams shot lovingly through the thick green of the firs. Like the eyes of a thousand maidens the strange mountain flowers look up at us; the wondrously broad, queerly pointed leaves stretched themselves towards us; the gay sunbeams flicker here and there in their play; the thoughtful little herbs tell their green tales, everything seems enchanted.“

A world more of beautiful thoughts flow from the pen of Heine; pity he should have perverted his grand gift of genius. The old castle rises on its blocks of granite, far far above the dark green of the firs, and commands the wide range of the valley, stretching onward to the faint outline of the distant Vosges. For four hundred years, this was the residence of the Margraves of Baden, and was always habitable until the torch of incendiarism lighted by Louvois, reduced it with all the Palatinate to ashes. The New Schloss farther down, interesting from having been built upon the foundations of ancient Roman remains, was also desolated by the French in 1689, but its modern restoration exhibits the usual display of rich gilding and mirrors, stucco and sumptuous furniture. The great object of interest in visiting it are the remarkable dungeons, remnant of that gone-by day, when the „Secret Tribunal“ carried with its very name a shudder of dismay. We were conducted down a winding stone stair at the right of the inner court, and passed through a square stone chamber said to be the remains of a Roman Bath. This entrance to the dungeons has been made in modern times; formerly they were only accessible through a shaft resembling a well, where the prisoner, bound in a chair, was let down, while the judges gained the trial chamber by another passage equally obscure, now blocked up. In these dark mysterious vaults, excavated in the solid rock, there yet remain evidences of the tortures, once inflicted on their unhappy inmates. The doors close by monstrous slabs of stone, turned on pivots, which are said to weigh from twelve hundred to two thousand pounds. As our guide revolved them, to show the principle of their construction, my blood froze in my veins, at the bare idea, should one resist his efforts, and close us within a living tomb! Great iron rings hang-

ing from the roofs are said to be remains of the apparatus of torture. A short passage leads from these vaults to a niche in the wall where stood a figure of the Virgin; the prisoner was told to advance and kiss the Virgin, and in obeying, a trap-door opened beneath his feet and precipitated him into a vault below, where a great wheel armed with sharp instruments terminated his existence. This punishment was called „*Le baiser de la Vierge*“ and the trap-door, an *oubliette*. Such were the horrible remains of the secret tribunal, terrible and mysterious, but called forth by the urgency of the times. That which was called the Secret Tribunal or Holy Vehm, was an ancient Court of Justice, not an Inquisition, as has been erroneously supposed. Secret Tribunal being a misrendering of the words, „*Separatum Judicium*“: yet no baronial castle but had its prison and „*donjon keep*.“ — In those ages, when law there was none, when each robber-chieftain carried out his own ungovernable passions, and set the example of every crime, some check was required. Spies were at large, any one convicted of crime was arrested and brought to trial within the dungeon chambers of his liege lord. Fear operated, and a species of restraint was imposed on society; yet scenes of crime and cruel revenge must have too often darkened their annals. The judgment chamber, as I saw it, was a cold dark vault, lighted up by torches; the walls reeking with damp and mildew, against which stone seats were placed. Through a vaulted passage, high up in the wall, now choked with rubbish, the judges descended. It is said this passage is connected by subterraneous windings, with the old castle on the hill. Tradition tells much, but there is enough left to convince the spectator she has exaggerated nothing. When Engelbert, Archbishop of Cologne, was entrusted by Frederick II, then resident in Italy, with the regency

of the Empire, as we have seen before, he instituted the Feme, the tribunal of which was held in the crypt of the Cathedral at Bonn. Ecclesiastics were not amenable to its laws. It became a fearful scourge; the criminal was cited to appear before his darkly masked judges. Flight was in vain; he was waylaid and hung by the mysterious avenger of his crime on a tree, and a knife stuck in the trunk signified he had died by the hand of a Feme. This stern justice is said to have produced the most beneficial results. I returned my mind wrought up with such memories, to plunge into the turmoil of modern life at Baden-Baden. Like the two extremes of a Russian bath, each was agreeable in its way, in spite of the violent transition: a ball room, with the Grand Duchess and her circle about her, occupying seats at the head of the hall, dancing, music and festivity, this amused me for an hour; along side the ball-room was the great gambling saloon where a circle of eager faces, men and women, watched the inexorable decrees of fate, then pocketed their gains or lost them with the same coolness one would transact a common shopping exchange at a counter. The busy throng has buzzed its hour and been forgotten, but the „dark firs“ still shadow my memory, and the remembrance still curdles my blood of the deathly damp of the dark stone dungeous of Baden-Baden.

FRANCONIA.



CHAPTER XII.

B A M B E R G.

„And haughty Bamberg on whose mired brow sat power imperious.“

We only returned to Frankfort to take the route to Bamberg through that beautiful district, the narrow fertile valley of the Main; now skirting the bases of mountains, now tunnelling through them, till the railroad finally merges onto the vast plains of Franconia, watered by streams tributary to the Main. The towns along this route all present remnants of the Middle Ages: fragments of walls and isolated towers, with their pointed extinguisher-shaped roofs. The villages here and there, have assumed a trim air of renovation, always the result of railroads, while these old sires in their bluish grey garb and conical caps, stand overlooking them, thinking like other grey beards, I suppose „Well it was not so in my day.“ The residence of „Haughty Bamberg“, though shorn of its beams, has enough left to mark its former grandeur.

The magnificent Cathedral; the Residence; the Rathhaus. — The superbly carved arch, under which you pass to the bridge, rows of houses, the fronts of which are richly ornamented with stone carvings; shrines in relief at the corners, elaborate armorial bearings, all go to show

what it once was. Here, far removed from the thoroughfare of the Rhine, where commerce was operating a general change, these old bishoprics supported a court of elegant leisure, encouraging the cultivation of letters. At Würtzberg the palace was called the little Versailles, but Bamberg retained its old palace on the mountain, so much endeared by popular feeling; the little river Regnitz, flowing at its base, separates the higher from the lower town; the magnificent stone bridge loaded with architectural embellishments connects them. The Cathedral rises along side the Palace, capped by four superb towers. This, one of the finest in Germany, was founded by the Emperor Henry II surnamed the Pious, in the year 1000. He established the see of Bamberg, to the infinite discontent of the other Prince Bishops, and more particularly Würtzberg, to whom in consequence, he made great concessions; but he would not be deterred from his project, and endowed Bamberg with the fortune of his Queen Kunigunda, from whom he had given up all prospect of an heir. This Emperor was moved by the pious motive of extirpating the Slavic superstition which still clung to the inhabitants of this region. The royal pair were eminent in their day for piety; they visited Rome in 1013 when the Pope placed the crown upon their heads. About seven years after, Benedict VIII visited Bamberg for the purpose of consecrating the new Cathedral. Thus rose the magnificent monument, inscribed with the names of Henry II and his Queen Kunigunda, whose statues, in gold and colors, flank either side of the great altar, and whose sarcophagus is placed under the nave of the church. In succeeding centuries this Cathedral was injured by fire and restored, without lessening however the magnificence of its structure, with its high altars at either end. Its bronze monuments; its chapel of „the Holy Nail“ where

the Domherren, or canons of the church, were buried, and their virtues literally „writ in brass“; superb bronze tablets encrusting the walls. — Until the 9th century altars were destitute of ornament. The ancient altar was a table in form of a tomb or sarcophagus derived, it is thought, from the primitive usages of worship in the catacombs — perhaps typical of the new tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. It was only in the 10th century the crucifix was placed upon the altar. Before the 14th neither lights nor cross were stationary. When mass was about to be celebrated two acolytes carried the candlesticks, and the officiating priest, the crucifix, and placed them upon the altar; after the service they were removed to the sacristy. Lights upon the altar are probably derived too from the primitive church; worship being carried on in subterraneous places, catacombs etc. necessarily called for the use of lamps or flambeaux. The Bishop's seat called Cathedra always stood in the apsis, the semi-circular domed recess at the end of the ancient churches. Perhaps the curious relics of the royal pair are the things one dwells upon with the most astonishment. — First, their skulls, adorned with gold and jewels, grinning sarcastically methought upon this mockery of life; a night lamp made of pieces of rock-crystal clumsily put together; their fine tooth combs, by no means new; and finally Kunigunda's petticoat, said to be infallible in curing tooth-ache. Somehow the excessive simplicity of those old superstitions and legends catches my fancy; one can write „absurdity“ on the face of them, it is true, but they belong to a gone-by age, and we must dwell on them as curious remnants of olden times, with the same sentiment experienced in tracing the progress of any branch of Christian art, or any development of the human mind. It was under this Emperor and his successor the

feasts of the church were established. Under Charlemagne the German church was organized; the ecclesiastical year was made to correspond with the natural year, and thus instilled its observances in the minds of the people. Christmas with all its magnificence was ushered in at midnight with solemn anthems. The rejoicings lasted till Twelfth Night, the Epiphany, and the people gave themselves up to a frenzy of pleasure, known as the Carnival: now followed the sombre Ash-Wednesday when the Priest traced on the penitent's forehead the sign of the cross in ashes, saying „Dust thou art, and unto dust thou must return.“ — Then might be heard the solemn Miserere sounding through the vaulted Cathedrals, and penitence and prayer were preached from every pulpit. Now followed the solemn day of the crucifixion, when the Temple was hung with black, and the gloomy silence was interrupted only at intervals by a plaintive chaunt. On Easter-eve the great altars were lighted up by enormous wax tapers, and a majestic and solemn chaunt was heard. When the bell tolled midnight, there rose a triumphant burst of song: „He is risen“! and the choir responded three times, „Hallelujah“! In the morning the people appeared in their holiday suits, and the bells announced the joyful Easter feast; the people went into the fields for enjoyment, and the children played with colored eggs. This week was particularly devoted to baptism. The last feast was that of Pentecost, the revelation of the Holy Spirit, the period chosen by the church for confirmation. In the first days of May they went out into the fields; it was the feast day, to ask God's benediction on the fruits of the earth; it is the season when, according to the Greek belief, beatified spirits revisit the earth under the form of bees and glow-worms, to enjoy the spring and its flowers. After harvest, came the time

for pilgrimages; and All-Souls' day finished the circle, when among the falling leaves of autumn they went forth to meditate on death, and hang grave-crowns upon tombs. There is a poetry in the conception of the ecclesiastical year, that must find its way to every heart, touching its finest chords. Luther in establishing the Reformation, abolished none of these observances, and throughout Germany up to this day, all these festivals are retained and form an integral part of daily existence, linking the people's heart by sympathetic chords, which soften and ameliorate human nature. Here the grand line is drawn between time-honored lands and new communities. It is the question between heart-feelings and selfishness. With us who can deny want of reverence to be the prevailing sin, and self, the great idol worshipped. Self-aggrandizement; accumulation of property, not for any fixed purpose, but to elevate self in public estimation; patriotism merged into self, and so on through the whole. In the glory of our magnificent progress, we are apt to look down with contempt on the tame quiet of life in Germany, where the simplicity and faith in old institutions operate and produce that repose, which many a heart craves in the Great Republic, without knowing how to attain it. But certainly it is not in Bamberg, whose grass-grown streets indicate the absence of all vitality, that I should draw the comparative contrast between the two great extremes of national character. Here, one should only dwell upon the historic past, and gather a legendary leaf or two, to garland monuments which are crumbling to ruin. But thought will wander in strange paths. Pascal tell us, man has a secret instinct remaining from the greatness of his original nature, which teaches him, that happiness can only exist in repose, and when we find repose stereotyped upon a nation, we should reflect well on causes

and effects, before we condemn what differs so essentially from our own. The Altenberg tower crowns the mountain in the rear of the Palace, and you climb there through fields of hops and orchards, to find yourself on an elevation which commands the vast plains and the distant mountains of the Franconian Switzerland, and the picturesque old town at your feet. Crossing a draw-bridge you enter a court, where the Altenberg tower, six hundred feet high, remains the sole remnant of the stronghold of Babenberg, once the residence of the Margraves of Bamberg. Below it are the usual castle dungeons, where the appendages of iron rings and wooden stocks are shown you by the flickering light of a small candle. Again remounting the stone steps, you enter a chapel within the tower which has been restored. Above it, there are little chambers, with a few relics of armor and stained glass, drinking beakers and oaken settles; this is all that is left of a stronghold once the refuge of the Bishops of Bamberg, until it was destroyed in the Thirty Years' War. There are many traditions attached to the Altenberg, which history has endorsed. Count Adalbert, Margrave of Bamberg, had retired within it being at feud with the Emperor. Hatto, Bishop of Mayence, came to confer with him and persuade him to go to the Emperor's camp, where he assured him he had authority to say he would receive his pardon. Adalbert, suspicious of the crafty priest, would not agree, till Hatto under the most solemn oath promised to return him in safety to his castle. Under this promise, Adalbert consented and proceeded with Hatto on the journey. They had travelled but a little way, when Hatto complained of faintness, and they returned to the castle to obtain refreshment. Continuing their journey afterward, they arrived at the camp, where Adalbert was immediately seized, condemned and executed. Hatto, when

accused by him of base treachery, excused himself by a miserable quibble „I did conduct you back to your castle, why were you fool enough to leave it a second time“. — This is the same Bishop Hatto of rat-memory;

„So then to his palace returned he,
 „And he sat down to supper merrily;
 „And he slept that night like an innocent man.“

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Another tragic story is attached to Altenberg which gives one an idea how justice was administered in the Middle Ages; and it must be acknowledged the lordly Bishops of those days did not always perform a very godly part in the affairs of men. It was about 1200 when Philip, then Emperor found himself at Bamberg to celebrate the marriage of his niece Beatrix with Otto, Count of Meran. He had promised her hand to Otto, Count of Bavaria, who having sullied his honor by a murder, the Emperor withdrew his consent. This engendered an implacable hatred which Otto confided to the Bishop of Bamberg. After the ceremony, the Emperor retired, by invitation of the Bishop, to the castle of Altenberg, meaning there to rest himself. The same day arrived in Bamberg, the Count of Bavaria, armed to the teeth, with a suite, as if he were about to undertake a military expedition. After the Emperor had retired to bed, Otto appeared in the anti-chamber, followed by ten men-at-arms, and asked a confidential interview with the Emperor; he was at once admitted; Philip expected some pleasantry which was Otto's characteristic, but as he played with his naked sword in a dangerous manner, the Emperor ordered him to replace it in the scabbard. „This is no pleasantry, my lord, cried Otto“ and with that, made

a sudden stroke at his throat, exclaiming „So much for thy perfidy“. Philip flung himself from the bed, his attendants called for help, but before it came, Otto had given the death blow and fled, placing himself under the protection of the bishop of Bamberg. A page or two further on in history one is glad to find that this cold-blooded assassin met his just reward. Philip was greatly beloved and the princes of the realm resolved to avenge his death. By a unanimous vote Otto of Bávaria was put under the ban of the empire; he fled, and was at last found in a small convent on the Danube, where the marshal Kallinthin, who had been sent on the search, ran his sword through his body. He severed the head and threw it in the river; the body long remained unburied; his patrimonial castle was razed to the ground and a church of expiation erected on its foundation. The last of his followers having wandered seventeen years in foreign lands and made a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre to expiate his crime of participation, was at length pardoned by Frederic II, and the Bishop, who had fled into Hungary, was restored.

On the brow of another hill, rises the St. Michael's, once a Benedictine convent, devoted since its sequestration to the use of the poor: a public pauper house, its gardens thrown open to the people and its church left in its original state. You reach it by a sharp acclivity and find yourself in a splendid court with a carved stone fountain in the centre, the architecture known as that we call Louis quatorze, the façade, balustrades, and fountain elaborately carved on a splendid scale, the inner decorations to correspond, but with no historic associations. The superintendent who showed us about, was a whole souled man; earnest and gentle, he felt, the hill of St. Michael's was the spot of earth we were bound to admire.

„It is the crown of Bamberg“ said he with enthusiasm; he had friends in America, but said very few good Germans leave home“. There may be other opinions on that subject. A Frenchman once expressed himself to me, „all good Frenchmen who go to America, go by land“. It was an interesting day that passed in Bamberg; but across that vast plain lay the world renowned Nuremberg — she „the Pearl of Franconia“. One of my earliest dreams was to be realized and I hurried off.

The wide plains of Franconia are cultivated like kitchen-gardens: they were swarming with life; here, peasants gathering in potatoes, or other winter roots; there, flocks of geese revelling in stubble-fields; cows and sheep, browsing and nibbling, not at large but circumspectly, under the supervision of striplings with white sun-burnt hair, or peasant girls, their short red petticoats tucked up, and gay kerchiefs tied over their heads; — these minded their business, the goose-drivers particularly, with their long lashed whips bringing all stray geese within bounds. Imagine American geese minding any body; imagine American cows being asked to work! Instead of revelling all day in green pastures or switching her tail in cool brooks, the German cow is harnessed to a hay-cart, and even to the plough. The ox has a quiet dignified bearing and inspires sympathy by his patient submission to the will of man, but cows have a coquettish frisky kind of trot. I have seen them coming home before an empty hay-cart of an evening, driven by a couple of brown merry looking peasant girls, and their toil always struck me as a good joke. The author of „Bubbles“ has commented on this before now and while he remarks upon the apparent injustice of making the poor cows work all day, and then trot home to be milked, he adds, „but in this respect they are no worse off than their

mistresses. "The peasant woman's lot is hard; the oppressive weight of labor falls upon her through the whole length and breadth of the land. This feature in European life strikes the American with dismay; we have known heretofore nothing of standing armies, draining our young men from their natural avocations, leaving their wives and sisters, to become beasts of burden, besides entailing crime and degradation on a large class of females in other walks of life; it is the heavy, dark cloud that overshadows Germany. In Bohemia I have seen women in large numbers employed with wheelbarrows, trundling earth to make embankments; and in Vienna women are seen bearing hods of mortar on their shoulder, carrying it up long ladders to the scaffoldings, where stone masons are at work; — their mate, meanwhile, is dressed in uniform, with sword and belt, lounging half his time away in listless inactivity. — An intelligent American remarked to me, this civilization of old lands verifies the adage that extremes meet. The savage chieftain marches on, loaded with his paint and barbaric finery, while his patient squaw trudges behind, bent under the weight of all their worldly chattels including perhaps a child or two. Our country must be proclaimed the woman's paradise, though France, before now, has claimed that honour; but she does it for her châteaux and privileged class; woman with us, has a wider meaning.

The stubble-fields at this season are the scenes of the great crow meetings; there they were, dodging about, and sprinkled among them pert magpies in their white and black garbs, looking important, and tolerated by their demure associates, as some independent females at home are who undertake to reorganize the world. According to „auld wives' tales“ magpies are birds of ill omen.

The flight of many crows too, comes under the name of „bad luck“; „as if the great god Jupiter had nothing else to do, but to drive jack-daws in a flock together.“

And so we traversed these broad level tracts, till evening cast its long shadows across the plain, and the setting sun revealed to us the red towers of old Nuremberg glittering in the distance.

CHAPTER XIII.

NUREMBERG.

Thus O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away
As he paced thy streets and court yards, sang in thought his
careless lay,
Gathering from the pavement crevice, as a flowret from the soil,
The nobility of labor, — the long pedigree of toil. Longfellow.

„Es lebe Nürnberg“ as is inscribed on a scroll above a curious old colored engraving that hung in my grandfather's chamber, his grandfather came from there. This was a souvenir of past times. My eye through this, had become familiar with the little red tiled towers crowning the town wall, those of the Cathedrals, and the Reichs-veste, rising far above all, within the city of the Emperors; for the proud free city of Nuremberg made no small boast of the distinction shown it by the German Emperors, who, during a period of eight hundred years, passed a portion of their time there, in the old castle, and whose Regalia was left for several centuries under charge of its wealthy burghers.

One of my earliest visions was a pilgrimage I would some day make to the old town. Childhood lapsed into maturity, and maturity, alas! into something very like the past meridian, ere I took my staff and scrip, to wander forth; but my heart was still warm with enthusiasm toward the quaint old home of my forefathers.

It was just twilight, when I entered by the Frauen-Thor, under the shadow of that great grey tower, the very name of which makes one's blood curdle, „The Tower of Torture“, the home of the Iron Virgin. As the custom became more common, in the Middle Ages, Torture, Witch, and Heretic Towers, were erected in every town.

There is a world of excitement in the first step one takes within the walls; each house stands forth, a curious specimen of architectural caprice; streets presenting no uniformity, intersecting each other at the most unexpected points; bridges, islands, all in the most unthought of places; houses overhanging the river; enormous roofs; tier above tier of dormer windows, their drooping eaves of red tile, like great eyes, peering down, scrutinizing your whereabouts. I thought of Winkelmann, who on his return from Italy declared „he never could again abide Germany, because of its garret windows. For a long while, these were a matter of speculation to me. Often had I counted seven lines of them, row after row, garnishing the high peaked roofs. I had remarked at the point of the gable which fronts the street a large square opening, which projecting, terminated the ornamental façade of the house. I pondered long on its use, till one day the mania seized the householders in our neighborhood to get in their winter fuel. Saws went screeching from sunrise to sunset for a week; old fraus and young fraus, sawing, and here and there a specimen of the other sex splitting. I learnt now, that when ready, it was hoisted up in baskets, by means of a beam and pulley, shoved miraculously for the occasion out of the forehead of the great gable-window, and thence deposited in the different garrets; each floor of these immense houses being calculated to accommodate one or two families, the attic woodlofts number accor-

dingly. My mind was set at rest, and when there after I saw a knowing eye blink at me from the tiles, I blinked back again, letting it understand, now I knew a thing or two. I occupied a charming chamber in an old cranky house, overlooking the Pegnitz, near where its waters wash the base of the Wasser-Thurm. — Across a foot-bridge thrown from the end of Schütt-Island, you reach a bit of crumbling wall; here, at the close of the day, when the bustle was all stilled, I often found myself leaning over, musing on the strange forms before me, and the wonderful changes the world has undergone, — type of which is this same city of Nuremberg. The Wasser-Thurm before me, that massive, grey, melancholy tower, with its narrow iron-grated windows, still a dreary prison house; the covered bridge connecting it mysteriously with that small round tower on the opposite side, known as the Henker-Thurm, the hangman's tower, where the public executioner lived; the headsman's office no longer as under the old German law, a priestly function in the name of the Divinity, but a thing set apart, a hideous profession, one that debarred from all social privileges, made so by the introduction of bodily torture under the Roman justice. „Thick coming fancies“, cluster; my eye wanders along the old jagged houses, springing as it were, from the bed of the river, here with projecting wooden balconies even to the fifth story, there, with interminable windows, and architectural excrescencies; carved fronts, and ornamental chimneys, iron spikes capped with balls of the same, bristling like gigantic chestnut burrs, surmounting the peaks of dormer windows; weathercocks, gritting their rusty old sides against the wind: what a field to excite the imagination! what a world of thought will arise, what speculations, upon those who have lived, and felt, and suffered, beneath those

quaint old roofs, whole centuries ago. The river gurgles on for ever; the same light of day illumines the wide casements, the grey eves drip with the same refreshing showers, man struts out his little span of life, agitated by the same passions, as when his fellows breathed and hoped and mourned in those far-off days, which „fancy conjures from the misty Past“.

There be some who would not have hung over the mouldy wall and watched the shadows in the sluggish stream; such would have been up, and doing, among the marvels of art in Nuremberg; mine was a morbid taste, a revelling in the realization of early dreamings, a „gazing wistfully into the long burial-aisle of the Past, where only winds and their harsh low moan give inarticulate answer“. — I resolved nothing should hurry me away from the beloved Nuremberg, home of my forefathers, where, two hundred years ago, Gaspard Schwanhard took lessons in the art of engraving on glass from the renowned Lehmann, and so distinguished himself by his skill in cutting emblems and garlands of flowers, that Princes and Bishops were proud to possess samples of his skill. It was an old German custom when a title of nobility was conferred, to have a glass blown, which differed according to the rank of the individual. Thus a Baron would have a common tumbler, while a Prince would have a beaker three feet high, their arms finely cut upon them. This style of engraving was carried to the highest perfection in Nuremberg and the daughters of Schwanhard inherited his talent. There were links connecting that far past with present musings, and the old town had an interest for me, disconnected with its grand mediaeval associations, yet mingled with those days when the glory of Nuremberg was at its zenith, when it was the brilliant centre of commerce, learning, and the fine arts, and I could realize

my far removed forefather making one of that galaxy of artists, whose achievements crowned the ancient city with honor.

Schütt-Island derives its name from „rubbish“ here, the Trödel-Markt, or Rag Fair, is held ; a collection of sheds, where the rubbish is housed at night, and spread out in the daytime, on tables with quaint bow legs, or straight ones perhaps, but with such inconceivable adornment of knobs as would set some female friends, I wot of, demented. The seeker after antiquities may pick up here at times, things worth the trouble of a search, among the heaps of incongruities that compose the stock in trade of such brokers ; where old boots, busts of Kaisers, frowsy tobacco boxes, tea-cups of choice china, battered kitchen utensils, clanking among old armor, antique carved chairs, books, common crockery, cast off finery, all in utter confusion, are the stock in trade of this rubbish market. It was here, I discovered one day an old bible with clasps, and the Roman capitals on its title-page announcing the year 1534, with woodcuts by Wolgemuth, and an illuminated coat of arms pasted on the cover ; — what a windfall ! and how sundry bibliopoles have envied me the acquisition. So Schütt-Island became a sort of centre of attraction to me, with its bustling booths by day, and its calm seclusion by the old wall when evening fell, and the shops were closed, and the venders gone home. I am no artist, but I bring my pencil here, and sketch scraps of thought, no one travels without doing something of the kind. There is Sophy at home, she will read my journal ; — it is proverbial, with all the pains one takes, no one ever reads his own ; but Sophy has participated with me in the curious desire to see Nuremberg, ever since we were children together and made cities on the carpet, from out those toy-boxes, whose

contents of white blocks, with steep red roofs, and prim fir-trees, are genuine types of the old city itself. She will follow me gladly in my wanderings within its walls, even if I grow somewhat prosy at times. I would here observe in passing that the Pegnitz, dignified as it may be with the name of river, would have but small pretension to the title, had it risen on our side of the world; it is of a green and yellow melancholy tinge, sluggishly wending its way about the town, as if destined only to add to its picturesqueness, by the fourteen bridges thrown across it, one of which aspires to be modelled after the Rialto at Venice.

CHAPTER XIV.

My first exploring visit was a ramble round the town walls, which rise from a deep moat one hundred feet wide, now dry and planted with orchards. The Horn and castle bastions are crowned with coffee gardens, here called *Zwinger*, or enclosures meaning literally the space between the houses and walls of the town. At the four principal gates of the city, rise great grey towers, erected in the sixteenth century, at which time cannon were first mounted. But the sharp red-roofed circular towers, standing like sentinels at short distances round the entire circuit, I recognized as the friends of my youth. Like other old folks they have outlived their usefulness, and stand looking glum and weather-beaten, but I doubt not have stores of tales to tell of times, when they sent out hosts of armed burghers, to battle against such robber-knights as interfered with the travelling merchants of the proud free city. Following the walls, one comes soon in contact with the *Schloss* or castle, which they encompass. From the deep dry moat, rises that huge mass of rock, from which the castle looks down on the queer red-tiled roofs that crowd about it, gathering as of yore, when some chieftain first raised the stronghold, and his retainers clustered beneath the protecting wing of his power. The *Schloss*, the *Reichsveste*, whose roof had sheltered for so many centuries the renowned and powerful. It was really with a feeling of deep reverence I entered beneath its

portal into the first court. The Heathen-Tower rises directly in front, guarding the entrance to the inner court. This is so old, tradition is at fault as to the origin of its name. A little beyond stands Nero's tower, the five-sided one, which dates too beyond tradition, but to which the name of the town owes its derivation. It was only in the tenth century Nuremberg was known to exist, and though by its industry it grew very rapidly into notice, time was when this donjon keep was but a nucleus round which a few retainers gathered. The keeper clanging his bunch of keys interrupted my course of thought; with many apologies, he requested me to wait a few moments, he had another party above who would soon be through, — a reprieve, for which I gave him heart-thanks; I asked no better than to be left alone wandering about these courts; so much of historic interest clings around the spot, — not stirring incident alone, of battle lost and won, but quiet memories of the great. I leaned over the parapet wall, gazed down into the deep moat, now dry, and planted with fruit and flower gardens; beyond, saw the summer-houses and pleasure-grounds of the townspeople, the bulb-shaped steeples and sharp red roofs of the olden time. Across the court I noticed a mass of buildings, used as public granaries, and there, within the arched gateway, beside the Heathen-Tower, the more private court yard from the centre of which rises the great linden tree eight hundred years old, said to have been planted by Kunigunda, Empress of Henry II. I sauntered towards the archway; an unbroken stillness prevailed, — only the wind sweeping through the upper branches of the great linden tree, that prisoner of state, doomed to live in solitary grandeur within the massive walls that encircle the court; not another sign of vegetation, nothing save the heavy masonry of stone-work

that surrounds it, and the blue sky above; to that, it had reached its wide spreading arms, and the deep melancholy sighing of the captive seemed to float on the summer air. The steps of the party descending the great stair, which leads outside the castle into the court, roused me from my dreamings; a polite signal, and I found myself following the man of keys. I had not been apprized of any modern improvements, so judge of my disappointment to find the long, low browed halls of the Kaisers, divided up, painted, gilded, transformed into a residence for his modern Majesty of Bavaria, by his loving subjects the Nuremburghers. Not a vestige of the past left but the ceilings with their cross-beams, and frescoes of double-headed black Eagles, spread, „thick as blackberries“, and the magnificent antique stoves of majolica pottery. I rapidly traversed the suite of apartments to hasten to the chapel in the Heathen-Tower; — that too had been renovated. This tower contains the two chapels of Ottmar and Marguerite, the upper for royal uses, the lower for Christians of less degree. „And where is the subterranean chapel?“ I asked. The keeper assured me there was nothing to see there; it was filled with rubbish, the king had not yet had it fitted up. „Let me go among the rubbish“, said I, „it is in that state I wish to see it“. The poor man looked at me, wondering what crotchet had got into my brain; however as a great favor, he consented. We returned to the court, there, at the base of the Heathen-Tower, found a low arched door, with a rusty latch and padlock; he opened it and pushed me in, as he saw another party advancing. He excused himself asking me to close the door when I left, and bowed politely, I ditto. Placing the fee in his palm, and stepping down a few stone steps, I found myself in a very dingy chapel, where I could, at my leisure, through a cob-

webbed light, „casser mon nez contre le moyen age“. The chapel is small, supported by massive Doric columns, a square projection for the altar, a grim grey coloring pervading the whole. Such the only architectural attractions; but it was a lumber room of no small interest. Remnants of church decorations, furniture, pictures, all in utter confusion, stiff portraits of Saints on golden grounds, carved oak settles, wooden statues of church worthies, once resplendent in gorgeous coloring and gilding, now weather-beaten; a great oak press with massive doors and locks and hinges strong enough for a modern prison; black figures, and finally the exploded jackass, large as life, with the figure of the Saviour bestriding it, used of yore in the Palm-Sunday festival. I own to sitting down on a rickety oaken settle, and inhaling the musty atmosphere with inexplicable gusto. What passed vaguely through my brain is not worth communicating. At last I pulled open the heavy oaken door, which creaked solemnly on its hinges, and admitted me once more to the free light of heaven within the Schloss court. Here I found myself before a rough arch in the wall which sheltered the statue of a warrior, coarsely wrought in brown stone, Gustavus Adolphus, his hand grasping the bible, on which he firmly leans his weight. There was a simple sublimity in the conception, which made one forget the coarseness of the workmanship. The Lion of the North; The Defender of the Faith. There is a glory irradiating the memory of Gustavus far beyond his renown as a warrior. There it was, from this very spot, that he watched the army of Wallenstein, encamped yonder upon the Alteveste near Fürth. Famine and death compelled Gustavus to retreat, and Wallenstein to say of him „he has shewn such capacity, he is a foe worthy to meet“.

The enormous havoc made by famine within the walls

of Nuremberg, which caused ten thousand of its inhabitants to succumb before it, and Wallenstein to leave a hundred villages around it in flames, gives some idea of the devastation those terrible religious wars caused in afflicted Germany. These things one reads and re-reads; history with diamond pointed stylus, has engraved indelibly heroic actions and tales of suffering, — we know them all, and yet with the spirit of childhood which loves to hear the same tale told and retold, we return to them with renewed interest. How one feels this through all the German land, I need hardly say, but particularly here, pacing the solitary courts of the Reichsveste; how many visions of the past rise before the mind's eye. What if there should have been some musty tome found in that subterranean chapel, bound in black leather, with silver-bossed clasps, blackened too by time; — a house-book, kept as they do in these modern days, to inscribe the names of visitors, having abundant space too for voluntary embellishments. The only difficulty would be that should such vellum manuscript be produced, there would be no security for the authenticity of its autographs, Kings and Queens, in those days, being far too exalted personages to condescend to the accomplishment of scribes. But we can imagine some good Father Bartholomew employing his leisure in noting down important events as they had occurred within the castle walls. Let us turn over some of the black-letter pages, thrown together without method. That period of eight hundred years comprises the history of Emperors filled with stirring incident and curious romantic detail. See! the Schloss-Book swells into a folio, even with scraps gathered from the chronicles of those days.

Open we at random. — Frederick Barbarossa but just crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle, that deep politician and wise statesman, visits Nuremberg. It was he who extended

and fortified the castle as we now find it. It was he who granted privileges to the cities; and to him, Nuremberg, among others, owes its complete enfranchisement, and elevation to the rank of „free Imperial City“. Again, in 1184, after his contests with the Popes, his Italian wars, his reduction of Milan, his return to Germany, where he quelled the feuds which had gained force in his absence, he re-entered Nuremberg. I can almost hear the clattering of the horses' hoofs as they ascend that steep Burgherstrasse, through the Himmel-Gate; — Frederick on his great black war horse, „his well-formed muscular person, his perfect simplicity of attire, his high massive forehead crowned with short curled hair, blue eyes, with a quick and penetrating glance“.

So, the old chroniclers describe him, beard inclining to red, to which he owes his sobriquet of Barbarossa. Beside him rode the beautiful Beatrix; she, the heiress of Burgundy, imprisoned by her uncle, to secure to himself her inheritance, delivered by the Emperor, who raised her to the Imperial throne, where she was distinguished as much for her virtues and talents, as for her beauty, and bore the emperor five sons.

Again the folio falls open, where some thirty years after, Frederic II held high revel in the old castle, previous this, to the crusade he led against the infidels, when he placed upon his brow the crown of Jerusalem, already encircled with those of Germany, Lombardy, Burgundy, Sicily, Sardinia, and the Roman Empire.

The brilliant court of Sicily, threw but faint reflection on the sombre Gothic hue of German habits. Frederick's tastes and heart were all in beautiful Italy, but his presence was required in his German states, to quell the lawless feuds existing between the Dukes, and to make friends with the Prince Bishops, who strengthened his

power. He assembled about him not only the great and powerful, but gave full play to his tastes, by encouraging the arts. Here in the old Schloss the Minnesingers sang love, chivalry, and satirical versions too, against the monks, encouraged by Frederick, whose opposition to papal authority called down upon him the anathemas of the church. It was at this time that Walther von der Vogelweide, the most famous among these Minnesingers, attended this court, he, whose name is typical of the simplicity of his craft, „Vogelweid“, bird-meadow. His love for the woodland Minnesingers was carried out by his leaving a legacy to buy seed for them, which was to be scattered about his grave. He died, and was laid under the linden-tree near the Minster at Würtzburg; the monks took the money and bought, not seed, but good white bread, which they devoured themselves, — the old black crows.

„Time has long effaced the inscriptions
 „On the cloisters' funeral stones,
 „And tradition only tells us,
 „Where repose the poet's bones.

„But around the vast cathedral
 „By sweet echoes multiplied,
 „Still the birds repeat the legend
 „And the name of Vogelweid“.

O, this German history! it is like a cluster of its own Rhine grapes, hundreds cling together on one stem, and as you gather them off, smaller ones appear within; so full of incident is it, yet so interwoven, one's pen might prove as prolific as that of Hans Sachs himself, — who counted thirty two folios written in his own land. Hardly do we moderns dream what a folio means, but I do, when I ponder over the Schloss-Book and wish to condense for

you all it contains. But Rodolph of Hapsburgh we cannot pass over; he, the inheritor of a small countship in Switzerland, a robber knight, engaged in constant frays, yet chosen to fill the exalted position of German Emperor.

Years had elapsed, the degenerate successors of Frederick II had dwindled away. The high Princes of the realm held the power in their own hands, but the ambition of Bohemia required a curb. The people were reviving traditionary legends of Barbarossa; the popular belief was that he had retired within a cave of the mountain named the Kyffhäuser in Thuringia, where he remained hidden with his court about him, waiting the appointed time, to re-appear and make the happiness of his people, but so long as the crows wheel their flight about the summit of the mountain, so long does the enchantment last. Now and then a stray peasant had the luck to meet the Emperor by moonlight, who always treated him well and sent him off with a present. It is said a young shepherd, pasturing his sheep on the Kyffhäuser, began to play his pipe, and after executing his best pieces, cried aloud, „Emperor Frederick it is to thee I give this serenade“ whereupon the Emperor appeared unto him and bade him enter the mystic cavern; he opened an iron door and entered a great hall, where warriors and courtiers-in-waiting bade him welcome; here the Emperor asked him, what recompense he required, the shepherd modestly replied, he wanted nothing. „Go take one of the feet of my golden ewer“, said he — he was then shewn collections of curious armor, and was ordered to spread the report, that with these arms, the Emperor would reconquer the Holy Sepulchre. The shepherd had sold his bit of gold for three thousand ducats and was enriched for life.

I introduce another legend on the same subject.

„A band of musicians having learnt the success of the shepherd and his pipe, started one night in a body to serenade the invisible Kaiser and his court. They were graciously admitted into the presence chamber beneath the mountain, and having performed to the best of their ability, were regaled with an excellent supper. After this they made their obeisance to the Emperor, hoping for a gratuity, but nothing of the kind was offered. The monarch shook his ambrosial curls and gave the nod, — but no money. The princess, to allay their disappointment, graciously presented each with a twig of evergreen as they passed out of the hall. Once more free beneath the stars, the musicians gave vent to their indignation and the grumbling chorus vibrated all on the same note, with the exception of Gortz the piper, who, when the rest cast away their sprigs of evergreen, stuck his in his cap like a merry good-natured wight as he was, saying it might bring him luck. Arrived at the village they parted to their several homes. Tony-Gortz's wife was waiting for him to learn what luck they had had, he cast his cap upon the deal table saying, „There take it, the sprig of Live-for-Ever, that is what has come of prowling among the mountains at night“. Tony fetched the cottage lamp, and with an exclamation of delight, saw the Lebens-Baum was shooting out golden buds, and in a short while they gathered a purse full of golden coin. The news flew through the village; the disappointed musicians one by one, retraced their road to search for the despised twigs they had cast so disdainfully away, but all in vain, the invisible gates of the mountain were never again opened to their melodious appeal.

But to return; while the people were believing in these legends, the princes and the Pope united and selected Rudolph von Hapsburg. He had been held at the font by Frederic II, he was a soldier of courage, and moreover promised blind submission to the Pope. Frederick von Hohenzollern, Burgrave of Nuremberg acted as mediator. He, the progenitor of Prussian royalty, thus lent a hand to raise him, the founder of the illustrious Austrian family, neither then dreaming of the ultimate grandeur of their descendents,

„Le premier qui fut Roi, fut un soldat heureux
Qui sert bien son pays, n'a pas besoin d'ayeux“.

The hereditary principedoms of Germany may, like mighty rivers, be traced to very small beginnings.

The Hohenzollern were Gaugrafen, afterwards made Burggrafen of Nuremberg. Here they imbibed the taste for accumulating wealth and were very useful to the Emperors by loaning great sums of money. It was the Emperor Sigismund who mortgaged to the Hohenzollern the Margraviate of Brandenburg, made vacant by death, and not being able to redeem his pledge, the Burgrave took possession of it, with consent of the Barons and assumed the title of Frederick I Elector of Brandenburg 1417.

So Rudolph was elected, and Hohenzollern despatched to carry him the news, where he was warring with the city of Basle, in the year 1273. Peace immediately ensued; Rudolph marched down to Aix-la-Chapelle, was there crowned, and his three daughters given in marriage to the three great Princes of the realm. It is related that at the coronation, when before the altar, it was discovered the sceptre of state was missing, on which the nobles took their oath of allegiance. The ceremony came to a stand-still, when Rudolph, seizing the crucifix and

kissing it, exclaimed, „This cross which has saved us all may well represent the sceptre“. The princes taken by surprise at his presence of mind, kissed it one after the other, and swore allegiance. The lower classes were filled with dismay, they could not brook this coalition among the magnates of the land, but Rudolph's policy was to conciliate the cities. Their constant feuds with the lower nobility, the rapine and plunder carried on by the robber knights against the peaceful merchants, had become so outrageous, it required curbing. Rudolph, the soldier of fortune, now turned his arms against his former comrades. No district was more infested than that extending through the mountainous region which separates Franconia from Bohemia. One spot on the road from Nuremberg to Eger had obtained the name of „Hölle“ Hell, winding as it did through a mountain pass, where two strongholds of freebooters, the castles of Stein and Wollstein, commanded the passage. The Hapsburg laid them in ruins, and the Nurembergers received the Emperor as a benefactor, when he came to hold his first Diet in their city. Our chronicler goes on to state, that the Emperor was distinguished for his sobriety; in war he lived like a common soldier; his height of near seven feet inspired respect; his pale complexion and strongly marked aquiline nose expressed severity, but as soon as he opened his mouth he inspired confidence. He was fifty five when elected, and ever retained the simplicity of his habits, went always clothed in a plain grey surcoat. Not so the great dignitaries of the church; it is recorded the Bishop of Basle appeared at this Diet with a magnificent suite, among whom were a negro attendant clothed in Asiatic splendor, and a dwarf only three feet high, named the Chevalier Conrad. At this period Nuremberg aped the luxury and magnificence of Venice and equalled her

in arts, wealth and commerce; but the wide difference of national character, the solid thoughtfulness of the German, stamped its impress from the beginning on this, the free Imperial City. Turn another leaf and read the yet unrivalled splendor with which Albert the successor of Rudolph held his Diet in 1298, when the king of Bohemia and all the Prince Electors served him at table. When we read of the grandeur of the entertainments and look about us at the rough low-ceilinged chambers of the Reichsveste, as they then existed, we imagine the luxury of those days, high vaunted as they may be, bore small comparison to the refinement of the present. „Say not ye that the former days were better then these, for ye do not enquire wisely concerning them.“ With these words of the wise man written in gold on the tablet of memory, I pondered over the brilliant accounts of past splendor. The sixteenth century proclaimed art at its zenith, but with this were mingled strange incongruities and a grossness in many things intolerable to our conceptions, who live in the nineteenth. I have been led to this reflection from having read a code of domestic laws, drawn up by one Graf Hildebrand von Hardenburg, 1645, who lived somewhere in the north of Germany. It rolls on that domestic evil, servants, and is a curious document illustrative of the existing state of society.

- 1^o The meals are to be served in good order, without spilling.
- 2^o If any one nibbles at anything, or puts his fingers, or his mouth into dishes, he shall be made to eat hot burning food.
- 3^o Every one is bound, when called upon, to step forward, making a bow and say grace with an audible voice; he who stutters or hesitates shall receive six Spanische Nasenstüber (fillips upon the nose).

- 4^o Whoever mixes with the conversation, or grins at what is said, shall be made to blow till he is tired.
- 5^o Whoever laughs, shall have four raps upon the fingers.
- 6^o Whoever fills a glass too full and then sips it out with his own mouth, shall have twenty lashes with a whip.
- 7^o He who hands a dirty glass, shall have his choice between four boxes on the ear, or six fillips on the nose.
- 8^o After dinner, a basin of water and a clean napkin to be handed with a reverence to each guest.
- 9^o It is a scandalous and insufferable thing to be long at meals; — those who are more than a quarter of an hour, shall have it taken away.
- 10^o If any one goes out without leave, or says anything disrespectful of the Herr Graf, may expect to be flogged, put in chains, or tied to a post, according to circumstances.

Such is the episode in question, composed probably by some antiquated butler as a code of pantry laws, offering to our view some of the domestic habits of those times. But we have wandered very far from the Schloss court, and the old vellum folio of Father Bartholomew.

A thousand curious particulars can be gleaned from just such volumes, transcribed in clear round German text; but for others, whose tastes may not perhaps be congenial, it may become tedious; clasp we then the book and saunter down the Burgerstrasse home again.

Home! — a great square room with a row of windows side by side, scarce any interval between them; strange

architectural fancy which prevails in almost every house in Nuremberg. But there is a corner I delight in; — an Erker they call it here, a projection built out, overhanging the street, you see such everywhere about the old town, a species of overgrown pepper-box, with conical extinguisher-shaped roof, topped by an iron ball, encircled by windows, making a domestic tower of observation up and down the street, round the corner, and into your opposite neighbor's premises, a favourite resort of the female members of the family I have remarked. One that serves my purpose too, for I have a table here, and heaps of books; forbidden territory to brooms and swabs. Here I shake out the pencilled scraps from my portfolio, here I write to thee, my sister Sophy, or lay aside my pen at pleasure, and let my thoughts wander. We who have passed the heyday of youth, love retrospection. When the hours come in which we say, „there is no pleasure in them,“ when all is faded, the coloring of life gone, anticipation quite died out; then retrospection casts its lingering ray to cheer the old upon their way. I find, I begin to fall into such musings. There is a charm living as I now do, ensconced in a corner in listless inactivity, like the wayside bench, on which the weary foot-traveller casts himself to rest. My life journey has been a weary one too, — no one knows better than thou, dear sister Sophy, how weary; then bear with me while I prate of my whereabouts, or indulge in the mysterious enjoyment of reviving the shadowy past. My Erker seems that corner which old Montaigne tells of, when he says, — „that man in my opinion is very miserable who has not at home where to be by himself, where to entertain himself alone, or to conceal himself from others.“ My Erker is the beau ideal of corners, comprising, as I have said before, so many outward advantages; while within, it has an ivy-

vine trained from wooden boxes up the window sides, here, allowed to encroach and form a partial screen, there to climb up to where over head the ceiling groins into an arched point; from which a Blumen Lampe swings by a green cord. This Blumen or flower-lamp, now becoming familiar to us at home, is overflowing with an ever-green vine, drooping its tiny fern-like leaves over the edges, cheery to the eye, emblematic of endless youth, or green old age, as best hits your fancy. The ivy is the German household god; no cottage, no palace without it, from the northern Rheinland to the Oest countrie, sometimes encircling a tiny shrine, sometimes trained against delicate trelliswork as a screen. My eye wanders at times down the narrow street to where a bridge spans the river; there a motley throng passes and repasses, the livelong day, — panorama of life. A short distance off, lies the common market, and the peasant women go past trundling barrows of vegetables and milk-cans. Then follow the neat looking servant girls, without bonnet or cap, their hair elaborately braided and arranged with the greatest care. Then, teamsters pacing beside their cumbrously loaded waggons, dressed in long tailed coats, which literally touch their heels, and a display of brass buttons, about the size of a fifty cent piece, thickly placed from the throat to the waistband, reminding one of the man who committed suicide because „there was so much buttoning and unbuttoning to do in this world.“ Their horses of huge dimensions are not behind their masters in brass appendages. The enormous collars rising in a peak far above their heads, the wide straps of leather composing their harness, are all bossed with round plates of brass; they walk leisurely forward, dragging enormous loads, but like their masters, and every body else I have seen in Germany, taking the world slow and easy. The

peasant woman has little of the attraction of her sex, being strong and gaunt, sun-dried and coarse. Here they wear gay colored kerchiefs tied about their heads, and waists beneath their armpits, petticoats thickly plaited over a roll, and sleeves we used to call „gigot de mouton“, under which some hidden apparatus raises the shoulder to a level with the ear. Antiquity stamps everything in Nuremberg, these fashions we can trace perhaps to times when Ezekiel denounced, „Woe to all women who sew pillows to all arm holes; and make kerchiefs upon the head of every stature to hunt souls.“

At times my eye becomes weary gazing on the moving panorama, and I turn to the region of my big German parlor. Its polished oaken floor is *au naturel*, as the man said when he proposed hiring me some bedding once, and asked whether I should want it in its natural state, or with clothes on! I wonder now that I have been enlightened, that our delicate females at home have never felt the indecency of thumping naked pillows, or beating the backs of stripped mattresses. However that may be, the floors are naked as truth all over Germany, with the exception of a worsted rug here and there, as a fig-leaf appendage, may be. Great beams cross my ceiling which have been frescoed to make them look young again, very much upon the principle old women wear rouge, to fill up the cracks and seams. There are some prim long-legged chairs, and a sofa hard enough to serve for a monk's pallet, where, provided he had read Cowper, he could ponder, not „the Sofa“, but „Faith, Hope, and Charity“. And the German Oven, I must describe that to you. „Oven“ be it understood is the parlor stove, and all others, except the kitchen one which goes by the name of a „machine“. Well, the oven is generally of white porcelain, constructed very much upon the same principle

you and I used once to build card castles, two for sides, and one across, up, up, so high, that our castle in the air toppled over, as all baseless fabrics must. So the white stoves that garnish my room, two for sides, and one across, these being air chambers where the heat circulates and diffuses itself. Such stand like white monuments in every German room.

The sun shines cheerfully into my Erker, it is my second day in Nuremberg, I ring and order breakfast. Now breakfast in Germany, Sophy, means two small jugs set parallel, one about an inch taller than the other, made of fayence, with covers, and little noses like pitchers, from one of these spouts your complement of coffee, from the other, its adjutant, boiled milk. A silver tasse about as large as the hollow of your hand is piled with lumps of sugar and, to complete the meal, two rolls of very white bread and two Hörnchens are served, the latter a fine crust about the shape of Diana's crescent. From what I have heard and found in my gleanings, I should not be surprised when we swallow Hörnchens, we are committing some abominable pagan rite, but where „ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise“. We will return to our breakfast table where some fine yellow butter without salt, shredded as with a chisel, on a plate, and perhaps a boiled egg comprises the meal, beyond which a German's imagination never wanders. They wonder at our capacity to eat substantials at so early an hour, and we wonder still more at their being able to compass five meals a day. — You remember father Esop tells us, men go forth on their journey through life with a double sack slung across their shoulder; in the hinder compartment are stowed our own faults and failings, while the front one is kept conveniently open to hold the faults of others. Methinks travellers always carry such a one when they

go forth to wander in strange lands: a sort of moral carpet bag; but I have learnt one thing, that what oftentimes offends our prejudices at first, is the result frequently of circumstances we have no time to investigate, and that if we live long enough in a country, we assume its habits and discover strong reason for them too. But come with me over the bridge and through a long labyrinth of streets, till we stand before the Lorenzkirche, one of the great Cathedrals which divide the city, by giving their names to their respective districts Saint Lorenz and Saint Sebald's.

A step within, and one is impressed with reverential feeling; tread softly along the huge dim vaulted aisles, disturb not the holy silence; here the human voice should be heard alone in prayer and praise. The great stained windows diffuse their glorious refulgence, each one a gift, most dating back to that time when the Hallers-Beheims, Tuchers and Holzschuhers evinced their munificence and piety, by dedicating these matchless treasures of art to the church. Here the Häuslein, the fragile elegant white pyramid constructed to hold the sacred wafer, rises in stone fret-work so delicately elaborate that one pauses to realize the possibility of its workmanship, as it shoots up, like a fair white lily, to meet the top-most arch, or as Longfellow describes it,

„In the church of Sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
„Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising thro' the painted air.“

This was the work of Adam Kraft, the greatest sculptor of his nation, of whom it has been beautifully said, „qu'il a moulé sur la pierre, comme Albert Dürer a tracé sur la toile, l'idéal du génie de la vieille Allemagne“.

The carved wood-work known as „the Salutation,“ by Veit Stoss, suspended in mid-air beneath the nave, unique of its kind, the lofty columns, the beautiful architectural design of the sacristy stair, the pictures of Wohlgemuth, the remnants of antique tapestry, all produce their effects. But there are bye-corners, in the Lorenzkirche, possessing their own peculiar interest unheralded in guide books, all churches have such, though it is not always that the passing tourist finds them out; perhaps there is something in one's peculiar taste, but infinitely more in the kind of person one hits upon to accompany you. A kind of superannuated valet de place undertook to be my guide. Born and bred within the town walls, close upon seventy, with the propensity of looking back to times when he was young, he became to me a perfect treasure trove, so in keeping was he with everything around. To him I owe the history of many a private chapel, and the tradition of many an old usage. The only point where we could not come to a clear understanding was, he would insist upon interlarding his discourse by addressing me as *Madame la Comtesse*, which I in vain endeavored to convince him was not my due, and to which he adhered with a tenacity that made the thing absurd.

The Lutherans of Nuremberg have here liberally retained, not only the revered remains of Roman Catholic ornament, but have not even excluded some old established customs; for instance, in front of a side chapel a great brass lamp is kept perpetually burning, the memento of one who left a dying bequest to the church for this purpose — the undying lamp of thought, “hallowing memories“. The same heart demonstration is peculiar to the piety of the Chinese, who keep an everlasting lamp burning in the sepulchre of their fathers. The votive chapel

of expiation of the Haller family has too a touching interest connected with it. The tale I heard long years ago in my nursery days, but it has gone since then through many versions. Here, before the chapel altar we stand, and listen to the incident as it really occurred in the Haller family in the fifteenth century. A valuable jewel was missing, suspicion fell upon a confidential servant, he denied the theft, circumstances told strongly against him, he alone had handled it, he declared he had left it on the toilet of a room, the key of which he had taken with him. The windows were closely barred with iron, on returning the jewel was gone. His tale bore improbability upon the face of it. The man was judged, condemned and executed, declaring his innocence to the last. — Years passed away; the incident was almost forgotten, when some masons were sent to repair the roof of an old house; beneath an outer tile, the lost jewel was found, — a magpie had been the thief.

The master was so overcome with remorse at having caused the death of an innocent man, that he erected this altar of expiation in the Lorenzkirche. Masses were performed, and the bones of the martyred serving man placed in a glass case over the altar, where they remain to this day. Sauntering slowly down the aisle, I observed a little way further on, the statue of St. Lawrence, large as life, carved in wood, sitting aloft on a bracket against one of the great columns. Why does the ridiculous always come, mingling its antics with my most solemn moods? How could I see that wooden saint with his pink varnished face, tawny orange-colored hair, bright red toga, and a gridiron over his shoulder, squatting in a corner of that magnificent structure dedicated to his memory and not feel a painful struggle between the sublime and the ridiculous.

He was born in Spain but it was at Rome when a young man he attracted the notice of St. Sixtus, second Bishop of that name, who instructed him in the Scriptures and the duties of the church. Eventually nominated one of the seven deacons at Rome — a post of danger in those days of persecution — he boldly upheld his religion and finally was tortured by being broiled alive on a gridiron. The fathers of the church vie in eulogiums of St. Lawrence, St. Augustine says „It is just as impossible, that Rome should be hid, as the crown of St. Lawrence be out of sight.“

It is well known the Escorial was built in the form of a gridiron, and here in the elaborate tower of the church, the openings divided by many mullions, are intended to represent the bars. I went on my way among the monuments that cover the great, noted their escutcheons darkening the walls above, and relapsed into that sentiment of reverence, which the figure of the Gridiron Saint had for a moment disturbed.

I remarked those great oaken seats flanking the principal entrances of the Cathedral, each having carved upon its back the symbol of a trade; on the cooper's, barrels and tools; on the tailor's, shears, smoothing board and iron etc. In each of these sits on a Sunday the master of a guild, with a large silver plate in front of him, where the people deposit their alms, as they leave the church, and which he carries into the vestry afterwards. This is a remnant of the *Kunstwesen*, or guild system, one of the most curious features of the Middle Ages. The guilds comprehended every known art, each having its privileges and courts of appeal. These multiplied and extended until they comprised even the bee-masters of Nuremberg, whose honey furnished the famous cake, the *Lebkuchen*, peculiar to this city, but exported all over Ger-

many and even in great request at St. Petersburg. The bee-masters were bound to produce a contingency of six *Arquebussiers* to serve the Emperor. Remnants of these institutions remain unnoticed, merging gradually into modern customs. Had not the knowledge of these bee-masters come in my way some long time since, I should not probably have understood the peculiarities of the shop where I stopped to buy some of the far-famed honey cake. A gilt hive with bees swarming about it, was the prominent ornament fronting me as I entered, wax presented itself in every known form, from the delicate gilt taper, to the cake of pure virgin wax; from the great church altar flambeau, painted with colored symbols, to the tiny workbox specimen, arranged in glass cases, while the *Lebkuchen*, done up in all possible forms, occupied the remainder of the space on shelves and counters. No fair is complete in German land, without one or more booths, fitted up expressly for the sale of this, and at every fair, every body deems it a national duty to eat a piece. Has it ever struck you what an important part cakes play in the history of civilization? Why I believe I could collect material for a learned chapter on the subject. There is no land where certain seasons of the year and feastdays are not symbolized by their appearance; but why we should eat hot crossed buns on Good Friday, and crullers at Christmas, or *kracknels* in winter and *pfannkuchens* at Easter, is for the moment beyond my ken. I only know we must search away back among the pagans for the origin of many domestic customs. The wheaten cake dedicated to *Ceres*, broken over the head of the bride, is the progenitor of our wedding cake, brought into England by the Romans; to say nothing of those made at Whitsuntide at *Sternberg* in the *Kuhlandchen*, shaped like hands and ears, commemorative of the great battle

of the Tartars fought in 1241 when they filled nine sacks with the ears they cut off the Christians! pleasant memorial this, but historically true. Once upon the subject of guilds, I cannot here, on their own territory, avoid referring to that singular institution the Mastersingers. The race of Minnesingers, the German Troubadours, had died out with the age of Chivalry. Henry von Meissen was the last. They were all noble by birth, contemporary with the Troubadours of Provence. The love and practice of song was indigenous with the old Germans, whose national ballads are genuine types of the spirit of their times. The word Minnesinger means Love-singer. The Mastersingers are definitely separated both in time and place from the Minnesingers, and in the beginning of the fourteenth century formed themselves into guilds. They were clerks, schoolmasters and even mechanics. — Heraldry adapted itself to the change, and we find Regenbog with hammer and tongs, as the device upon his shield. „The society of Mastersingers offers a singular phenomenon, they obtained a monopoly of verse-craft and extended their tuneful fraternity all over Europe. The city of Nuremberg was the Athens of these incorporated poets. In order to obtain the right, the candidate was examined in form by four „Merkers,“ or judges, who sat behind a silk curtain. Before one of them lay a version of Luther's Bible, considered the standard of the language, his province was to decide on the grammatical accuracy. The others attended to the rhyme and metre and the melody to which it was sung. If they united in declaring him worthy, he was decorated with a silver chain and badge; which latter represented good King David playing upon his harp. He was then honorably admitted a member of the society. The poems were always lyrical, and set to music. These poems were called Tunes or „Weisen“. The

invention of a new Weise showed a man's ability. There were some hundreds of these Weisen, all named after their inventor: — Hans Findeisen's „Rosemary Weise“. — Joseph Schmierer's „Flowery Paradise Weise“. „Hans Vogel's „Freshweise“. Henry Frauenlob's „Yellow Weise“ and his „Blue Weise“ and his „Frog Weise“ and his „Looking-glass Weise.“ The stirring events of the Reformation engendered a spirit which vented itself in coarse songs among the people; „it was then the Mastersingers first published the fact, that the art of poetry like any other trade could be taught. The Poetische Trichter (poetical funnel) professed within six lessons to pour the whole of this most difficult art into the most unfurnished heads“ — quackery unimproved by modern invention. Among these Mastersingers appeared conspicuous, Hans Sachs, the cobbler, and son of a tailor at Nuremberg. In a narrow street leading from the Gänse-Markt you may see a yellow house, on the façade of which, in white stone relief, projects the bust of Hans Sachs. Here he lived with his father and wrote thirty four folios of manuscript containing two hundred and eight plays; one thousand and seven comic tales; and between four and five thousand lyric poems. Of a devout nature he entered deeply into the spirit of the Reformation and aided the cause by the popularity of his songs. Gaiety of spirit and shrewdness were his characteristics; his best piece is his Shrove-tide Farce, called Fastnachtsspiel, der Narrenschneider, where a doctor cures a bloated lethargic patient by cutting out half a dozen fools from his inside. Hans Sachs' farces were comprised in seven acts, listened to with eager satisfaction by his towns people. In his seventy seventh year he culled out the choice things from his collection, and published them condensed into three folio-volumes. Hans Sachs's dullness and pedantic humor were

everywhere triumphant, but the simple ballads and popular songs retained their pathos and lived in the hearts of the people. As our American poet has beautifully expressed it — „Ballads are the Gipsy children of song, born under green hedge rows, in the leafy lanes, and the bye-paths of literature.“ They live and flourish like the wild weeds that spring up in the furrows of the field. It was a deep observation of human nature which instigated Mazarin to say, „he did not care who had the making of a nation's laws, so long as he had the writing of their songs“. It is certain at this period the ribald songs denouncing the vices of the monks and priests, which found their way among the people, did more to open their eyes to the true state of things, than the denunciations from the pulpit. It is a curious fact, that Satan first appears with horns and tail in the legends at this period, a sort of traditionary Satan. I have picked up some curious things on this subject which I do not scruple to write down as I found them for those who are as ignorant as I was on the subject. In the feasts of Bacchus the Greek peasants were wont to dance with goat skins flung across their shoulders; thence, in time, were symbolized Fauns and Satyrs; easy transition this, from Satyrs and their propensities, to the excesses practised by the monks and the Devil playing his pranks among them. And so, these birds of a feather flourished with horns and tails in the popular songs of the day. To quote from the learned exposition of Sir Thomas Browne: „Holy Writ says, thou shalt not offer to hairy goats, — devils — the original word *Se'irim* meaning rough hairy goats. The goat was the emblem of the sin-offering, also the emblem of sinful men at the day of Judgment, thus it became a received opinion the Devil always appeared in a form of a goat,“ Faun or Satyr. Thence probably the legend

that goats are never seen for four and twenty consecutive hours, being obliged once in that time to disappear, that the devil may comb their beards. Naturally the vices and follies of the priesthood were the topics of the day. Luther had snapped the old chain which had hitherto bound the people, and in their newly found liberty of thought they naturally ran riot and, of course, fell into excesses. If we owe to the Reformation the invention of witches and devils, we owe to paganism the legendary beauties that poetize this land and shed a mysterious charm which the march of civilization has not yet trodden out. I am told there are districts all over Germany where the old superstitions still linger. In the mining districts the Kobolds are yet heard plying their tiny hammers, and Elves and Gnomes have a local habitation and a name. I own to a strong love for these small people, and while accounts of their tricks and mischief were the delight of my infancy, so the poetry of their existence charms me in my elder days; therefore, Sophy, if I write you a long chapter about these our early friends, it is because they make part and lot of the soil I am now treading. Our Saxon forefathers brought their traditions with them to America, but like transplanted flowers they soon drooped and withered, our hills are desert of the „Fairie Folk“, no dwarf nestles in our mountain caverns, wolves and rattle snakes are the only Kobolds that infest our solitary forests, no sprite is indigenous in our soil, witchcraft played out its dark tragedy there, it is true, but except a few legends of the Red Man, there is not much to warm the imagination at home. In Germany the wild Scandinavian legends from the north met and mingled with the poetical mythology of Greece and Rome: these existed as truths for ages. Christianity adapting itself to prejudices and national habits, allowed certain unimportant

things to remain, so long as they conformed to her higher demands. Thence followed those strange monkish traditions, which inundated the land and became later, subject for ridicule. The Reformation came, devilizing the old deities, deriding the monkish institutions, and engendering witchcraft, worst phase of all superstition perhaps. It is the taste of modern days, to collect the old legends. Village crones yet live, who can recount the wild pranks of Rübezahl, (the German Puck) or the kind turns of the Chim, or domestic Kobolds. These, like their cousins the Scotch Brownies, frequent the peasants' houses. If well treated, they do up at night, while the inmates sleep, jobs of work left neglected by the servants; but if the freak take them, become troublesome, play sly tricks, and annoy the people.

„Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
„Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
„Call'd Robin Goodfellow.“

If the pranks of the Kobolds are taken quietly, they become friends and remain faithful. They appear dressed in grey with a little red cap on their heads, called fog-hoods and remain invisible, unless by some accident their cap is knocked off, which sometimes happens at hay making or threshing seasons. Then they disappear through any crack or cranny they may find. „Cette croyance était jadis aussi puissante que la foi de l'église.“ Heine tells a story of a poor peasant whose patience became exhausted by the pranks one of these little demons played upon him, and made up his mind to abandon his cottage to the Kobold. He loaded a hand-cart with his few miserable effects and started to seek a new home in the neighboring village. While on the road, what should he behold but the little red-cap popping out of

his churn, who hailed him cheerfully, „So we're flitting hey“? These dwarfs are not elves or fairies, they belong peculiarly to Germany, as the fairies do to England, Ireland and the north of France. The giants left Germany long ago, but the dwarfs remain, particularly in the mining districts. They are always rich and possessed of hidden treasure, peaceable folk if left alone, but necromancers can get them in their power. „There lived a man in this very town of Nuremberg, named Paul Creuz who was a conjurer. He wanted to get some of these little foxes in his meshes, and set a trap for them. He placed in a certain spot a little table entirely new, a clean napkin over it with two little dishes of milk, and two of honey, two small plates, and nine little knives. He then took a black hen, cut her in two, cast one piece east, and the other west, and began his conjuration. This over, he hid himself behind a large tree. He saw two dwarfs come up from the ground, seat themselves at the little table and eat what he had prepared for them; he then ventured to speak; he asked questions and they answered until he became so familiar with them, they would come and visit him whenever he made the above preparations to receive them. Finally he ingratiated himself so far into their favor, that they brought their king to see him, dressed in his scarlet mantle, under which he carried a book, which he threw upon the table, and permitted the conjurer to read in it as long as he pleased, so that Paul Creuz learnt much wisdom therein.“ No one knows why the the dwarfs abandoned the haunts of men, but it is said our curiosity changed their good opinion of us, and in the collection of legends, by the brothers Grimm, there is one to that effect. A shepherd owned a splendid cherry-tree. Three nights in succession the fruit was gathered and stored under the shed, where the shepherd

usually put it. The villagers declared it only could have been done by the small people who trot all night, in long mantles, with their feet shod in felt, who come and go like birds; they had been watched sometimes, but no one intercepted them. The shepherd's curiosity became excited and he pondered on the reason why the dwarfs hid their foot-prints, and whether their feet were like men's. The following year when cherry-time came, he took a sack of ashes, and spread it all about under the tree. At daybreak he hurried to the spot, found all the fruit gathered and stored, and all about, traces of claws like goose feet. The shepherd told the story, and laughed at his own cunning in discovering their secret. The enraged dwarfs abandoned the village and never served a good turn to any one again; the shepherd who betrayed them became imbecile for the rest of his life.

Tradition says the dwarfs had a kingdom between Walkenried and Neuhof in the dutchy of Holstein. A peasant found his fields were robbed at night, and placed himself to watch, with a wand in his hand, which he waved to and fro, until it produced the intended effect of knocking off the dwarfs caps and making them visible. The trembling imps asked pardon, — there was a famine in their land, and they were forced thus to forage by night. He captured them. The king of their country sent to ransom them, with a promise they would all quit the province, the only difficulty was they would not be seen. At last it was agreed they should depart over a narrow bridge at Neuhof, and that every dwarf should as he passed, put a certain coin in a barrel which should be placed there, and so it happened. Some curious persons hid under the bridge, to listen to the departure of the dwarfs, and they reported, that for many hours there was a sound of little trotting, as if a flock of sheep were cross-

ing. It is supposed their descendants hide in old ruins, and heathen places of sacrifice, that they no longer affect the society of man, but revenge themselves by playing tricks upon travellers, or misleading peasants. The Luchberg is full of them. This is a mountain in Franconia, which some convulsion of nature has fractured, and the rocks can be compared to nothing but an enormous ruin. There exists a peculiar phosphoric appearance in the fissures of these rocks, a light which resembles thousands of glow-worms, seen in dark crannies. The legend says the Kobolds thus tantalize men with hopes of hidden gold and gems. This is also known as the Fichtelgebirge, or magical mountain. Just as the peasant in search of treasure spies it, it becomes in his grasp golden moss, or granite sparkles.

CHAPTER XV.

THE plan of visiting several churches a day, is a poor one, you return home without any definite remembrance of the peculiarities of each. I made up my mind, the two great Cathedrals which rival each other at Nuremberg, should have a separate existence and be photographed upon my memory, so did not approach St. Sebald's to-day. Strolling about, I examined the architectural peculiarities of the town, and explored some of the marked houses. That known as the „Peller'sche Haus“ on the Egidien Plaz, built about the year 1600 is one of the richest and most peculiar, with a façade carved in the Venetian style on the gable fronting the street. This is the universal form of old German architecture, giving such picturesqueness to the aspect of these cities, and admitting so great a variety of ornament. That of the Peller'sche Haus is surmounted by a Jupiter hurling thunder bolts, the eagle beside him with a crown on his head, insignia of Imperial Jove. In a lower compartment, St. Martin appears in basso-relievo giving away his clothes to the poor. Herr Krafts who now owns it, kindly allows strangers to inspect the interior, of which I took advantage. Entering a portal on a level with the street, you find yourself in a low stone arched vestibule, also paved with stone. On either hand doors opening into warehouses and casks

and cedar logs piled about, this being always the business department. It would make but a sorry entrance to a wealthy establishment were it not that you see beyond, a court yard ornamented with grass and flowers, which indicate an interior life of more repose. From this inner court in one of the corners a spiral stair leads the whole way up, to the different stories; but usually the stone stair rises from the vestibule. This inner court is surrounded on three sides by arches, which support galleries running round, and communicating with the main house, the windows of the private offices and kitchens open on to these galleries, which can be closed up with glass, or left open to the weather according to the season. I was shown some of the principal apartments, large and bare. One on the third floor was elaborately panelled in carved oak extending to the ceiling, so minute and elegant the workmanship, that any furniture in such a room would be felt a superfluity. The windows of little square panes with leaden hinges and fastenings of the most clumsy workmanship, the iron locks and hinges on the doors, large enough for a church: such the incongruities of the luxury of the middle ages.

I had heard of a splendid specimen of silver work, wrought by Wenzel Jannister, dating some three centuries back, he was the Benvenuto Cellini of Nuremberg. This is owned by the Merkel family, and on applying for permission to see it, the master of the house very politely acceded and conducted me up some three stories through another of these curious old houses. There, after drawing bolts and inserting ponderous keys, I was ushered into a sort of curiosity shop, hung round with ancestral portraits and old engravings etc., the thick walls, the little paned windows sunk in their deep recesses, the massive oaken doors, all told of centuries they had served.

From the leathern case the celebrated silver *épergne* was produced. It is about three feet high, and labored with that attention to minute detail, which constituted the peculiar value of these mediaeval works of art, but I think I have seen models that exceed it in the splendid productions of our generation.

Another house in Nuremberg, that of the Tuchers is visited by all travellers, now used as a papier-mâché manufactory, yet left unaltered from its original arrangements. The carved archway, green and mouldering, the dried-up fountain in the court-yard, the tumbling old buildings with frescoed balconies, once the offices, surrounding this court, the spiral stone stair, encased in a round tower lighted by slips in the wall like a fortress and leading to the top of the house, the magnificently wainscotted room, with shreds of antique tapestry still clinging to the walls, all are there, but unheeded and neglected. It is true the King of Bavaria has done his utmost to preserve the ancient aspect of the city, by requiring that the old style of architecture should be adopted by all who erect new houses, but trade has revived, its utilitarian spirit will ultimately do away with the charm of past souvenirs, another half century, or perhaps less, will find modern improvements obliterating all remnant of some of the most interesting objects in Nuremberg. The inconvenience of these old houses is urged against them. They are intersected with the most inexplicable arches, crooked and in queer places, light is let in on stairs through the most awkward side tunnels, and corridors are open to the weather. These last were imitated from the Venetian, but unadapted to northern winters. The mistake is obviated by closing them in with glass, and the erection of enormous stoves of earthen ware towering in the halls, huge masses of architectural incongruities. The impres-

sion one receives is that of discomfort: the great rooms with bare floors, the multitude of windows, the stiff formality of the furniture, all this in contrast with the luxurious improvements of our day, offer some excuse for the proprietor's wish to seek more comfort, at the expense of depriving tourists the sight of these specimens of gone-by ages. I am glad however I came in time. There was one more to visit, the house of the Holtzschuher. Here strangers are admitted to see the portrait of their ancestor painted by Albert Dürer in 1526. It is very remarkable as a work of art. An old man's head upon a plain dark ground, the grey hair and beard so delicately painted, each individual hair seems to stand out distinct, the calm blue eye and florid complexion, the small mouth and ruddy lips, be-poke the beauty of the original. Strange to say, the Herr von Holtzschuher verging on to eighty, who with the politeness of the old school had waited on me to the room containing the picture, as he stood with his patrician air, roused my astonishment by the remarkable likeness he bore to this portrait of his ancestor painted three hundred years ago. We read of such things, but here was living evidence of the same. I expressed to him what was passing in my mind, and he evidently was much flattered. In 1269, the Holtzschuher were elected to the senate of Nuremberg and kept their seat there, till it was dissolved by the extinction of the German Empire in 1806. These munificent merchant princes, who lorded with such despotic sway numbered about thirty patrician families. From these were chosen the eight senators, whose rule, however arbitrary, raised, for four centuries, their native city to the highest consideration. Here, in the person of this fragile old man of eighty, I saw the last representative of that august body, who not only swayed their own people, but whose judgment frequently

decided important questions in arbitration for potentates and princes. With the courtesy of the old school he escorted me down through the arches of his creaking oak stair, each step of which was hollowed out by the tread of centuries, and which terminated under the arch of the paved vestibule, where, with many bows and waves of the hand, we parted, and I found my way out into the street through the barrels and boxes, carriages, and lumber which always find their resting place in these entrances. It was the hour for the midday meal as the Germans call it, and which it literally is, as the dining hour is universally between twelve and one. In the great cities, a second table d'hôte dinner is served at four, in the best hotels for travellers, the German of high and low degree always adhering to the old national habit. I frequented the Baier'sche Hof at Nuremberg. The dining hall is a long low room, with warm sunny windows opening upon the river, the company motley; a few citizens, who sit near the host at one end, and the chance visitors placed according to the time they have frequented the table d'hôte. Of course the changes were frequent, and I amused myself during the interminable etiquettes of a German dinner table and consequent intervals, speculating upon my neighbors. This day my opposite was a lordling of eighteen, whose bashfulness was oppressive; not so, however, his travelling tutor, a person rejoicing in the name of Bouton,—believe it who may; a man with an affable set of teeth, a very white hand and a handkerchief suspected of perfume, as the French say. No one will ever persuade me that man was not originally Button,—Billy Button perhaps. Foreign travel had polished it down to Bouton, he looked the individual to do it. I knew a little Frenchman once named Barille, who, among us at home, got the sobriquet of Keg, and in after-years knew

himself by no other name. Next to Monsieur Bouton sat a grumpy Englishman of the class „Bull“ decidedly, who come abroad to draw comparisons with „home“, disgusted because Lager Beer is not London porter, and so on ad infinitum. Below him sat an artist, or a poet, I was at a loss to make out which, but with exquisitely chiselled features, a pale brown complexion, hair curling to his shoulders, and a long forked beard, bearing an undeniable likeness to the portraits of Albert Dürer, even to the loose cloth garment with falling sleeves, and the melancholy expression of his features; it was a most extraordinary resemblance perhaps designedly improved. Half through dinner, there entered a young man dressed in check: check trowsers, check vest, check coatie, check cap; checked all over in fact, even to his gaiters, except a freckled face and reddish whiskers; this was a specimen of a large class of travellers from the British Isles, who, unlike Button, keep their teeth under cover, read Murray diligently while on the Rhine, with their backs to the scenery, and never vouchsafe a syllable to any body. There they were elbow to elbow, Check, Grumpy and Button. Neither spoke to the other, Englishman very seldom show the small sweet courtesies of life at a table with strangers, but Mr. Bouton said something to me across the table, to which I responded. Mr. Grumpy picked his teeth and stared; Mr. Check looked stern and uncompromising: there were we, of the same language, who mutually might have entertained each other, were not John Bull decidedly principled against it. But behold me cramming that Esopian travelling bag with my neighbors faults, after Bouton's telling me too, he had met so many American women and thought them charmingly frank and unaffected, — a little too much so on the Continent if they will take my advice. I have never heard of a ca-

pital city in Europe where there were not one or more fast American girls, who injured the name of our women abroad, by defying foreign prejudices. They are handsomer and dress better than any women out of Paris, but unfortunately have that independent manner which stands out in bold relief, where women are more quiet, and tells infinitely to our disadvantage.

CHAPTER XVI.

SUNDAY dawned with its calm quiet. Nuremberg is all Lutheran, the thoroughfares are neatly swept, the shops are closed, and the citizens, dressed in their best go to and fro to church. I wandered into Saint Lorenzo's. The body of this great Cathedral has been filled with pews, and they were crowded. The service was conducted about as our Presbyterian is at home; much singing, and the united voices of so large a congregation, with the intuitive national musical taste, rose grandly on the ear. The discourse was long and listened to with profound respect and attention. I sat behind one of the great columns which hid the high altar from my view. The sermon ended, the organ pealed forth, which I thought the signal for dispersion; no one moved, presently the organ ceased, and a response arose in a Cathedral chaunt from the end of the church. I moved a little and saw the clergyman in his black gown, his back towards the people, facing the altar, on which four great flambeau candles were burning in high candlesticks. He remained in this attitude some five or ten minutes responding to the chaunt from the organ choir, at length he turned, blessed the people, and they retired. Lutheranism has not abolished, it has reformed. Luther did not dream of alienation when he was first roused to the necessity of a reformation, he mentally beheld the vision of a purified temple,

rising on the broad foundation of the Roman faith. The long mooted point we will not discuss, whether Germany, deluged in blood as she has been on the subject of religion, has gained what she sought for. I have heard here Lutheranism defined, „hatred of Catholicism“. Religion like apparitions, is everywhere spoken of, but few have seen the purified Spirit stalking at noonday. There are glaring defects in the Lutheran system, in order to reform, they have reversed. For instance, the priestly influence was to be reformed, they have debased it. The office of clergyman is never sought by the higher classes; these men are looked upon as a body belonging to the community who are to preach sermons, baptize, marry, confirm and administer the sacraments, all of which are matters of pounds, shillings, and pence. You barter whether you will have a first class wedding or a common one. If the former, the church produces velvet cushions; if the latter, straw-bottomed chairs. Your child must be christened when six weeks old, this is the law, a dollar a week, can defer it at your pleasure. At the sacrament of the Lord's supper each member brings his offering and lays it on the altar; this becomes the emolument of the priest, who quietly pockets it during the holy office. He is never expected to visit his parishioners. In fact, except in small country villages, no single clergyman, as with us, has a congregation he can call his own. There are, say twenty, in a large city, who preach in rotation in the different churches, and of course, the most eloquent are followed, and have the largest audiences as elsewhere. As there is no domestic intercourse between the clergyman and his people, his religious influence is confined to his pulpit. This probably is in contra-distinction to the old abused system of father confessors and their influence in families. The confirmation of children is also a fixed

law of the church, not optional as with us. Every Lutheran, to start in life, must be possessed of his certificate of birth, baptism and confirmation. The confirmation day as I have mentioned elsewhere, is a feast day; it is an era in a child's life and a new suit of clothes is always provided for the ceremony. The girls are clad in white muslin, if the means of the parents can possibly compass the expense; the poorer class frequently borrow the white dresses for the occasion, and about this period of the year you often see advertized: „A confirmation dress for sale.“ The one great fault that is alleged against the Lutheran church is its laxity on the subject of divorce; of that I can say but little when I compare the yearly records of our pious New England Puritans. There is a sort of simplicity of purpose in the German which renders divorce not a disgrace but a necessary accommodation of difficulties, and where there is no crime, the divorced woman never loses her position. Whatever the faults of the system, — and where will we find a perfect one? — we must feel a reverence for that strong man, Luther. His conviction of truth, his firmness in maintaining it, his bold daring and inflexibility of purpose call forth all our admiration. What can be grander than his words to those friends, who, after the martyrdom of Huss, would dissuade him from appearing before the council of Worms: „Should they light a fire which would blaze as high as heaven, and reach from Wittemberg to Worms, I will go though there were as many devils in Worms, as there are tiles upon the roofs of their houses, yet will I go.“ — The man was burning with zeal, but the sect which bears his name is mostly wanting in vitality. It was Cardinal Cajetan who said of him, „he has wonderful speculations in his head“. He, indeed, discovered the pearl of great price, but it has a wonderfully poor setting in his own land. Luther's

translation of the Bible fixed the standard of the German language; it is deemed an inspiration. He, by this means, established freedom of thought among his countrymen; he sowed a wide field, but a full crop of tares grow up with the wheat. Germany soon became inundated with speculative theories, setting aside the simplicity of faith; Man sought out many inventions; the powerful speculative German mind searched in the secrets of nature for the proof of the Creator; there was no more blind adherence to old established church doctrines; new theories rose on the crumbling foundation of Grecian philosophy, until by the multiplied efforts of mind, groping in darkness, there came a crisis, where every one spoke and no one understood, till modern philosophy Icarus-like, fell by its own weight. A quiet revolution is now going on in public opinion, slowly and surely; the cultivation of the English language which has become very general will produce its moral result. I have never met a German who read English, but was enthusiastic in praise of its literature. The healthy vigor of its tone, and its pure morality, is working its way against the morbid sentimentalism and highwrought fancies, which once prevailed in the German works of fiction. Old prejudices are dying away as the intercourse with other nations is widening. The result of all this will be improvement in the trains of thought, and dispersion of fixed ideas. The new generation of Germans will make a wide stride in advance of their fathers.

CHAPTER XVII.

I felt Sunday afternoon could not be better employed than in wandering to the church yard of St. John.

„The thought of death indulge;
„Give it its wholesome empire,
„That kind chastiser of thy soul in Joy.“

Young is said to have sought inspiration, while writing his „Night Thoughts“, by placing a candle in an empty skull beside him, or by wandering among tombs at midnight. To me there is a quieting influence in such spots, a feeling totally apart from all outbursts of the imagination, a sensation of rest, which one may seek in vain elsewhere on the broad globe. A Hollander once chose as a motto for his sign, „Perpetual Peace“ — he could find no emblem for it but a tomb. — The „God's Acre of Nuremberg is a curious place, crowded with graves, many of them dating from the twelfth century. The road leading to it is marked by way stones, sculptured by Adam Kraft, placed there by a pious individual named Martin Koetzel, who went a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, on purpose to measure the distance between Pilate's house and Golgotha. Each stone represents a scene of the Saviour's Passion, and the terminus at the churchyard gate is a crucifixion in stone, the figures as large as life. The grave is repugnant to youth, to

age attractive. I feel a quiet pleasure in visiting the last resting place of those whose names have become familiar household words; and among the huge slabs of stone, covering the remains of the old patrician families, there are some inscribed with names of humble origin but which have become imperishable. Here lies Hans Sachs, „a fellow of infinite mirth, of most excellent fancy“ — the poet of the Reformation; and Albert Dürer the gifted, the good, tormented for years by a termagant wife, he at length, it is to be hoped, found that repose in the grave which was denied him while living: he did not learn philosophy in the school of Socrates, but his gentle spirit broke by constant friction with such a temper, and he died, leaving his memory entwined with hers, — how much to her honor, let modern Xantippes proclaim. It is said in his allegorical faces of Melancholy and Religion, he has introduced her features, types of the sufferings of his domestic life. Almost all the grave stones are laid flat, raised by mason-work, about a foot from the ground; they are very broad and long; on most of them, there are armorial bearings executed in bronze, in high relief, and of very exquisite workmanship. My attention was called to one by my old attendant, who was here, as in the cathedrals, a wonderful chronicler of local matters; he made me remark a cross bones and skull, beautifully executed in bronze, the work of Vischer. By examining it closely, you observed a nail driven in the skull, perfectly imitated. The story I heard years ago, but like that of the expiation chapel in St. Lorenz, its interest was doubled by being on the spot.

A sexton was once digging a grave, and a medical student seeking for remains, came that way; he picked up a skull which had rolled from the newly turned earth, examined it and detected a nail which had been driven

through the brain. Without further remark he asked who had been buried there; the reply was „an innkeeper who had died suddenly one night of apoplexy“. Upon further enquiry, the physician discovered the wife had married a paramour one week after her husband's decease, and they had lived several years, prospering and unsuspected. Convinced in his own mind, the physician confronted the woman, skull in hand, who, conscience stricken and appalled, directly confessed the murder.

I had lingered about some time, and had entered the little Lutheran chapel used for the burial service, when I heard chaunting in the open air; — a funeral was approaching. I had never witnessed the solemn rite of consigning man to his last resting place, dust to dust; and I approached the spot. A black coffin, edged with silver, lay upon a bier; the friends stood around, some in deep grief, all silent in reverence for the dead. Choristers stood at the head of the grave, chaunting a solemn requiem. At the head and foot of the coffin were placed huge platters, piled up with flowers. The priest offered up a prayer; this ended, two young females lifted the platters and the coffin was gently lowered into the grave. All present then came forward and taking a handful of flowers threw them in. I turned to leave, I found I had tears in my eyes from mere association. Just beside me, covered too with flowers, lay a little infant's coffin, resting on the sarcophagus of an old tomb, waiting its turn to be embosomed in its mother earth. Mr. Heman's beautiful lines flashed upon my memory:

„Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed
„A crown for the brow of the early dead,
„For this through its leaves has the white rose burst,
„For this, in the woods, was the violet nurst;
„Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
„They are love's last gift, bring flowers, pale flowers.“

Sweets to thee sweet, farewell! The sun was sinking, the air calm and balmy; I made my way along the avenue to the Thiergarten gate; hundreds of Sunday loiterers were returning from the gardens without the town, but in my then mood of mind, I felt it was better to go into the house of mourning than into the house of feasting.

CHAPTER XVIII.

„A deluded class, who think religion, like a top, cannot be kept up without whipping.“

ONE of the most interesting mornings I have spent, has been to-day within the walls of the old town library. It is a dark gloomy building, formerly a Dominican monastery. The Dominicans reformed the system of St. Benedict, who in his turn had been a reformer. There is so much genuine simplicity in the traditions and legends connected with the old Saints, that I love to quote them. Their absurdity must have struck the Fathers themselves sometimes, and they account for many by telling us, that before the institution of universities, when learning was confined to the monasteries, to the young scholars was given the Life of a Saint, to exercise their powers of composition upon, and that these, being preserved, were later adopted as facts.*) Whatever may have been the origin, we are told that St. Benedict provoked enmity by his austerity, and left his monastery to go and

*) An intimate friend of Dumas told me that such was the secret of the fecundity of his inventions; he employs young scholars by giving them a theme and profits by their imaginations to fill his volumes.

find a proper spot, to erect a new one, taking with him a few monks. The tradition goes on to relate, he was attended on his journey by two Angels, and three tame crows. This is recorded by Pietro Damiana, a Cardinal and Saint, who continues his narration in this wise: „With this remarkable retinue he arrived at Mount Cassino, where he destroyed a temple of Apollo and founded a convent A. D. 543. These Benedictines were patient men of letters who rescued from annihilation the knowledge of the Middle Ages. The crows in this legend are what take my fancy; these birds figure in many others, and they seem to have a liking for the society of man, though like all people of bad reputation, one must keep an eye|right and left, if they are admitted to one's intimacy, as they will break the eighth commandment whenever they have a chance. There is a tale told of them by the Venerable Bede which I picked up in some of my readings, and which is not so irrelevant to the subject in question, but that I may be excused quoting it for its quaintness. „Some crows carried off the thatch from St. Cuthbert's hut to make their nest; he reproved them for the theft, and they not only brought it back and made an apology, but brought him a piece of hog's lard, (which they must have stolen from some one else!“)

The Dominicans introduced a severe system of religious observances, went barefoot, fasted five days in the week, and every day after dinner flogged one another.

When I entered the grey dingy building, the mildewed dilapidated aspect of the interior, the cold dimly lighted stone stair, the neglected cloisterheaped with refuse lumber, seemed but a sorry road to learning. At the head of the stair, a door opened into a suite of long low-browed rooms, dimly lighted and filled with books. This collection owes its origin to Jerome Baumgärtner, the friend of

Luther and Melancthon, who brought together in this old building of the Dominicans the collections of various other Convents. It is said to contain 50,000 vols. and some curious manuscripts. The most valuable of the latter is that called „Machsor“ — in Hebrew. When the Jews were expelled from Nuremberg in 1499 this volume was taken away from them. They have in vain endeavored to recover it. It is said they have offered a guinea a leaf. There is only one other copy extant, at Amsterdam. It contains a collection of Jewish prayers, hymns, and religious ceremonies, and an account of the cruelties practised upon the Christians. I do not know whether the old manuscript or the sub-librarian, who turned its pages for me, most attracted my attention. Were I to depict a gentleman struggling against difficulties, I would certainly seek out my starved looking friend to sit for the portrait. The slightly made figure, with so little flesh upon it, — you felt sure if the threadbare surtout had not been so tightly buttoned up to the throat, the bones would have rattled one against the other; — the thin brown hair, eager grey eye, the cheeks sucked in so as to form two hollows, the neatly patched trowsers, the shirt collar, coarse as sailcloth, and on the breast of that surtout, once brown, but reduced by time to sober grey, hanging from a bit of red ribbon, an Order! He, as sub-librarian, was not entitled to fees, if his superior were present. I made up my mind, however, that fee he should have, and was relieved when we had got through and the principal librarian had not appeared. But this day was to be marked with a white stone in the life of my lean friend. Four antique statuettes representing the four quarters of the globe, about nine inches high, wrought in wood, painted and gilded, caught my eye, standing on a table in the recess of one of the windows. I asked what

they were, and learnt they had belonged to the threadbare assistant's grandfather, and that he would like to sell them if he could get his price, about a dollar a piece: a remembrance of my skeleton friend, a vestige of old Nuremberg, I appropriated them at once. He told me he had been very long trying to sell them, but no one would pay what he asked; no one had thought how he could furnish that poor mortal with a new pair of trowsers. People in general do not think enough what decent poverty means, that there are those who never ask, and whose stomachs are gnawing with hunger. This man and his gentlemanly poverty made a deep impression upon me; he showed us manuscripts of Hans Sachs, missals, autographs, portraits of Huss and Melancthon, and a glass drinking-mug, given by Luther to his friend Doctor Justus Jonas, with their respective portraits painted upon it, and the motto:

„Dat vitrum vitreo Jonae vitrum ipse Lutherus,
„Ut vitro fragili similem se noscat uterque.“

This cup reminded me of Luther's entertainment to the principal members of the university in the year 1540, where he called for a curious old glass painted with circles of different colors, which he filled to the brim and drank to the health of his guests; it was then passed from one to the other; each drank, wishing him health in return. When it came to Master Elieban, Luther presented him the glass, saying, „Good friend, the first circle is the ten commandments, the second is the creed, the third is the Pater Noster, and the catechism is at the bottom.“ Master Elieban, who was an Antinomian, drank only to the first circle and set the glass down with a look of dismay; Luther said with a smile to his guest, „Oh, Master Elieban only drinks the ten commandments, he leaves

the creed, the Pater Noster and the catechism." Among the most curious things to me, in this library, were a bunch of yellow wax seals, each one enclosed in a coping of lead with a twine attached to it; they were about the size of the palm of one's hand, with an inscription stamped on each; these were some of the famous indulgences sold by Tetzel. An indulgence had existed in my mind an incorporeal idea; I never had thought of them in a tangible form, and here was a bunch of them looking very like railroad luggage tickets. What the nature of my sensations were I cannot pretend to describe; a running comment perhaps, on „what mighty causes spring from trivial things."

There is a *religio loci* in libraries as well as in churches, a hushed sensation which always calms me to reflection. In this one were no anxious students bending absorbed over the old tomes — all was deserted silence — long vistas of bookshelves, surrounding galleries, overlooking the cloister gardens; pondrous folios in black garbs, like their predecessors, the monks, full of erudition but their usefulness lost; portraits of sages, in dark oak frames, frowning down from the walls, sages whose names, though writ on scrolls beneath their portraits, bring no recognition to modern wanderers. Did I live in Nuremberg I would often come and pace quietly these dingy halls. It mellows the spirit, calms down the fancy, brings reason to bear, and leads one to reflect on the vanity of all things. Here, as in some great cemetery, lie entombed, thoughts, feelings, the achievements of mind, the wide reach of intellect, encased in mighty tomes, forgotten or laid aside. — Yet, the ever kindling mind of Man reproduces from its very nature. Thought assumes form and feature according to the prejudices of the age and the gradual changes in the aspect of society, and yet how

often does this freshly embodied thought but lead to the conviction that there is nothing new but what is forgotten.

A globe made by Martin Behaim stands in this library, an object of deep interest to an American; he was the friend of Columbus and agreed with him in believing, there must be another continent in the western hemisphere. There exists still another globe made by him in 1492, about the time of the discovery, but before the fact was known, on which is delineated a supposed island of considerable magnitude called Atalanta. Behaim belonged to one of the oldest families of Nuremberg but resided for a long time in Portugal. He constructed this globe, while on the island of Fayal to which he had been named Stadtholder, an appointment he held some time. He is celebrated in the Portuguese archives as a great mathematician, astronomer, geographer and navigator; it is said the King of Spain consulted him when Columbus' proposals were first made. I picked up in an old curiosity shop a volume, describing the inventions and notices of men of genius, born and bred in this town, illustrated by plates, and found in it some things too, elucidating the aphorism above quoted, about new things being the offspring of forgotten sires. In this odd volume there is a map of the world designed by Behaim before the discovery, in which he has made the most of what Terra firma he had, by spreading it over the two hemispheres, and joining it in the southern, by groupings of islands; on the margin of this map are printed references descriptive of the marvels the Globe presents: here, is the island of Amazons, there, another island, „inhabited by hairy men“, who when we approached them run away or leapt into the trees.“ These must have been the ourang-outang, as monkeys were known to the Nurembergers,

they, like Solomon, importing „apes and peacocks“ from the East, it being one of the fashions of the wealthy, to keep an ape chained at the house-door. It was long before I could make up my mind to leave the dim old monastery and my lean librarian, but at last we parted, he with a grim smile of skeleton pleasure, I with the consciousness of having imparted a mine of wealth to the pocket of the patched pantaloons.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE Frauenkirche, or church of our Lady, is the only one in Nuremberg reserved for the use of the Roman Catholics, and a beautiful little church it is, built in the best style of Gothic architecture in 1300 and filled with rare wood carvings. The pulpit projecting from one of the columns, was wrought by Adam Kraft, whose bust terminates it, where it tapers down to the base of the column; figures of Saints as large as life, exquisitely carved in wood, emblazoned in the Byzantine style, with red, blue and gilding, stand on brackets against each column; old stained glass in the choir, and unique carved embellishments, on which the Krafts, father and sons, expended their talent; it is a little jewel of art. It is built over a lower chapel, a part of the original building which was burnt; this is hung round with armorial bearings, the escutcheons of every head of family for generations. I marked one, where the race had become extinct; here with the last member the escutcheon was reversed and framed between two inverted torches, emblems of death, or extinction. This church possesses an antique clock, on which in former days the figure of St. Michael used to raise his sceptre, and the twelve Apostles appear in rotation before him. One day, St. Peter rebelled, and there

was a general strike among them; since which period the works have stopped, and Nuremberg could produce no cunning workman, as in days of yore, to repair the difficulty. There was a fashion prevailing some two centuries back, for curious pieces of mechanism, and it is said when Charles V entered Nuremberg, the celebrated Regiomontanus exhibited the automata he had invented, „an Eagle of wood, over the gate of the city, which rose and flapped its wings, while the Emperor passed below, and a fly made of steel walked round the table.“ In time, the wonder was magnified until it attained the marvellous; the marvellous indeed seems to have been the inventive genius of the Nurembergers; well may the old town boast of what it has accomplished. The art of printing at once adopted by a barber named Hans Foltz, who established a private printing press in his own house, and Koberger, one of the first printers who opened deposits for books in sixteen different towns; the cause of the Reformation earnestly adopted and pushed on by the songs of Hans Sachs; the engraver Wolgemuth and his pupil Albert Dürer, are enough to stamp everlasting fame on their native place. Adam Kraft too, the greatest sculptor of his nation, Visser the finest worker in bronze, Peter Hell, the inventor of watches, Martin Behaim whose name ranks with that of Columbus in the discovery of America. Inventions of common life were windguns, cannon, artillery, the clarionet; it would be too prolix to enumerate all the inventions traced to this spot. The cleverness and inventive talent developed at this period were attributed by the ignorant to the occult sciences; fanaticism and superstition went hand in hand and from their union sprang a whole phalanx of popular delusions. Princes and prelates encouraged astrology and alchemy; witchery was accredited, and the priests chaunted exor-

cisms. We look back with astonishment at such a period and forget that the infirmity of human nature only shows itself in new developments: — „tous les hommes se ressemblent si fort qu'il n'y a point de peuple dont les sottises ne nous devraient faire trembler“. We stand upon the pinnacle of this enlightened age, we triumph in the enormous strides learning and knowledge have taken, but we forget there exist now as dark shadows upon the world's page as ever blotted the history of superstition in the past; a glance toward the wild fanaticism of the Salt Lake, and the humiliating wide spread infatuation of the Rochester revealings, and we find that superstition and wickedness have not been confined to the monastic institutions, nor invocations of spirits to the Dark Ages. Leibnitz at the commencement of his career went to Nuremberg, where it is told of him that, „hearing a society of alchemists were there, pursuing the search after the philosopher's stone, and desiring to make one of them, though utterly ignorant even of the terms of the art, he made up his mind to write them a letter. Shrewdly surmising they might be as ignorant as himself, he filled it with obsolete words, and magniloquent phraseology thoroughly incomprehensible to himself. It had its effect, they hailed him as one of deeper science than themselves, and made him their secretary.“ — Leibnitz was born somewhere about 1646. In his scientific pursuits he had conceived a system of hydraulics, pneumatics, and swift carriages, to go one hundred and fifty miles in twenty four hours, an extravagance of imagination charged upon him by one of his traducers. Leibnitz in his defence affirms this to be too ridiculous a charge to be believed. „The great Leibnitz who stood on the boundary line between the old times of astrology, magic, and sympathetic influences, and the later times of severe scientific method,

united the warmth of life belonging to those earlier dark days, with the clear light of our own. He was animated by deep religious faith, but still had the full vigor of thought; having faith in God was his rock; his system showed nothing of the darkly colored Cathedral twilight of the ancient mystics; it stood forth in the clear white light of day, like a marble temple on the mountain top." So spoke of him his countryman Menzel, and the tribute was too beautiful for me to resist transcribing.

CHAPTER XX.

WE have now to visit the second grand Cathedral, the church of St. Sebald. He was a sort of local Saint, as there are thousands in the calender, but his miracles are not of a very high order if we may judge by those represented on the bas-reliefs of the monument erected to his memory by Peter Vischer. It stands in the nave of the Cathedral, and is considered one of the finest known specimens of work in bronze. It was finished in 1519 after a labor of thirteen years, accomplished by Vischer and his five sons. It is in the richest style of Gothic architecture, a fretwork canopy, upheld by slender columns, on which are placed at intervals the figures of the Apostles, about a foot high, but wrought with the most minute attention to expression and drapery. The remainder of the monument is filled with delicately wrought leaves and flowers, Cupids and animals. The oaken coffin in a sarcophagus beneath, rests upon a base which is ornamented with bas-reliefs representing the Saint's miracles, where he lights a fire with icicles, turns stones into bread, and finally mends the spout of a teakettle; probably a demonstration of his patience, having found himself with some niggardly housewife who made every excuse for not giving him a supper; for a female figure is noticed in all these scenes, and the affair of the teakettle

appeared to me conclusive. — Later I found the legend of St. Sebald which I here insert :

In the time of Constantine, there lived in Denmark a God-fearing King, whose Queen was equally pious. In vain they prayed for the blessing of offspring, and made a vow if ever their prayer was answered, the child should be brought up as a model of virtue; and truly, when their son was born, they spared no cost, nor trouble to fulfil their vow. He was brought up in the famous High School at Paris, and at the age of fifteen put to shame the learned doctors; such was his wisdom and learning. On his return home, his parents urged him to marry, and, to prove that he had not forgotten the duty of obedience to parents, he declared himself willing to do so; and being urged to select the bride, he replied, „their choice would be his“. As the parents were reflecting on the subject, a swallow flew over their heads, holding in his beak some maiden's hair, and turning back, as is customary with these birds, it dropped the lock at the feet of the young man. This incident was regarded by them all as a message from Heaven, and the person to whom this hair belonged, was destined to be the wife of the prince. Now as the young Sebald was as handsome and noble as he was rich and good so all the damsels far and near, whose hair approached the required color, claimed the lock as their own. Many were the stories invented, showing how the lock of hair had been lost, and many the claims of superiority put forth by the various dames to be selected as the bride. Among these individuals who came from far and near, some of them were light-minded and giddy, and to the astonishment of every one, Sebald chose the most frivolous of all. She came from Paris; his parents were overwhelmed with sorrow, but as the hair was plainly hers, and Sebald looked upon himself as peculiarly

happy to have been elected while so young to convert a sinner, they could say nothing; but it was a grievous affair, and had she not shown such a strong inclination for the prince, and by every kind of fascination clung to him, it never would have ended in a marriage. Instead of amusing herself by dancing and joking as at first, she was always weeping, praying and fasting. Time after time, she took the most solemn oaths, that she never would give her love to any one but him, and now as the sinner had become a penitent saint, the day for the nuptials was chosen, and they took place; but never was feast more sad. When all the guests had retired, and the newly wedded pair were left alone, the holy Sebald began to admonish her, as was his way, made her repeat her vow many times, and he represented to her that a marriage was not punishable nor wrong, but that a holy marriage was the most acceptable condition on the earth in the sight of God.

To this the bride could not for a long time agree, but as he was not wanting in eloquent speech, she was compelled to believe him. Once again he required of her the usual oath, receiving which, he fled from her and was never seen by her again. Then the holy Sebald gave himself up to the life of a hermit, fed on herbs and performed all the acts of mercy, placed his foot on the ladder, which reaches Heaven, which he soon attained. His reputation became so great, persons from all countries thronged about him, and his miracles knew no bounds. At last he determined to visit Rome, where he was graciously received and ordered by the Pope to go and convert the heathen in Germany, on the other side of the Danube, but his zeal was such, that from the hour he left Rome, he commenced the work, and was believed in one place and scorned in another, till one day a heretic said

he lied, and insisted that St. Sebald could no more work a miracle, than he could fly. Scarcely had the wretch uttered these words, than he felt the stones on which he was standing give way, his arms stretched out as though he would rise in the air, and as he waved them, he felt himself rising up and like a flame being driven by the air, higher and higher; then he repented his frivolity and prayed earnestly. St. Sebald prayed also, and the scoffer again returned to the ground and prayed by his side. Sebald's journey lasted very long, season after season passed by, and when at last he reached the Danube, the breaking up of the ice had completely destroyed the bridge and carried it away. The holy Wilibaldus and the holy Wanibaldus his companions looked anxiously at him, their guide, but he did not hesitate, he took off his cowl and placing it upon the waters, passed safely over scarcely wetting his feet. It was cold, but he knew how to help himself, he made an old woman who had no wood in her strawhut bring some icicles, with which a fire was kindled, and they burnt like dry sticks. The poor woman threw herself at the feet of the Saint and requested a favor. She had lost her all — a couple of oxen which had strayed in the forest, and she begged to have them back. With many tears, she lamented the loss of all she possessed, and her complaining husband knelt by her side. The holy man sent him out into the forest, directing him where to find them; the man set off in the dead of night, and his hand became a bright light, and he, making his way to the spot, found the animals and brought them home to his grateful wife. She then asked if they could show their gratitude by any offering or sacrifice they could make to the holy cause. „Be pious!“ he exclaimed, „who knows, if I may not some day ask a service of you and who knows if you will grant it? This was in the

neighborhood of Ratisbon. The Saint then took up his staff and journeyed towards Nuremberg. Here he settled himself in the Lorenz forest, and his companions who had been separated from him by the Danube joined him. The holy men did nothing but perform miracles here, but especially was St. Sebald conspicuous. Though not an old man, he soon found his last hour was come, and as he lay on the bed of death, his weeping companions requested to know his last wishes, where he desired to be buried etc. etc. He spoke to them of the old woman, whose hut he had visited at Ratisbon, near the Danube, and desiring them to go to her, told them to ask the loan of her oxen, to draw his funeral bier to his resting place, and wherever the oxen stopped, there he wished to be buried. When he had breathed his last, they set off to the woman and made known the Saint's request, but, to their surprise, she refused to lend the animals, saying: „she had offered to do any service to a living man, not to the dead, who could never make her any return“. But to the surprise of every one, the oxen broke out of their stable, rushed past, never stopped, until they reached the funeral car. The holy man returned to Nuremberg thinking where else they could borrow the necessary oxen, and were astonished to find those belonging to the woman, standing ready and allowing themselves to be harnessed, quiet as lambs. Left to themselves they started and turned towards Nuremberg, and when they came opposite the chapel of St. Peter's, they laid themselves down and would not get up again. There now rests in peace the Holy Sebald. — A small wooden house was erected over his grave, but as it, and the chapel of St. Peter were reduced to ashes, by a storm of thunder and lightning, it was discovered that he could not repose happily under such a slight habitation. Such a mighty

guest required a nobler resting place. So they placed his bones in a strong silver shrine, and raised over it the magnificent Cathedral of St. Sebald.

This church contains fine old windows and carvings, but it does not produce the effect upon the mind it should, owing to the renovating effect of white wash; cleanliness, next to godliness, is an aphorism, which tells better anywhere else than on the walls of a cathedral.

In wandering about the aisles I was told to observe a flight of steps of white stone, terminating on a platform, on which opened a low door seeming to lead only to a space in the wall. I conjectured it was meant for a treasury, but my old attendant Matirn bade me remark a bas-relief carved on the stair. It represented a rat scampering off with something in his mouth. It was a strange tale, but „ower true“. Within this arched door a monk was closed in the wall to die of famine; a crime of deep dye had stained his vow, and he was doomed to death within a living tomb, and yet the monk lived on; the affection of her, who had caused his doom found a way to introduce through an aperture the means of sustaining life. Night after night, for a year, she deposited at his prison what would serve to sustain him till the following day. Unluckily a rat, attracted by the unusual scent, appropriated a sausage, and was caught in the fact of trailing it through the sacred precincts, by some early sacristan. Curiosity was awakened and truth soon discovered. Whether the brotherhood were touched by this development of strong affection or whether they deemed the dreadful year of trial sufficient punishment to expiate the offence, the prisoner was liberated, and the rat received the Egyptian honor of having his effigy in the temple.

I pass hours sometimes wandering about without aim or purpose, other than to feast my eyes upon the peculiarities of the old town. Up one street, down another, then across a bridge through some narrow alley and out into the market places. In the principal one stands the *Schöne Brunnen* or city fountain, called the Beautiful; a niched monument of stone tapering up to the height of sixty feet. The compartments are filled with statues; the most incongruous medley of heroes and saints, from Moses and the prophets down to Charlemagne; the seven Electors, David, Godfrey of Bouillon, Clovis, Maccabeus and Julius Caesar. During the commotions, and troublous times, this monument of art was removed but was subsequently discovered, repaired and restored to the place where it now stands, to arrest the attention and charm the eye with its elegant form and beautiful proportions. Then there is the little bronze boy with a goose under each arm, spouting water, who presides in the other square, which takes its name from the fountain, Goose-Market. The German markets are essentially different from ours at home, which are fixtures, combining the sale of fish, flesh, and vegetables, with their mixed effluvia. Here they are exclusively an assemblage of peasants, who trundle in their wheel-barrow, or dog-carts, early in the morning, and range their fruit, flowers and vegetables on low benches, or upon the stones before them. They remain till twelve, when they must be off, the square swept, and all vestiges removed. The butchers have shops in different quarters of the town. In the larger cities where the market trade is more important, they are allowed the use of the square later into the day, and stores of pottery, wooden shoes, fruit and flowers are always to be had. There is an orderly quiet demeanor about all these people, very different from the vociferousness of the French mar-

ket woman, or the bustling American. No one ever seems to be in hurry, or to get out of patience. The German peasant is universally civil, and rarely passes you without a „Good day“. Walking through Nuremberg, you can cross the Pegnitz by fourteen different bridges, and the one known as the „Butchers' Bridge“, is modelled after the Rialto; so intent were the old Burghers to emulate Venetian taste, but I doubt whether, if not told of the fact, the Rialto would ever suggest itself to the imagination, in this attempt at an uncomfortable elevation.

The statue of Albert Dürer in bronze by Rauch, occupies a conspicuous place in one of the squares, and his house has been bought by a company of artists, who wish to preserve it in its original form, though there, beyond all other places, one dwells with the least pleasure upon the memory of the artist, associated as all the domestic arrangements must be, with the name of Agnes Frey, and his domestic trials. Such are the different objects of interest, independent of the curiously beautiful façades of the houses, and the elaborate stone carvings of the churches, which catch the eye at every turn and excite an interest peculiarly their own. Day after day I renewed this pleasure, till I had so identified myself with the old town, it took a place in my affections, and I deferred indefinitely the time of my departure. I had a passion for curiosity shops and there were several here, containing treasures of mediaeval art, which brought vividly to one's mind the luxury of Nuremberg's brightest days. Here were platters of gold and silver interwrought (such as in old pictures you see Herodias bearing, with the head of John the Baptist); carved ivories, drinking cups of every device. Venetian glass, the curious old terra cotta, Flemish as well as German; the gaudy majolica or Italian pottery, the fashion of which is said to have been intro-

duced into Italy by Raphael, who, in love with a potter's daughter, amused himself during his visits by sketching beautiful designs upon her father's plates and platters; thence, other artists took the hint and produced an era in the history of crockery, which amateurs alone can fully appreciate. The art of painting on glass was carried to its highest perfection in Nuremberg. Here were drinking cups engraved with that delicacy of execution peculiar to the artists of this place; elaborately carved oak furniture, inlaid marquetric; old lace savoring of convents and Catholic times; gorgeous armor, the curious old watches answering to the name of Nuremberg eggs; paintings, enamels on copper, everything that constituted the elegance of those days, and which in the present century there is so much pleasure in collecting and comparing with the new productions of art, some of which exceed, and many have not improved upon the workmanship of the past.

Beneath the castle are arched halls, formerly the Casernes. An Italian has established a depot for all these antique objects. I enquired where and how they were got together and was told that after the sequestration of convents and the long wars which desolated the land and reduced families to poverty, valuable articles became dispersed and frequently in peasants' houses superbly carved furniture was found, the value of which they did not understand, and which the cheerfully exchanged for modern wooden things which suited their purpose better. These curiosity dealers have agents travelling about to make such purchases. I saw myself in a small wayside inn, in a part of Franconia but little travelled, a magnificent mirror framed most elaborately and surmounted by a crown and insignia of royalty, which, had there been any means of transportation, I should have bargained for.

Wood carvings were executed as early as early as 1379. The Germans especially devoted themselves to this kind of work. Leo Proner of Nuremberg 1630 carved on a cherry stone, where by the assistance of a magnifying glass, as many as a hundred heads may be counted.

Angerman of the same period excelled in the execution of little skeletons. The Zick family were adepts in the art of carving, many specimens of their work are to be seen in the Green Vaults in Dresden.

Goldsmiths were originally monks, the art was devoted to church ornament. In the beginning of the fourteenth century when art emerged from the cloisters, it extended and was obliged to be restricted by law because luxury had made such rapid progress. There is an anecdote told of Prince Eugene worth repeating. On one occasion being at Venice, the haughty nobles boasting of their superior civilization and ridiculing Germans as barbarians, he invited them to a theatrical entertainment. The theatre represented night time; a single lamp glimmering in the street. The ghost of Cicero was seen wandering up and down. A German traveller enters, finding all the doors closed, he draws out his watch to see the hour, then a printed book with which he amuses himself some time. Growing impatient at last, he pulls out a pistol and fires it off to rouse the sleeping Italians. Cicero's ghost now advances, asks an explanation of the watch, the book, and the gunpowder, expresses his astonishment on finding these great inventions proceed from the barbarians of the North and enquires „What then have the Italians invented if barbarians distinguish themselves so highly“ — upon which, a Savoyard enters crying „Heckles, Heckles“ and the curtain drops.

CHAPTER XXI.

„Man's inhumanity to Man,
Makes countless thousands mourn.“

BURNS.

BUT turn we now to one more object of deep interest, the Rathhaus, that dark spot upon the escutcheon of the fair royal Free City. The Rathhaus or town-hall with its council chambers, frescoed by the hand of Albert Dürer, where the senate held its meetings and discussed questions bearing upon the destinies of nations; and where in the integrity of their free will they passed sentence. They governed well, those haughty Burghers, and under their dominion their city grew and prospered, until it ranked among the first in wealth and commercial importance. But the dark shadow of the jurisprudence of the Middle Ages rests upon the Rathhaus. Beneath the council hall, lies a chamber of torture, and a series of deep dark dungeons. Within the chamber of torture stood a table, about which the judges and inquisitors sat; round the edge of the table was inscribed: „Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere divos.“

At the present day it is next to impossible to obtain permission to visit these subterranean prisons, but I take an account of them from a person long resident in

Nuremberg, and who had the opportunity offered him to investigate the whole some years ago. — „There is an entrance passed and repassed daily, now as then, by the hurrying footsteps of many a passenger, who, in pursuit of pleasure or daily occupation, little dreams how near he has approached these regions of terror. The guide opened the heavy but small doorway, which creaked sullenly, as though unwilling to disclose the long sealed secrets of the prison house; we each took a candle and followed him down a narrow stone stair; here and there the steps were broken, but we reached the bottom and came upon a range of dungeons, some higher and larger than others, but all cold and dark as the grave. Over the entrances there are symbols, such as a horse, a stag, a dog, a stork, a cock, a camel and a cat. No one seemed to be able to explain what these hieroglyphics were intended for, but most probably they were used instead of numbers, to designate the different dungeons. Raising the light over our heads we saw the beams with the iron rings to which the miserable occupants were secured. A little further on through a passage, we found ourselves in the torture chamber; here sat the judges — die Blutrichter, hideous name, which translated literally would be, bloody judges — the horrid apparatus of torture was found in this chamber, and in later days destroyed; the only known one now is at Ratisbon, fully described by Murray in his Guide-Book, and which I will here transcribe in part, as belonging to the curious particulars of this dark history — but many of them were too cruel even for repetition. There were platforms with rollers armed with spikes over which the victims were drawn, an arm-chair lined with sharp spikes, on which he was forced to sit with weights on his lap; a ladder leaning against the wall had some of the rounds replaced by angular pieces

of wood shaped like prisms turning on their axis, the criminal was hauled up by a rope over a pulley and then let down again, the rapid friction grazing every vertebra on his naked back as he passed over the prisms: this was called the slide. Another invention called the Spanish Ass, was a sharp edge on which they were to ride astride, and several others too horrible to mention, the invention of which was a disgrace to human nature: lighted torches were held to the armpits of the victims, when suspended etc. It is said this machinery surpassed in iniquity what survives of the far-famed dungeons of Venice, and is the only example in Europe of such an apparatus perfectly preserved. The torture chamber is so constructed that not a sound could escape beyond these thick and vaulted boundaries — a circular opening in the inside, above the entrance, marks the place, behind which in the council chamber, sat the person who took down the prisoner's confession, while under torture: a little further on, in that of Nuremberg, is the entrance to a passage now greatly obstructed by masses of fallen stone, partly cut through the rock, and in parts dangerous from the crumbling masonry. This passage leads beyond the town to a distance of nearly two miles, and ends in the forest of Dutzendteich. It was constructed for the purpose of sending away envoys, also as a means of escape or entrance for the senate in the troublous times of the republic. We continued our subterranean journey through another opening in the stone work and wound through a dreary way below the streets, and then by an easy ascent to the castle where we emerged upon one of the bastions. From here again we descended and traversed the inner side of the town wall; here and there we noticed holes in the wall to admit a faint light in the darksome passages below them; after a while we reached a grating which leads be-

neath one of the old towers; here again we were obliged to light our candles, and passed through five massive doorways into a dungeon. This was the secret prison of the senate, and hither underground passages led from their own tribunal and their private houses." This tower known as the Frauen-Thurm was the home of the well known Iron Virgin, she into whose embrace the victim was led as at Baden-Baden, and whose arms opening by a spring, encircled her prey with sharp pointed blades, and precipitated him in the oubliette below, to extinguish what of life remained, on a wheel likewise armed. When the French armies overran Germany they awakened the inhabitants to a shame that such relics of barbarism should be found within their precincts and the Nurembergers carted off as old iron the celebrated Virgin, but whose name is still borne by the town tower. Later she was bought and transported to the castle of Feistritz in Styria where the owner, Baron Dietrich, has a fine collection of ancient armor.

This mode of torture is not named in penal codes, but used by secret societies. A common expression among the lower orders formerly was, „I will give thee to the Jungfrau“ a threat to children. „To kiss the Maiden,“ was also an expression used in England with respect to various punishments. „To kiss the block“ and „To kiss the Duke of Exeter's daughter,“ were common sayings. The guillotine in Scotland was called „the Maiden.“ From an old German chronicle of 1533 the Eiserne Jungfrau is mentioned as standing in the tower opposite the place called Sieben Zeilen in Nuremberg, for the punishment of evil-doers; this was to satisfy the public mind. „To send poor souls to the fishes,“ a common saying, referring no doubt to the stream of water which passed under the tower and carried off all remnants. There is rea-

son to suppose the Iron Maid was not invented in Germany but introduced from Spain where more ingenuity was displayed in such objects — those of Germany were remarkable for their rudeness and simplicity, and something of the kind, known as the *Mater dolorosa*, is known to have existed.

Nuremburg was not the only place where the Maiden's Kiss was inflicted.* Wittenberg had even two such machines. From two bills found there it can be seen that one of the Iron Maids required repairing even as early as 1509.

— 1509 iiij gl. vor zweyn Jungfrauen in das gefenchnis weiter zu machen und vor iiij gelencken zu machen.

I have been in the awful dungeons of Venice in former days, I have looked down into those deep wells covered with trapdoors, where day-light never enters, nor scarce air enough to breathe, and in the horror inspired by the emotions of Man's utter cruelty to his fellow man, the wonder still was uppermost that life and reason could be sustained under such inflictions. These frightful revelations of the justice of the Middle Ages enter deep into the soul, when we think of the awful methods of revenge religious intolerance engendered, when we know that even in the eighteenth century the Archbishops of Salzburg persecuted their protestant subjects without mercy, and that in the archiepiscopal palace a similar torture chamber was discovered, we infer what we please. Macaulay tells us that torture was abolished in England in 1640. The world has improved since that day, at least a portion of it, and thankful should we be, whose lines are cast in pleasant places.

Withal, the deep interest inspired by this singular old town, has not been lessened by this dark page of its history. If cruelty was practised, it is to be presumed

injustice was not, from the firm allegiance and public spirit her citizens ever evinced during the protracted reign of her Burgher Senate.

Nuremberg died a natural death. Commerce took a new direction, after the discovery of the passage round the Cape. The riches of the East were no longer deposited at her gates as the central point of German commerce; many other causes operated to diminish her importance, until in the new division of the Empire in the present century, she was awarded to Bavaria and lost her individuality. But as old things have passed away, so is she renewing to a degree her commercial relations with other lands, and the King with an eye to the picturesque not only takes up his residence in the old Schloss for a portion of every year, but encourages and exhorts the citizens to preserve and repair the curious relics of the Middle Ages which distinguish Nuremberg above every other city in Germany.

CHAPTER XXII.

A tale of modern mystery is connected with Nuremberg which remains unsolved, and will probably take its place in the chronicles, along side the Iron Mask, and a few others.

About the year 1828 a citizen was walking in the fields, beyond the walls. He saw coming towards him a lad, whose uncertain gait led him to suppose he had been drinking. This person accosted him in some unintelligible jargon, extending his hand in which there was a letter. It was addressed to a military man, then resident in Nuremberg. Upon inspection the citizen saw the boy was an object of compassion and took the pains to conduct him to Capl ****'s house. The master was absent, but the servants procured food which they offered him. He shoved the meat away with disgust, but ate the bread with avidity, and afterwards being shown to the stable, threw himself upon the hay and went fast to sleep. On the captain's return, he went there to look at him; the boy awoke expressing great astonishment and delight at the sight of the uniform, but only uttered one exclamation, „Rentä“. The letter stated the writer was a laborer with ten children, that the bearer had been left at his house in October 1812 and till now had never been suffered to leave it, that he had been taught to read and write, and wished to become a trooper,

that the writer could not afford to keep him and had therefore consigned him to the care of the captain. A Latin postscript was added, saying he had been baptized. The whole was evidently intended to mislead, and concluded with the inhuman remark: „If you do not keep him, you may put him in a lottery, or get rid of him in any way you please.“ The captain very naturally did not wish to burthen himself with such an encumbrance, and handed both the boy and the letter over to the police. The police in vain endeavored to find out the mystery. The boy who only uttered a few inarticulate sounds, did not appear afraid or surprised at anything, but his distressed face and childish tears excited the compassion of every one. Writing materials were placed before him, at which he seemed much pleased, and wrote in a childish hand the words „Caspar Hauser.“ After a time having no claim upon any one, he was sent as a vagrant to the city jail. His first instructor was the jailer's son, a boy about ten years old, but soon through the exertions of Professor Feuerbach he was removed to the house of the Burgo-master for instruction, and subsequently consigned entirely to the care of Professor Daumer. It is a long story to tell of all the developments of his intellect and gradual progress of a mind left for the first sixteen years of its existence in perfect ignorance even of outward objects. By degrees his physical senses awakened from this long torpor, and acquiring language, he was able to convey his impressions and taxed his memory to recall scenes of the past. From what could be gathered he had been kept in some low darkened place, alone, and beaten by the man who provided him with food, if he made the least noise. In this place it did not appear that even in his sleep he could lie with his whole body stretched out, but sat supported against the wall, his legs

extended before him. When he awoke he always found a pitcher of water and a loaf of bread placed at his side. He was never allowed to see his keeper's face. One day the man came, put a small table over his feet, and some paper upon it, then went behind him, took hold of his hand put a pencil in it and moved it backward and forward on the paper. He was very much pleased with the black marks as they appeared and when left to himself was never tired of drawing the figures on the paper with which he was supplied. At another time the man came and lifted him up and taught him to stand and to walk. During all this time he never saw his keeper's face. At length the man came, took him on his back and carried him out into the daylight, when it appears he fainted, for he was conscious of nothing, remembered no object on his journey, only that the man put the letter into his hand and left him. It would seem it had been anticipated he would be lost as a vagabond or idiot, in some public institution, whereas he met with human consideration and became an object of universal sympathy. The newspapers were filled with accounts of him, of his development, memory, and marvellous progress. It was at last reported he was employed in writing a memoir of himself. At this juncture an attempt was made to assassinate him, but he escaped with a wound in his forehead. The Earl Stanhope became deeply interested in him, had him removed to Ansbach and put to school. He remained there three or four years, when his mysterious enemy again sought him out. One morning in December 1833 a stranger wrapped in a cloak accosted him under pretence of having an important communication to make. Caspar had an engagement, but replied he would meet him in the afternoon in the palace garden. At the time appointed the person was there and taking some papers from his pocket

presented them to Hauser. While he was examining them, the other stabbed him twice near the heart. The wounds were not instantly fatal, he dragged himself home but could there only faintly articulate the words: „Palace-garden-purse-Uz-monument.“ The police were dispatched immediately and near Uzen's Monument they found a small violet silk purse, containing a scrap of paper on which was written: „Hauser knows who I am, but to save him trouble I will myself declare I come from the Bavarian frontier, on the river; my name is M. L. O.“ Caspar Hauser died of the wounds he had received, and was buried at Ansbach in the Johanniskirchhof, his tomb bearing the inscription:

„Aenigma sui temporis, ignota nativitas, occulta mors.
1833.“

Lord Stanhope offered a reward of five hundred florins for the discovery of the murderer, but no clue could then be obtained, and the dark veil of mystery was allowed to enshroud the whole. But there is a page of history still to be read, and the reader to draw his own conclusions, though they will be based, as many a more important cause has been ere now, on circumstantial evidence. There arose strange subdued whisperings that the murdered man was the heir to the Duchy of Baden, son of the Duchess Stéphanie de la Pagérie, niece of the Empress Josephine, who had been married to the Duke Charles. She had borne him two sons, and three daughters. The first son died very suddenly, the second son died, or disappeared, no record of either was ever found. Their uncle Duke Ludwig was exiled from court for a long while. Suspicions of false play were rife at the time, directed against Duke Ludwig. He was ambitious to succeed, and hated the Duchess Stéphanie and her children. Finally Duke Ludwig did succeed and was distinguished

as leading a life of the wildest and most criminal character. It was during his reign Caspar Hauser made his appearance. Some considered him an impostor, some that he was heir to the Baden throne. While these questions were pending, he was murdered. A pamphlet war ensued and it was proved that Major Hennighofer, the creature and confidant of Ludwig, bought off one of these which was said to contain proofs. Major Hennighofer was seen at Nuremberg the evening of the day Caspar Hauser was murdered, but the Duchess Stéphanie who lived in Paris, kept the strictest silence during the whole. The darkest, most impenetrable shadow rests upon the history of Caspar Hauser. It was forbidden in Bavaria under the severest penalties of the law even to pronounce his name.

MUNICH

AND THEREABOUT.

THIS portion of my journal shared the fate of Troy. My last glimpse of it was a quivering heap of tinder, fretted over with sparks, that went out one by one, leaving it in darkness for ever. Were I a bookmaker I might recall enough to fit up a very tolerable chapter, but I have always been of Gray's opinion, who said: „A line written at the moment is worth a cartload of recollections.“ Thus the manuscript vanished into thin air, where many of its betters have wandered ere now.

Munich, the old Monk's town, or München, as the Germans pronounce it, rose from small beginnings. In the twelfth century a convent was the centre from which sprung the modern sumptuous city. A salt magazine on which the monks depended for their revenue, originated the prosperity of the place. From the old „Schrannen-Platz“ Munich started into being. Gradually reign after reign it was enlarged and embellished, and now spreads itself on the vast plain of Bavaria in gorgeous apparel, all glorious within, the city which the King delighteth to honor. Munich possesses peculiar attractions for foreign writers, Miss Howitt's charming book, „The Art Student“ and the still more charming „Initials“, have made it familiar to most English readers. Of late too, it seems the special

battle-ground where foreign knights delight to cross a lance. As for me, I amble off on my palfrey, and leave them to fight the battle of opinion. It is to be hoped that there, as elsewhere, this new Don Quixotism will prove useful to somebody, but I doubt it. These old German windmills will go round and round in the same identical fashion they have done from the beginning, and the recent exaggerated truths published by Englishmen irritate without reforming. My feeling is, if I settle myself among a people, I am not to show up their faults and deformities without one particle of allaying kindness. Why men are more prone to condemn than to approve, I leave moralists to settle. If we condemn with a strong desire to reform, so be it; but the charity that vaunteth not itself, and is kind, is most frequently wanting. There is so much that is beautiful in art and nature in Germany, so much kind feeling among its people, so much that is excellent in its institutions, that with Sterne, „I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba and find all barren.“

THE DANUBE

TO

VIENNA.



CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DANUBE.

„An der Donau,
„An der schönen blauen Donau.“

WE reached Lintz after night-fall. Travel-wearied I sought my lodging-room and soon lost all consciousness of outward things in sleep. The rising sun upon my window first called me to my senses. I rose and mechanically went forward and threw the casement open. The Danube glided quietly beneath it—the Danube, hitherto to me, only a name, but how fraught with association. There it flowed in calm reality before me. I stood watching the ever moving waters, and the freighting of the flat bottomed boats, which formerly were the only conveyance down the stream; and when I saw a few peasant women embark and row slowly off, I envied them their quiet voyage; mine was to be under the rush and speed of steam. At the beginning, the voyage lies through channels, winding among low willow islands, the shores perfectly flat and devoid of interest, but the horizon is bounded by the range of Styrian Alps, with here and there a peak covered with snow, and the Riesengebirge or Giant Mountains, of which the principal is the „Schneekoppe“, at whose southern base the Elbe first sees light. What a thrilling interest there is particularly

to an American in the names of these ancient rivers. The fascination who can solve? Old Rhine, with its thousand legends and memories dating from the Roman conquest, awakens a glowing enthusiasm linked with the far past. The Dauube, dark, turbulent and wild, fraught with historic lore, emblazoned in a long line of centuries. The Thames, the Tiber, the Nile, names rich in association filling the mind with crowding fancies, and thoughts wrought with the world's story. While hoary time was thus hallowing the legendary fictions clinging to their names, and history recording on her page, each stirring scene enacted on their borders, our noble rivers rolled on in silence, never broken but by some wild wood note, their waters never ruffled but by some Indian bark-canoe; yet romance is germinating there too, all unthought of now, perhaps, by the millions who tread their borders, but which time will sanctify. Thousands of pilgrims from foreign lands have attested to the beauty of the Hudson, (the Indian's „Great River of the Mountains“) and the wild legends of its primitive settlers have assumed form and immortality under the potent spell of the Prospero of „Sunny Side.“ But that bright brilliant illuminated Past stretching off into the mist of Ages, is not ours. Thoughts like these, will crowd into the mind when visiting such scenes for the first time, wise people deem it romance — be it so called then, Germany abounds in it. Heinrich Heine named his book „Wanderbilder“, a term I fancy. Splendid historical pictures present themselves at every turn, filled with groups of the illustrious. Here upon the shores of the Danube, how many shadows rise called „from the vasty deep“; of the Past.

This was the old Roman boundary; this the dying Gladiator's last thought,

„Where his rude hut upon the Danube lay
 „There were his young barbarians all at play,
 „And she — their Dacian mother . . .

Here the proud Attila, „the scourge of God“, led his wild Huns, devastating the broad lands between the Danube and the Euxine finding his way at last even to the gates of Rome itself. Charlemagne, Solyman the Superb, Gustavus Adolphus, Richard Coeur de Lion, their names are all graven on its shores — these are historical portraits of the great Bilderland. Meanwhile we are gliding onward, we have left behind us the low sedgy shores, the heights gradually close upon the river, which becomes deep and dark; mountains clad with wood in its primeval wildness, slope down to the water's edge reminding one forcibly of our own highland river shores. Now come castellated heights, crumbling ruins and monasteries, lordling it still over the most lovely scenes.

Deeper and darker grew the river, I went to the prow and seated myself high upon a pile of freight, we were approaching the famous passage called the „Strudel“. Stupid, patient looking peasants were smoking about me, wondering probably what freak had brought me there, but I saw nothing, knew nothing, but the sight of rushing waters, and the „Hausstein“, a high rock rising out of the river. We dashed forward through the foam, two or three ruins frowned upon us from above, we cleaved the breakers like a sea-bird, and for a moment calm seemed restored to the troubled waters, when in a twinkling we were upon the „Wirbel“, or whirlpool, eddying in all directions, and dashing towards the „Hausstein“. You clear the danger, for danger it was deemed, at least in former days, when the boats of the Danube were often lost here. Multitudes of little crosses on the rocks prove the piety of those times. It is said, from the village of

St. Nicholas, formerly a boat, with the image of the Virgin at its prow, put out, carrying an alms box inscribed „For your preservation“. Now, swift as an arrow the steam vessel speeds its way, leaving devotion behind as a remnant of a gone-by age. These river mountains are crested with ruins of castles the lords of which were not behind their brethren of the Rhine in levying tribute. There was hereabout a dangerous rapid, recently removed by blasting the rocks, where the Devil too, amused himself throwing stones at the crusaders in old times; his operations have passed away too as myths, with the old boats and their alms-box. The waters of the beautiful river sweep on, but never can they wash out their legendary lore.

There beneath an oak, close down upon the shore, is the pilgrimage shrine of Maria Taferl, so named from a stone table (Taferl) round which the peasants feast after harvest; in the branches above hangs a miraculous image of the Virgin, and here they come to offer thanks for plentiful crops. It is wonderful even to the present day to what extent this practice is carried in all the Catholic districts of Germany. This one shrine is visited from all parts during the month of September, and the annual number of pilgrims varies from fifty to a hundred and thirty thousand. The church stands above, commanding an extensive view; further on the rich convent of Mlk appears, a Benedictine monastery, founded in the tenth century and boasting a magnificent library and chapel. The present building occupies the site of the elder one, and is not more than a hundred and fifty years old. Many of the monks devote themselves to literary pursuits, many have gone forth as missionaries and teachers. Whatever the abuses and faults of these institutions, the same spell is cast about them that enthrals everything connected with

the Middle Ages, I cannot refrain transcribing the defence of monastic life, in the elegant language of Macaulay. „Whatever reproach at a later period may have been justly thrown on the indolence and luxury of religious orders, it was surely good, that in an age of ignorance and violence there should be quiet cloisters and gardens in which the arts of peace could be safely cultivated; in which gentle and contemplative natures could find an asylum, in which one Brother could employ himself in transcribing the Eneid of Virgil and another in meditating on the Analytics of Aristotle; in which he who had a genius for art, might illuminate a Martyrology, or carve a crucifix, and in which he who had a turn for natural philosophy might make experiments on the properties of plants and minerals. Had not such retreats been scattered here and there among the huts of the miserable peasantry, and the castles of the ferocious aristocracy, European society would have consisted merely of beasts of burden and of prey.“ So the spell of enthusiasm sheds itself upon the memory of those days, when religious fervor bore upon all the commonest events of life; when the world was teeming with the excitement produced by pilgrimages to the Holy Land; when nature and art were both called upon to demonstrate the feeling; when every day had its Saint; when even the flowers of the field did their part in demonstrating the religious sentiment; when the road side cross, as well as the towering cathedral, had its crowd of votaries; when imagination cast its embellishment even around the altars of the living God. I do not pretend to discuss the spirituality of all this, I only know its poetry is delightful. The dedication of flowers to saints was new to me. The language of flowers, so called, Persian born, symbolic of the heart's emotions, is not what I mean, but the significant names

which we utter without a thought of their derivation, awakened new ideas. The Brotherhood who cultivated these flowers, baptized them in honor of holy things. Thus, the Passion flower, the Star of Bethelhem, the Lent Lily, Jacob's Ladder, Job's Tears, Monk's Hood, St. John's Wort, and the herb Trinity (the tricolor pansy), these and a host more, could be enumerated, we have heard them so called all our days without an association. „Canterbury Bells“ will now have a cathedral sound within my ears, and our „Lady's Slipper“ be associated with some beautiful Madonna.

It is the fashion of the present era to endeavor to dissipate all illusion, to treat as myth all that beautiful historic romance, the facts of which cannot be proved with mathematical precision. They would reduce fancy to hard labor, and imagination, like steam, be controlled for useful purposes. I have read of late a clever article from one who passed a day on the Danube, and who has striven to tear down the airy fabric of romance, gathered around the castle of Aggstein and encrusted with its old mouldering stones since the twelfth century. I would take arms against this modern Gothic invasion of one of the most interesting ruins of the Danube; will there not be some few who will join in the crusade? That castle where the unfortunate Coeur de Lion was held in durance, until he was removed to Durenstein further down the river. It has been said „all history is an imprisoned Epic.“ These are its episodes. I like the traditions; I like to think that wretch, the Knight of Schreckenwald, met his reward, that his two brothers who succeeded him, known as „the Hounds,“ because they never missed their prey, met with their deserts. Hadmar v. Kuenring went so far as to attack and seize the great seal and treasury of Frederick Duke of Austria, and carry them to one of his

strongholds. Frederick roused by this, went forth and destroyed all the fortress castles except Aggstein, and Durenstein, which defied all his attempts, but finally they were mastered by a ruse. A merchant named Rüdiger protected by the duke, richly freighted a vessel and concealed beneath the cargo thirty men-at-arms. As soon as the watchman in the tower of Aggstein saw the vessel approaching, he gave the accustomed signal with his alarm-horn. Hadmar and his followers threw themselves upon their prey, but were surrounded, pinioned, and carried off prisoners. This Hadmar had been the jailer of Richard Coeur de Lion — a story not founded on tradition alone; it is an historic fact, that Richard was delivered into the custody of Hadmar at Tyernstein, the old mode of spelling Durenstein. Such are „auld wives' tales“ some will tell you, but they cling to the ruins fast as their ivy.

Durenstein is the last object of interest as you approach Vienna. It stands on a high granite ridge, entirely destitute of vegetation. The ruin is so amalgamated with the grey rocks, it is difficult from some points of view to distinguish between nature and masonry, but on looking back, after you have passed, it is clearly defined against the sky, a great square donjon keep, and lines of battlemented walls stretching from the top of the hill to the water's edge; one's eye lingers long upon it, and the remembrance of the royal knight and his prison hours. This castle was reduced to ruin by the Swedes in 1645.

At the foot of the rock stands the village of Durenstein, still enclosed by walls and antique gateways, now falling to ruin. It is only remarkable for a curious defence made by its townsfolk, who in 1741 repulsed a large body of French and Bavarians.

A number of water pipes were cut up and painted to look like cannon, which they planted on the walls, and a

drum was vigorously beaten to impress the enemy that the place was strongly garrisoned. The ruse produced its effect, and the troops marched off in another direction. Durenstein stands on the extremity of a long promontory or chain of hills, beyond which the Danube traverses a plain country until Vienna is reached; then the proud river rolls on through many a romantic pass, till it finds vent in the bosom of the Euxine. Its birth-place has been matter of controversy. In the court of the castle of Donau-Eschingen in the Black Forest, a rivulet trickles from a stone basin, and making its way beyond the walls of the domain, is joined by two others equally insignificant: this is the cradle of the „far rolling Danube“. The Swiss Alps have disputed the honor for the Inn, which joins the Danube, but remote antiquity has adjudged to the child of the Black Forest the name of its birth right — Donau.

CHAPTER XXIV.

VIENNA.

„Life is short and art is long, yet spare me from thus travelling with the speed of thought, trotting from day light until dark at the heels of a cicerone, with an umbrella in one hand, and a guide-book in the other.“

Longfellow.

VIENNA stands almost two miles back from the main stream of the Danube, a branch of which only passes underneath its walls, and connects it with another insignificant stream called the Wien, which has the honor of giving its name to the Imperial city. Traversing the extensive suburbs which surround Vienna, known as the New Town; then the Glacis, — a wide open space planted with trees and grass, — roads and walks branching off in every direction, you reach where a very few years since a wall and fosse enclosed the old town. All the palaces, the Imperial residence, and the museums, are found within the old limits. Established in a hotel within these precincts, I prepared for one of those ten day trials of sight-seeing, which to me are perfectly atrocious; a sort of goose-cramming process, which may enlarge one's liver for aught I know, but certainly does not one's understanding; yet such was my doom in Vienna. I fear my Impressions will savor more of weariness of the flesh, than of any pleasurable sensation; however, to leave Vienna

out, is like,,the part of Hamlet omitted,“ yet my account of it will be anything but graphic. It was August, the great „Kaiserstadt,“ like all other capitals at mid-summer, was shorn of its beams. The Imperial family absent, the palaces deserted, open it is true to the inspection of strangers, but the state apartments all muffled in brown holland. The superintendent who shows you round, condescendingly lifts a corner, and discovers to wondering plebeian eyes the gorgeous brocade or velvet coverings. Monotonous as it may be, one makes it a duty to see all. The Imperial residences, the Lichtenstein and Esterhazy palaces etc. Vienna is not completed without. Gilding and mirrors and frescoed walls and enormous chandeliers — the same things are repeated time after time, even to the heap of felt slippers in the antichambers. These, gentlemen are requested to put on over their boots, to prevent scratching the highly polished inlaid floors, which are as beautiful as delicate marquetric. We traversed all these places rapidly, saw the delightful Esterhazy gallery, the museums of the Belvedere, the cabinets of antiquities and minerals, the Imperial coach-house, where the state carriage of the Empress Maria Theresa is shown. It resembles as nearly as possible in form, coloring and decoration a soup tureen of genuine old Dresden china, painted with devices of Cupids and flowers on the panels, and filigreed with gilding. To each city there seems attached one name which sheds its peculiar interest over the whole, and Vienna certainly is most strongly associated with that of the noble Maria Theresa. The important sieges it has undergone, the important congresses held there, all seem to dwindle before the recollection of this august sovereign, the idol of her people. Portraits of her are multiplied, not only as the young and beautiful bride of Francis of Lorraine, but

more frequently as the calm and subdued widow, with her black veil falling on either side her face, a costume she never altered after her husband's death, when she became, „the Mother of her people.“ We went to the church of the Capuchins, only remarkable as containing the burial vault of the Imperial family. A wide circle in the pavement surrounded by an iron railing, throws light down upon the tomb of Maria Theresa and her husband Francis. This monument is elaborately ornamented, and the Royal pair are represented reclining in full costume, with emblems of state about them, not as stiff, dead effigies, but in all the appearance of health and life.

„There, so sepulchred, in such pomp doth lie
„That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.“

One of the Brotherhood ushered us down a stair with a torch, to visit the recesses of this Imperial vault. It is a great stone chamber receiving air and light only from the circular opening in the church above. The sarcophagi are ranged within this space, some of metal, some of stone, some elaborately ornamented, but the late Emperor Francis II requested a stop might be made to this useless expenditure. Certainly the most interesting tomb there, was the one he devoted to his grandson, the young Duke de Reichstadt. It is a simple copper coffin with a raised cross upon it, and the inscription: „*Napoleonis Galliae Imperatoris Filius.*“ Not far from this, rest the remains of Francis himself, who requested to be laid along side his grandson. Such feelings serve for epitaphs.

The Empress Maria Theresa, in spite of all the pomp and circumstance attendant on her elaborate monument, which she erected when she was but six and twenty, in the full bloom of youth, was a devoted mourner for her husband, with whom she lived forty two years in the

sincerest conjugal affection. After his death she repaired on the eighteenth of every month to perform her devotions at his tomb. Her grief was as sincere as all her other feelings. She wore mourning till the day of her death. She never afterwards inhabited the state-apartments in which she had lived with her husband, but remained in a suite of rooms plainly furnished and hung with black. There was no affectation in this sorrow; she adhered uniformly to this mode of life for fifteen years, and only appeared in public when her presence was absolutely necessary. „With all her excellencies the Empress was bigoted and imperious. These imperfections had their sway. One of her daughters, the Archduchess Josepha, a girl of fifteen, was betrothed to the King of Naples, a beautiful engaging young creature, but who looked on this marriage with a sort of horror. While she was suffering under extreme nervous agitation, her mother desired her to visit the family vault and perform her devotions at the tomb of her father for the last time. The young girl expressed her repugnance at the idea; the Empress unused to the slightest resistance on the part of her children, would not allow her authority to be disputed and reiterated her commands with some severity. Josepha submitted, descended into the fatal vault, was seized with a cold shivering and nearly fainted away. She was brought back to the palace, sickened the same evening and the smallpox declared itself, — in a few days she was no more.“ In the church of the Augustines there is a chapel called the Loretto, where are preserved in silver urns the hearts of the Imperial family.

One morning while at breakfast, a light tap at the door, and an answer to come in, brought before me one of the Brothers of charity who devote themselves to the cause of an hospital liberally opened to the sick of all

nations. I have more than once during my travels fallen in with these men, who always have impressed me with the beauty of charity. There can be no greater good done, than this caring for the sick and helpless, and there is a modesty and gratitude in the way they ask and receive contributions from strangers, which adds another pleasure to the giving. He urged me to visit the institution, something prevented, but I learnt from others the order, cleanliness and good management are perfect. This leads me to speak of the general hospital founded by the Emperor Joseph II capable of holding 3477 patients. It receives annually 36,500. Connected with it is the lying-in hospital, where women may be received in the most secret manner, unseen by any one, obtain medical assistance, and every care, and having recovered quit the house perfectly undiscovered. The child can be left and placed in the foundling hospital. There is something in all this preparation to disguise crime, which is shocking; the question remains whether the demoralizing effects be greater in such a community, than where no such institutions exist but where infanticide is the terrible result. Legislation I believe has not yet decided. The old cities of Europe contain similar institutions; experience must have taught it was the necessary result of human depravity. I do not pretend to give an opinion, I write Impressions, and certainly the result of what I learnt, produced most repugnant ones. A woman is admitted by paying a small fee—those of the first class are permitted to remain veiled. The laws are so stringent, no officer of the law can enter those walls, the fact of an individual's being there, never can be proved in a court of justice; the child can be registered in the office, and the mother receive a ticket by which at any time she can reclaim her offspring. Vienna has

the reputation of being one of the most dissolute cities in Europe; how much such an institution favors such result, I leave for others to determine. Next to Paris, it is the most animated, say men, but the time of my visit was unfortunately mis-chosen. Except the concourse of every day citizens, who offered no variety from these of all other German towns, there were no attractions. The court was absent, the Prater empty, the equipages of the nobility dispersed in other parts, nothing left but the monotony of sight seeing, recalling vividly Madame de Staël's aphorism: „The pleasure of travelling, is to have travelled.“ I weary of a mass of things thrust upon me to digest in a hurry; following round with a troop of other people, by no means sympathetic, whose cowhide boots and coarse country cloth clothe an ignorant curiosity; who gape with wondering eyes at what they cannot possibly understand, and crowd those out who do. So it was at the „Schatzkammer“ or Imperial Jewel Treasury. I feasted my eyes however on the coronation regalia of Charlemagne, taken from his tomb at Aix-la-Chapelle. Something real, tangible, connected with my favourite hero—crown, sceptre, sword, shoes, all actually worn by him. There were also the numerous relics, absurd as usual, the arm bone of St. Anne, and a bit of the table cloth used at the Last Supper, with a long list more displayed at the time of the coronation. This treasure chamber contains a mass of things, from the almost invaluable collection of precious stones, down to the swords of heroes, and the horoscope of Wallenstein. This, a circular enamelled plate, with the figure of a lion in the centre and cabalistical emblems around it, mixed with the signs of the Zodiac.

Here also are preserved the coronation robes of that would-be modern Charlemagne—Napoleon—used when

crowned King of Lombardy, at Milan. Imitating his great predecessor, he placed the crown upon his own head, using the memorable words: „Dio me la diede; guai a chi la tocca!“ It is a curious fact this coronation crown is studded with false jewels, evidently only intended to produce a theatrical effect. The old iron crown of Lombardy still remains at Monza.

A mere cursory survey of this museum of curiosities at the tail of a crowd, and a cicerone haranguing its merits in a sing-song style, did not satisfy me; however I learnt what a portable altar meant. Mary Stuart carried one to the place of execution and gave it to one of her attendants, just before she laid her head upon the block. I remembered the fact, but not till I saw it in this museum did I understand what it was. They pretend to own the identical one.

These house altars (Haus-Altärchen) are composed of a frame with two wings which fold over it like a book. They are of all dimensions, sometimes small enough to carry in the hand, or hang up over the bed, sometimes quite large and used to decorate the altars of side chapels in churches, devotional pictures are enclosed in them. So I left the Schatzkammer with at least a new idea to add to my small store.

After loitering through the gorgeous palaces of Vienna, through its richly stored museums and valuable galleries of pictures, I turned my footsteps towards the great Cathedral of St. Stephen's, which again awoke in me the old reverence inspired by Gothic architecture. From the glare and buzz of the outer world, I found myself in the solemn gloom and silence of this great temple. The grandeur of its immense proportions, the rich glow of its ancient stained glass, its elaborate carvings, its enormous

columns, its monuments, its atmosphere laden with the perfume of incense, all tended to produce that quiet seriousness so nearly akin to prayer. Ruskin says, speaking of shadow in architecture „seriousness imposes more than lyric gaiety in poetry; in fiction, the depth and diffusion of gloom tell upon those sentiments of sorrow, of which life is full.“ So the solemnity of these huge cathedrals produces a vague dreaminess, a sensation of rest, that eternal want of the human soul we are ever seeking but never find. The tower of St. Stephen's is considered a master-piece of Gothic architecture, 465 feet high. In the north-west angle is shown the stone bench where Count Stahremberg, the brave governor of Vienna during the memorable siege by the Turks 1683, used to reconnoitre their camp. The city was assaulted by the Turks to the number of nearly three hundred thousand. The citizens and students were all under arms, reduced to bread and water, when Sobieski appeared and signals from the Kahlenberg mountains announced relief. Then followed that complete overthrow of the Turkish army, which fled, leaving their camp a prey to their enemy. Sobieski was proclaimed „the saviour of the city“, the Emperor Leopold who had fled to Linz returned and did penance before the altar, a taper in his hand.

Vienna like Berlin is not the resort of foreigners who take up their residence for a time abroad. It is an expensive place, and the climate is very unhealthy. All these cities situated on rivers, are subject to typhus, but Vienna has besides, an atmosphere prejudicial to the lungs. I was told by a celebrated physician that the statistics of pulmonary disease were three quarters in Vienna, whilst in other cities they were only half or one third. The difficulty of gaining admission into society is another

objection to a residence here. Strangers may be partially admitted, but when among them, do not feel welcomed. The strong rooted prejudices of birth are felt to that degree that, for instance, if a woman cannot prove a descent dating four generations on each side the house, she cannot be admitted at court, although her husband's position may be recognized there. Hedged in by such laws, of course the circle is limited: so the „Quintessence of Cream“, as they call themselves, forms a small body in Austria. A lady told me (she belonged to the skim milk nobility, only a Baronne) that at supper she would not dare to place herself at table with the Countesses; should she do so, they would soon make her feel she was not in her place, and give her the cold shoulder; not in the literal English sense however which is far the politest, where if a guest stays too long, a cold shoulder of mutton is served up for lunch, but an actual back turning.

I leave Vienna to better informed travellers, conscious that my experiences there are hardly worth the writing. The Prater, that scene of gaiety and excitement, was silent and abandoned. This formerly was reserved for the use of the Imperial family and nobility, but under Joseph, eldest son of Maria Theresa, it was thrown open to the people. In vain did the „Essence of Cream“ remonstrate that hitherto it had been the exclusive privilege of the nobility to drive there, and exhibit their august persons; this protestation was met by the Emperor with the answer: „Were I only to associate with my equals, I should be compelled to descend into my family vault and spend my days amid the dust of my ancestors.“ The „Prater“ consists of a series of low wooded islands formed by arms of the Danube, which wander about and rejoin the parent stream farther down. Broad avenues are cut through,

leading to coffee houses where you are served under the trees according to the German fashion. On Easter Monday the display at the Prater takes place, when the great world appears in splendor with newequipages and dashing liveries, and among them the humblest conveyances of the citizen class. These cut in the line, in their old shabby vehicles, with just as much freedom as the princely four-in-hand with its plumed chasseurs. The Prater is divided into two parts; the first where the great world exhibits „its fantastic tricks before high Heaven,, and the people's Prater, behind the coffee houses, called the Würstl Prater from the great quantity of „Würstle“ or sausages which are consumed during the holidays, and which are cooked in the open air. The holidays held here are pretty much like the „Vogelwiese“ in Dresden: music, dancing, shows, and eating-booths, noise, revelry and beer. The Prater is nearly four miles long. During my short stay in Vienna, I saw none of the uproar, it was mid-summer, I only know it as a beautiful park interspersed with noble trees, through which, now and then, you see at a distance peaceful herds of deer and glimpses of the Danube. Joseph II lived a century too early; his leading idea was the happiness and freedom of his people, but like all innovators, he wrenched up old prejudices which, like strong trees, are too deeply rooted to transplant in a day. He was in consequence immensely unpopular with the nobility, finally he became their mortal enemy, by condemning one of their caste, Col. Sze-kuly, to be put in the public pillory for swindling and Prince Podstatsky-Lichtenstein to sweep the public streets for forging bank notes.

Regardless of the power of hereditary prejudice he arbitrarily upset every existing institution, convinced it

would be for the public welfare. He met with opposition from every quarter — lived to see the ingratitude of his people, who were not qualified to understand his motives, and died discouraged, to be succeeded by his brother Leopold, who restored the ancient regime, under which the Austrians are living to this day, a pleasure loving indolent, handsome race.

PRAGUE.

CHAPTER XXV.

„Je sens que j'aimerais en Amérique les nouvelles villes et les nouvelles lois. La Nature et la Liberté y parlent assez à l'âme pour qu'on n'y ait pas besoin de souvenirs: mais sur notre vieille terre il faut du passé.“

Mad. de Staël.

I left Vienna for Prague.

What curious associations are cherished from one's earliest years, almost without knowing it, till some circumstance bring them to light. Prague, „the Battle of Prague“ who that has lived forty years, but remembers that tremendous „cheval de bataille“, that grand triumph of piano skill, envied by all school-girl performers. The march, the trumpet call, the big guns fired, down on the bass notes, cross handed, the moans of the wounded, I declare for the moment, I used to imagine myself Frederick the Great himself — „Sans pareil“, as they called him. So had Prague fixed itself as a word, stowed away in one of those cells of memory, where old things sprout sometimes, but which had never been brought to light again till now that I was about to visit this, one of the most interesting of the old towns of Germany. Such were my thoughts as I was hurried by steam from Vienna, and landed in the Graben, at the „Black Horse,“ one of the best hotels in Germany.

There are days in life when everything seems bright, existence sits lightly, a bland sunshine pervades all one's

being. The ancients termed these our „White days“. It was emphatically a white day with me, the one in which I went forth to visit the beautiful city of Prague. Driving through the Altstadt, or Old German town, with its quaint houses and narrow streets, we emerged upon the bridge of St. Charles, built over the Moldau, which divides the city. It was begun in 1358 and not completed till 1507. It is ornamented by twenty eight statues or groupings in brown stone, among them that of St. John Nepomuk, distinguished by a cross and five stars radiating from it. The legend is, that he was thrown from this bridge and drowned in 1381 by order of King Wenceslaus, because he would not divulge the Queen's confession. Miraculous flames were seen flickering in the water over the spot where the body sank; curiosity was excited, the body recovered, and John of Nepomuk became thence forward the patron saint of bridges. His canonization took place in 1729 by the Pope, and the most extraordinary splendor was displayed. The festival, which lasted eight days, was participated in by the whole of the Austrian monarchy, in fact by all Catholic Christendom. Vienna was the scene of unusual pomp. The interior of St. Stephen's was hung with purple, the courtiers and citizens vied with each other in splendor. Almost the whole population of Bohemia poured into Prague, more than four hundred processions of townships, bearing offerings, came as to a pagan sacrifice: Altbunzlau, with garnets and rubies, Königsgrätz with pheasants, Chrudim with crystals, Czaslau with silver, Kaurim with evergreen plants, Bechin with salmon, Prachin with pearls and gold sand, Pilsen with a white lamb, Saaz with ears of corn etc. The whole city and its innumerable towers were splendidly illuminated; an immense procession marched to Nepomuk, the birth place of the Saint, with

banners, and figures of the Virgin. Menzel calls this Pagan, but it is rather a traditionary custom, similar to the tributes paid at the Jewish Temple, when the tribes gave according to their ability. „Let the men of his place help him with silver and with gold and with goods and with beasts, besides the freewill offering for the house of God which is in Jerusalem.“ The Roman Catholic ceremonies naturally grew from the original of the Jewish Temple, but assuming a new signification, „the priests vestments, the candlesticks, the tribute money and the cloths of service, the holy garments for Aaron the priest and the garments of his sons to minister in the priest's office, the anointing oil, and sweet incense for the holy place. . . .“

From the bridge of St. Charles the eyes takes in an immense range of interest. There lies the old town straggling along the river, with here and there an isolated tower. The black ones are those where formerly torture and execution took place, gloomy reminders, ever darkening the picture of these glorious old towns. Opposite, on the rising ground, is the spot where Ziska, the blind leader of the Hussites, first intrenched himself; it still retains the name Ziskaberg. Further on to the left, are seen the heights of St. Lawrence, with the church erected in memory of his martyrdom by fire, believed to be expiatory of the heathen worship there, in early days. „The ancient Germans had no temples for the worship of their gods, they kindled fires upon the lofty mountains, or brought their offerings to the lonely shore, or to the recesses of the forest and shade of their sacred oaks.“ Before us lay the „Hradschin“, or steep hills, capped by the palace of the old Bohemian Kings. Close beside it, the Dom or Cathedral; further on along the hill, groups of stately edifices; again beyond these, the fine old monastery of the Premonstratensians of Strahow, with its lofty towers and

dark groves, overhang the river. After passing the bridge we enter the „Kleinseite,“ where the old aristocratic houses and gardens are found, the city being divided into four parts. The „Altstadt“ or nucleus of the whole, the „Neue Stadt“ which embraces it as it were. These were originally divided by a wall and ditch, now filled up, making what is called „the Graben“, a wide beautiful street where all the hotels are situated. These compose the city on one side of the river; the Kleinseite and Hradchin on the other. We bent our steps first to the monastery of Strahow, its name derived from „Watch Tower, the site having formerly been occupied by one. The view from here, is perfectly enchanting, comprising the extensive panorama of the old town and the windings of the river as far as the eye can reach. All was quiet repose, the chapel open, but solitary. We passed silently through it and reached an inner court, on which the convent buildings face. Our guide knocked at a side-door, it was opened by an old Brother, dressed in a white serge frock, girt about the body with a belt, from which on one side hung a rosary; the whiteness of the serge upon his chest diverging into a light chocolate color, from an inveterate habit he had of taking snuff. Old, lame with the rheumatism and somewhat deaf withal, he did not seem a person in whom one could take much interest, and we followed him slowly and in silence, as he hobbled up a long stair. While we are mounting let me observe that Norbert of Xanterre, converted by a stroke of lightning which struck him from his horse, founded the strict Order of the Premonstratensians in the wild vale of Prémontre in France. It is said the monks were so poor at first, their sole property was an ass who carried the wood they cut every morning to Laon, where it was sold to buy them bread, that in a short time they received so many contributions and built

so many monasteries, that in thirty years after the foundation of their order, they counted above one hundred abbeys in France and Germany.

Arrived at the head of the stair we found a vestibule from which a large room opened; here the old Brother stopped and while fumbling in his pocket for the key, looked at us and asked if we were English; on our answering we were Americans, he chuckled, laughed, patted one of the young men in our company upon the cheek, opened the door, took me by the hand and led me down a long room lined with books. At the farther end, opening a volume that lay upon a table, he ran his finger down a written list of names, and pointed out to us those of two Americans, who proved to have been our fellow passengers across the Ocean. This seemed to interest and delight him, the dear old simple soul. He ran about with childish simplicity fetching us the curiosities of the library to look at. Among these were the autographs of Tycho Brahe, and two globes made by him. Disappointed at home, Tycho Brahe was invited by Rodolph II and found a home at Prague, where he continued his astronomical observations and died leaving his scholar, the famous Kepler, to pursue his scientific researches. He was buried in the Theinkirche, where afterwards I saw the monument erected to him. It is an effigy rudely carved in relief, on a slab of red marble placed against the last column near the altar; it bears his motto: „Esse potius quam haberi“ — „To be, rather than to appear“. The portrait of Ziska hangs in this convent library, but I think I took as much interest in the old Father, as in any thing I saw. The genuine simplicity and real kindness of his manner led me speculating on the comparative happiness of life. Surely I would not seek it in the monastic, as times are, but yet this chafing and collision with

the world, wearing away the best part of our nature, leads one to pause and reflect, where and what is best for man. A rest within that book-lined hall of the monastery of Strahow, with its wide windows letting in light, dimmed by the shadow of the high trees that rustled their leaves outside, seemed to me the realization of my most earnest idea of human enjoyment, the monastic luxury of rest, in the solitude of a great library, and the power of communing with superior intellect in stillness. The Father accompanied us down to the court and we parted with a feeling of interest, induced by his kind and earnest manner. He refused the fee we proffered, but we insisted it was to buy snuff, and he goodhumoredly accepted it. This visit to the monastery recalled those awful times of religious anarchy and confusion, civil wars, and massacres, of which Prague was the scene; when Protestant and Catholic each in his turn, gave way to all the savage passions of human nature broken loose from reason, and breathing nothing but rancor and revenge.

The Hradschin or palace of the old Bohemian Kings crowns the high hill. It is more conspicuous from its great extent, than from any outward beauty, said to comprise 440 apartments. It has been built at different periods, from the time of Charles VI, 1300, down to the year 1756. The four towers now remaining are the last of twenty two destroyed by time or war. Those called the Black and White Towers served as state prisons, and close to the White Tower is one called the „Daliborka“ which enclosed the usual tortures and horrors of the Middle Ages. There is nothing particularly interesting in the palace itself, but the view from it is the finest in Prague. I went into a private suite of rooms to a balcony, which overlooked the whole, and saw, eighty feet below me, the small obelisks that mark the spot where the unpopular

members of the Imperial government fell, when uncere-
moniously pitched out of the window of the council cham-
ber, in 1618. While on the spot, I will make a digression
to a subject which was new to me. The apartment in
which I then was, belonged to one of the „Damen-Stifte“
of the Hradschin, institutions peculiar to Germany. A
Stift is an endowment, originally for pious uses, but ap-
plicable to any purposes determined by the will of the
founder. The earliest were the Monastic Stifte, which
date from the ninth century. Again those instituted under
royal auspices, for objects of learning etc. But in Germany
exist what is called „Familien-Stifte“ among the nobility,
for the support of indigent members. Where the sons are all
noble and cannot enter into civil employments, the re-
sult is a class, who are poor and must be supported; so
when there is wealth in a family, a Stift is instituted for
the education and maintenance of the younger sons. So
the Damen-Stift is an institution for poor ladies. That of
the Hradschin at Prague was established by Maria The-
resa and is inaccessible to any young lady who is not
descended from eight ancestors of equal birth on either
side. The Pröbstin or head of the Stift on the Hradschin
is or was a member of the Imperial family, and has the
high privilege of crowning the Empress of Austria as
Queen of Bohemia. The laws of the Stift only oblige
them to remain three months of the year in the institu-
tion; they are free to go where they please during the
remainder, provided it be within the Kingdom, but they
require permission to travel in foreign countries. They
enter general society, are not distinguished by any pe-
culiar costume, but wear the cross of their order on the
left shoulder, and bear the title of „Madame.“ They have
a suite of rooms, servants, and a carriage, at their dispo-
sal. There are at present thirty six ladies at the Hradschin.

These Stifte are grafted upon old Catholic institutions; some only for the members of noble families, some half noble and half daughters of distinguished men; in this respect the law is arbitrary and the institution organized according to the will of the donor.

The Cathedral stands within the enclosure of the Hradschin, its beautiful Gothic side is seen to great advantage from the castle. It bears still the marks of the devastations of the Hussites who, like the Puritans in England, in their zeal to destroy Popery, demolished and defaced fine works of art. It is almost impossible to conceive the horrors of those times. The Emperor Wenzel suffocated in his palace, his death a signal for a general outbreak, every church and monastery in Prague plundered, pictures burnt, priests' robes made into flags.

Yet Ziska found the people too moderate. He armed the peasants with flails bristling with spikes and burnt the priests in tar barrels. These excesses raised a crusade against the Hussites, who were forced to come to terms, and peace for a time was restored. The cathedral suffered not only from the fanaticism of the Hussites, but later again, by the bombardment during the siege under Frederick the Great, when the Prussian artillery made it their target. Two hundred and fifteen balls passed through the roof alone, and the end of the church received 1500. When I reached it the doors were closed, and the sacristan had to be sent for. He arrived with a ponderous mass of keys, four of which he applied to four different locks. He told us the church treasure was too valuable to remain under ordinary locks, and certainly we found here the most extraordinary collection of silver extant, in the form of angels as large as life, and ever burning lamps, before the shrine of St. John of Nepomuk, which is considered one of the most costly in the world. I could

not help being wicked enough to think, how much better it could be employed in improving the miserable Austrian currency as it now exists, and I presume from the presence of the four keys, other people might have the same idea. The entire weight of silver is stated at 37 cwt. The body of the Saint is encased in a crystal coffin, and this again enclosed in one of silver, which four angels of life-size bear aloft. Ever burning silver lamps hang above and candelabra of the same precious metal stand below, while four angels seem to float in the air. Below the coffin are bas-reliefs, representing the principal scenes in his life, one of these, his torture in the Hradschin, to extort from him the Queen's confession. Latterly there have been added to the church a set of silver lamps one suspended in each of the small arches that form the upper gallery; but it is said the treasure that is visible is only a part of the wealth devoted to the Saint, and that the church plate and mass robes are of the most valuable description. By applying to the Canon of the Cathedral strangers can be shown all these relics. I acknowledge I did not ask to see them, though tradition tells, that there I should have found the bones of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, one of the palm branches strewed in Christ's way to Jerusalem, and the pocket-handkerchief of the Virgin Mary.

The chapel of St. Wenzel, the patron saint of Bohemia is a much more interesting relic to the lover of quaint antiquity. It is a dark prison-like place, its walls inlaid with specimens of amethyst, jasper and chrysoprase, serving as a frame-work to a series of fresco paintings, executed by order of the Emperor Charles IV, curious as specimens of Bohemian art in the fourteenth century.

The remains are interred in this chapel, his statue

standing under a shrine, is said to have been cast from the first cannon taken from John Ziska, and executed by Peter Vischer of Nuremberg 1420. The brass ring on the door is looked upon with great veneration. Tradition says the Saint had clung fast to it when murdered by his brother in 936 in the church of Alt-Bunzlau. This ring is wearing away by the kisses of the faithful, like the toe of St. Peter at Rome. The cathedral contains the Imperial Mausolèum, under which are buried thirteen royal personages. It is of white marble executed by the celebrated Colin of Mechlin. There are other monuments, chapel shrines etc., too numerous to mention, but all possessing some attraction, making the old Dom a place where one may pass an hour with much interest. It is dedicated to St. Vitus, which name, associated as it is with a nervous affection, has often made me wonder if religious dances did not descend by right of invention from St. Vitus. Adjoining the Hradschin are many old palaces of the Bohemian nobility, poor melancholy looking piles; that of Wallenstein remains the only one of any interest; it is of great extent and encloses a beautiful pleasure ground. Tradition says that in order to make room for this palace one hundred houses were pulled down. He maintained here a royal splendor, his body guard consisted of fifty soldiers. Sentinels paraded outside, sixty pages of noble families were educated in his house. When he went from home, fifty carriages conveyed himself and suite, fifty waggons carried his baggage and furniture, which were followed by fifty led horses. His fortune was enormous, his revenues exceeded six millions of dollars. He employed the fortune left him by his first wife, in purchasing the confiscated estates of the Protestants in Prague, after the flight of Frederick. The dukedom of Friedland was presented to him by his sovereign

Ferdinand. All his extensive possessions were managed with great care and assiduity which helped him to build the enormous fabric of his greatness.

Through an arched stone entrance, the portress led us out into a corridor, open on one side to the gardens, at the end of this is a small chamber, Wallenstein's bath, left as he used it. It is constructed and arranged to resemble a grotto or cave, barely light enough to detect the decorations, in form of great grey stalactites hanging from the roof and projecting from the sides; about as glum and tasteless an affair as could well have been invented. Beyond is another small chamber where the warrior's portrait still hangs. The sallow lowering countenance, the high forehead, the short bristling hair, depicting that man who was reported to be in league with the powers of darkness, and who loved to encourage the idea that he was invulnerable, shrouding himself in mystery and silence. Perhaps too he himself cherished such belief, for during his residence in Italy he had studied the dark sciences, more especially Astrology, and had read his future story in the stars. It is well known that an Italian astrologer named Seni, lodged in his house. The chapel for his private use remains just as he left it, a very small closet, lighted by one window, furnished with two or three arm-chairs covered with striped satin, and a Turkey carpet spread before a balustrade, over which you look down upon an altar below, where the service was held; religion thus linking itself with superstition, the craving for something beyond ourselves. It was the speech of one of his contemporaries when, in his last strait, Wallenstein applied for aid: „He who does not trust in God can never be trusted by Man.“ He met his death by murder countenanced, it is said, by his sovereign, who after the deed was accomplished, never being able to obtain proof of the

conspiracy alleged against Wallenstein ordered three thousand masses to be said for the repose of his soul.

Opposite the Czernin Palace, which has been left to fall to decay unfinished, stands the „Loretto Capella“, an imitation or rather facsimile of the genuine one at St. Loretto near Ancona. In former days I had been on that pilgrimage, and well I remembered the black wooden image of the Virgin covered with diamonds and the Child Jesus playing with an enormous „solitaire“. The legend runs thus: Mary's cottage once upon a time took flight from the Holy Land and settled upon the sharp acclivity near St. Loretto, and still the wonder grew, till princes and nobles endowed a church, which rose and sheltered the wooden hut. This became its inner shrine, round which pilgrims have crept upon their knees till the pavements are deeply furrowed. The building at Prague was erected at the expense of a Princess v. Lobkowitz and its treasury is said to be of great value.

Returning to the Old Town, one of the most interesting points decidedly is the University, not as a building, but remarkable as the first established in Germany and mother of all the rest. It was founded in 1348 by the Emperor Charles IV who thus gave to the kingdom of Bohemia a lustre till then unknown. The fame of its teachers and the privileges granted to its scholars soon attracted students from all parts of Europe. These were divided into four partitions: the Bohemians including Moravians and Hungarians; the Bavarians or Austrians, Franconians and Suabians; the Poles and Russians; the Saxons including Danes and Swedes. The university was composed of eight several colleges, of which one was the „Carolinum“. By the original constitution

of the university, each nation had an equal vote. This learned body soon developed into importance and produced John Huss, "whom she sent as the purest jewel of her crown to the Council of Constance; but the Fathers of that council did not even return her his ashes." The university incited Bohemia, of which it was the head and heart, to swear the oath of Hannibal against Rome. Bohemia had long been infested with the poison of heresy. The doctrines of Wycliffe had been already introduced into the university by English students. The Bohemians, a lively people, had gained a rapid advance in civilization over the rest of Germany, and a Bohemian Princess having married Richard II of England, many young Englishmen were led to this university. Through them the new opinions of Wickliffe were promulgated, and afterwards adopted by John Huss who, though a serf by birth, had raised himself by his talents to a professor's chair in Prague, and been chosen confessor to the Queen. The quarrel between the Emperor and the Pope aided his efforts. The Bohemian students became his adherents, while those of Saxony, Bavaria and Poland, strongly opposed him. John Huss proposed abrogating the rights of foreigners who hitherto had been received upon an equal footing with Germans. The discontent that ensued caused several thousands to quit the university and disperse into their respective countries. It was then the Saxons founded the university of Leipzig (1409). The Bavarians enlarged Ingoldstadt and the Poles the university of Cracow. Huss was triumphantly named Rector of Prague; hence his well known career which led to his martyrdom by burning at Constance. So was lighted the flame of that religious war of which Bohemia was the focus. The martyrdom of Huss was but the torch applied to inflammable matter which had long been accumulating, the com-

bat of religious opinions. About this period a belief had taken hold of men's minds that the end of the world was at hand, fanaticism exacted reformation. Then appeared the formidable John Ziska. Of unknown parentage, he obtained the sobriquet of Ziska, which means one-eyed, being blind of one. His was however hardly religious enthusiasm, more the desire for liberty of conscience and action, using the ferment of men's minds to serve his purpose. Obstinate, vindictive, cruel and invincible, he seemed the incarnate anger of the Almighty. There was nothing of sublime religious enthusiasm in his nature, the moving motive was revenge. A monk it is said had violated his sister and he swore an eternal hatred to their kind. He destroyed all the churches and monasteries in Bohemia; five hundred and fifty of these buildings were left without one stone upon the other. Catholic authors have written pompous descriptions of these sanctuaries of idleness and luxury, which explains the rancor of a poor and laborious population, roused to feel the weight of priestly imposts upon them. The monastery of the royal court at Prague had seven chapels, each as large as a church; on the walls of its garden were emblazoned the words of the whole Bible. But nothing compared with the magnificence of the Benedictines at Opatowitz, founded by Wratisslas I, King of Bohemia, in the ninth century, where only wealthy individuals were admitted, and then only on condition they would endow the convent with their fortunes. It was reported to have contained an enormous hidden treasure. When this monastery was pillaged, its monks were put to the torture to force them to confess where their treasure lay, but they went to their graves in silence. No one knows to this day whether it may not still lie beneath the ruin, which fire and the sword spread through the length and breadth of the land.

The war of the Hussites was but one long scene of vengeance and massacres. Men, women, children, none were spared, the history of that period swells into a volume.

Close to the bridge of St. Charles is the vast pile of the Clementinum facing on four streets. It was originally built in 1653, as a convent and seminary for the Jesuits, that order having been introduced into Bohemia for the purpose of putting a stop to heresy in the land. The university had maintained an important influence, as the rallying point of the Protestants, and the sanctuary of the Tscheski language, used in Bohemia to the present day. It is one of the eleven dialects of the great Slavonian language which is spoken by more than one third of eastern Europe. After the fatal battle of the White Hill, when Frederick, Elector Palatine and King of Bohemia, fled and the Catholic Ferdinand ascended the throne, the privileges and faculty of Theology were transferred to the Jesuits' college, the Protestant faith abolished, and the Carolinum converted into a school of medicine and law. It is at the present day in good repute. The epithet „Philistine“ which students in Germany apply to those not of their kind, means cockney. The name originated at Prague when the Hussites called themselves „Children of God“ and gave those who were of another way of thinking the name of „Philistines“.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FROM scenes of devastation and decay which still mar the beautiful face of Prague, recalling the strange unhallowed wars of religious rancor, one turns to visit a spot no less branded by the intolerance of those days, I mean the Jews' Quarter. The Jews of Prague are said to be descendants of the oldest settlement of that persecuted race in Germany; the community was larger and more opulent than that of any other city. At the end of the seventeenth century near six thousand industrious men dwelt in that narrow space known as the Jews' Quarter, where the law forced them to remain and be shut in at night by gates. Habit retains them in their former quarters, where they traffic in old frippery and refuse, but where lurks behind it all, wealth and monied power. Here one marks the peculiar Jewish physiognomy, and as our carriage drove through the confined alley, I had an opportunity to inspect them closely. The passage is so narrow you nearly rub against the houses, which rise many stories high, consequently darken the place. The population pass their time in the street in front of their shops, jabbering with their neighbors, or trafficking their old trash away. I felt conscious we were trespassing on their privileges with our carriage, and, „as they thrust their heads into the public street, to gaze on

Christian fools with varnished faces“, I questioned what right we had to do so.

The old Synagogue is one of the greatest curiosities in Prague. According to tradition, it has stood a thousand years. It was dark and smoky, lighted by slits high up in the wall, like the loopholes of a fortress. Lamps were burning, an old Rabbi with a white beard hanging on his breast, was conning over some devotional book preparatory to the Sabbath eve service. Two or three very gentlemanly old Jews with white hair, came in, but we were left to pursue our observations quietly. Beside us stood a person, also curiosity led, whose long black cloth coat and peculiarly cut stock and collar indicated the Jesuit order. He had a marked physiognomy, a quick eye, a nose slenderly formed, inclining to a point, and beneath it a sarcastic expression under compressed lips. There we stood in the old temple of God, the Jew, the Romanist, and the Protestant, each despising the other in his heart, and yet how does St. Paul teach us? — „I say to every man that is among you not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think, but to think soberly as God has dealt to every man the measure of his faith.“ I pondered over these things as we left, and took our way to the old Jewish cemetery. We found nothing there to touch the feelings, but it is very curious. Hundreds of large massive grave stones fill a narrow spot enclosed by a wall crumbling to decay. A few trees, gnarled and black, almost leafless with age, wave their old skeleton arms, meet emblems of death. The crowded earth has upheaved the stones, which present a confusion and disarray, the rank grass scarce suffices to cover. A feeling of disgust crept into my heart viewing this mere mass of human dust, without one remembrance to consecrate it. The stones are covered with

Hebrew inscriptions; some are carved at the head with emblems of the tribe to which the inmate belonged; many were Rabbis. There is a curious custom of depositing pebbles and bits of stone on and about the graves, tributes it appears, as we bring flowers; many were heaped with them.

„For charitable prayers

Schards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on them.“

The origin of this custom I have not been able to discover, but I felt all was hard and stern even in death, to this persecuted race.

„Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,

„When shall ye flee away and be at rest?

„The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,

„Mankind their country — Israel but the grave.“

It has been remarked that in those countries where the laws are most oppressive, there the Jews have increased in the greatest numbers; nowhere have they been treated with greater ignominy than in Germany; yet under all these adverse circumstances the vital energies of this people triumphed.“ Privileged by the Emperors in former days, they were indispensable but deeply hated. Holding in their power the property and welfare of hundreds, yet cursed and in daily danger of fire, murder or robbery, they lived and multiplied. In presence of Christians, cold, stubborn, patient, and cringing, they bowed down under the oppresssion of a thousand years, yet all the pride of noble birth, great wealth, and superior talent, the full glow of southern feeling, every kindly emotion and every dark passion were to be found in that race. In former days they found protectors in the Imperial court, in the harem of the Sultan, in the secret chambers of the Pope; with all this they bore the

mark of the dishonored stranger; in the Empire they were distinguished by a yellow cockade on their coat, in Bohemia by a stiff blue cravat, as they had been in the Middle Ages by the yellow hat, and in Italy by the red mantle." Little by little in the progress of civilization they are casting off the shackles of prejudice; the world acknowledges at last that they are as other men. Bright shining lights of science and art have appeared in every variety, sprung from the despised race. Mendelsohn at thirteen was a wandering Jewish beggar without health, without home, almost without a language, he spoke a jargon of broken Hebrew and provincial German. At middle age he wrote his „Phaeton“, was a man of wealth and breeding, and ranked among the teachers of his age. „The noble Jew Mendelsohn,“ as one of his countrymen has called him, would that all might take him as a model in one respect; he suffered from rudeness, and defended himself only by a rare and happy wit. When he was summoned before Frederick the Great, and the chamberlain in hussar's uniform refused to admit him, taking him for a common Jew, he said: „Yes, I am come to chaffer“. This perfect moderation excited a universal admiration for him.

The story of the poor little Jewess singing before the coffee-house doors to earn a few pence, is a pendant to this picture — the sublime, the incomparable Rachel! A long list of names which have become world renowned, artists, musical composers, and men of letters, may be added. Rossini, Meyerbeer, Halevy, Bendemann, Boerne, Heine, Auerbach and a host more, all belonging to the despised race, force men to cast aside prejudices which Providence seems preparing to obliterate. The sentence was passed, and the voice of the prophet denounced, that the Almighty would „deliver them to be removed into all kingdoms of

the earth for their hurt, to be a reproach and a proverb, a taunt and a curse in all places whither I shall drive them."

„Watchman, what of the night? watchman, what of the night? The watchman said: The morning cometh and also the night, if ye will enquire, enquire ye, return — come."

Turn ye, turn ye. Why will ye die, O house of Israel?

I left old Prague impressed that it was one of the most interesting cities in Germany. Its crumbling remains of ancient grandeur, the wide spread beauty of its environs, its lovely river, and above all its long line of historic association, leave a lasting remembrance. It is connected now by the iron band of union that binds the great cities of Europe together. The facilities of travel are operating in revivifying Prague, as they are doing for many another old town in Germany, and Progress, „that fervent reformer, whose tread he that puts his ear to the ground may hear at a distance, coming on every road," is at their gates.

I saw the Rhine in the beauty of its early spring time, afterwards the Danube in the full strength of summer, but if the Rhine gladden the eye with its sunny hills, if the dark Danube now sleeping among its sedges, now dashing impetuously forward, fills the imagination, so the Elbe comes gently forth from its source in the Schneeberg and wins quietly its meed of praise. It breaks its way through a range of sandstone hills, wrought into such fantastic shapes, it requires very little imagination to form them into battlements and towers, fortified walls or

ruins. Wild Virginia creepers red tinged by autumn, were climbing over the rocks, their long ends floating like banners in the wind, clothing isolated peaks, and adding infinitely to the delusion, that these were works of art. The shores gradually merged into meadow land as we approached Dresden. The full harvest moon mellowed the landscape and the dark arches of the beautiful old bridge were clearly defined by the gilded ripple on the water. We landed there, under the Brühl Terrace, with its shaded walks and gay cafés, its music and ever moving crowd, the favourite summer resort of the citizens.

DRESDEN.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DRESDEN.

„The prosaic world is a hard nut to crack and many a kernel dries up beneath the thick shell.“

Bettina Arnim.

Thirty years ago, American boys and girls went to school at home, got a smattering of French and ignored the necessity of the German tongue.

Thirty years ago, old Dresden lay quietly girdled by the Elbe, and if a stray American found his way there, German children wondered why he did not wear his feathers and blanket — veritas! — Now, Dresden is becoming a city of refuge to Americans, many of our mothers gather up their delicate broods and fly hither to rear them, dreading the atmospheric influences of home, „pity 'tis, 'tis true,“ the cry among us is still for schools, schools established on a firm basis. The Gymnasia or preparatory schools of Germany are all based on one system, and are the lower rungs of the ladder which leads to the University. German boys ascend from the first start, year after year, in gradual progression; habits of study are thus fixed and a system pursued. With us, it is rare that a boy from the age of eight to fifteen has not changed into as many schools as the years in that space counted. It has been the cry of the age, how unsatisfac-

tory our Institutions are, — I do not mean of course to include the public schools for the people. In utter despair of accomplishing what we wish for our boys, we bring them to Germany, and the young American without early training, without preparation, is expected to fall into the system at once, and that probably with a very superficial knowledge of the language. He revolts at it, German professors do not understand children's having an opinion of their own, our juvenile independents give a false impression, they are tolerated because they pay well, but the German boys do not amalgamate with them, the natures are opposed, the one too precocious, the other too retarded. The young American returns home none the better for his foreign education than having been kept a boy, which in our forcing hot-house system, is at all events a point gained. The German educational plan is thorough, but if we wish our sons to profit by it, they must begin at the age of ten and pass eight years at least abroad — few American parents are willing to make this sacrifice, and if they are, what would be the result? Germans. We want our sons Americans. We must reform the system at home, we must turn our serious attention to the evil where it exists, at our own fire-sides. With our daughters I must allow German education produces excellent results. The quiet simplicity of the one, operating upon the quick versatility of the other, tones the character and makes our girls charming. That deference to their elders, that calm perseverance and concentration of the German character balance the impetuosity and unbridled will of ours. There is here a moral atmosphere, which influences the mind, as climate does the body. German habits and amusements are all tranquillizing. This composure and quiet, this passiveness in fine, which degenerates into monotony in the German women, works

an undefined charm, when mingled with the vivacity and brilliancy of the American. I shall naturally be accused of partiality, but that we are the Antipodes of one another, he that runs may read. What is conclusive in my mind, is the acknowledgment of Germans in favor of the attractiveness of our women. When public opinion has once taken its bent, there is very little use endeavoring to counteract it, but long observation abroad has induced me to hint at the invalidity of what is called educating our lads in Germany. However, year after year the colony of Americans increases, and a few words relative to the capabilities of the place may be useful. „I think of passing the winter in Dresden,“ was the vague idea floating through my mind without further method or reason than I must pass it somewhere; so I came. A winter in Dresden is the dingiest of dingy things. The shortest of days and the longest of nights, not to speak of the high sharp winds that come sweeping down the valley of the Elbe, and the coal smoke flecks which so pervade the atmosphere you never can have clean hands or face, mark this season. But Dresden in the Spring time is a feast of flowers and beauty, and only at the end of May, would I advise the traveller in search of pleasure, to come within its borders. However for that class who come here to establish themselves for a given time, I will recount my experiences. I arrived towards the latter part of September. „Old Dresden“ was a term stereotyped upon my mind, and after my tour in Franconia, and luxuriating in the memories of the Middle Ages, I anticipated something of the same kind here. But none of the poetry of the olden time seems to cling about it, none of the halo of the Romantic Age. It was not till the fifteenth century, Dresden came at all into notice, the Saxon Princes having made the fortress of Meissen their stronghold, and

a city growing up around it became the Royal Residence. Meissen was entirely destroyed by fire in 1222 and then Dresden grew into importance. The great wealth accruing to Saxony from the discovery of the silver mines of Freiberg made their Princes very powerful. Heinrich, who governed at the time of the rebuilding of Meissen, was said to have towers full of money. At a tournament given at Freiberg there appeared in the midst of the forest a tree of silver chiselled with consummate art and loaded with gold and silver leaves; those who broke a lance with their opponent were recompensed with a silver leaf; those who overthrew him, with a gold one. These Princes had been strong adherents to the reformed church, but at the end of the seventeenth century they returned to Catholicism to secure the government of Poland. For a time Dresden seemed to gain in political importance and in taste for the arts. Then arose those edifices built in the corrupt style of Italian taste mingled with bizarre caprices, as Forteuil describes them, „les palais roccoco, avec leur surcharge de fleurs, leur attirail d'excroissances vermiculées qui les font ressembler aux vieilles pendules de Meissen ou de Sèvres.“ The Theatre and the Catholic Court Chapel are built in this overloaded style; the Zwinger also, which was originally intended as a court to a great palace never begun. Independently of these, Dresden offers few attractions in its architectural embellishments. The royal palace is a vast gloomy looking building divested of all outward ornament. I do not propose speaking methodically of these things, which are to be found in every guide-book, but rather giving my personal experiences and impressions of all I saw and heard. The first move for spending a winter here, is to search for a furnished apartment, where you instal yourself, hire servants, get in fuel, and have

a book at the butcher's and grocer's, always premising that you are to set yourself on the defensive against a system of pilfering which remains an established fact amongst all the servants in Dresden. Their wages are very low, and they must make up the deficiency somehow; openhanded liberality does not cure the evil, they think you are ignorant, and pilfer you accordingly. Where there exists this entire want of confidence, there is a mutual want of respect, and thence, is naturally established a tacit warfare between master and servant. The police regulations are very severe, enforcing them to present their character-book each time they leave a place, and give the reasons why they do so. As you seldom detect them, you only feel you are cheated, and that in such a small way, it is too niggardly to notice. At the same time it is sufficiently irritating to wish to rid yourself of the individual, who weakens your tea or coffee by sly pinches from the portion given out, and diminishes your sugar bowl by a lump or two, everytime it comes within grasp. The standing armies which make every town a garrison, lead to enormous evil. Where there are such masses of soldiers who are prohibited from marrying, and where there is such a custom as dance houses, which the entire class of servant girls frequent and there meet these men, the consequences may be inferred. Where you find one maid servant who respects herself you meet five hundred who do not. These soldiers who receive from government a bare subsistence, find it very agreeable to have sweethearts who supply them from their masters' stores the small sweet luxuries of life, in shape of petty embezzlements, and besides these their wages, which the women lavish upon their admirers in one way or another. A part is spent at dance houses, where the fixed tarif is wo cents for a turn in the dance. Old women hire boy

soldiers to go dance with them; when I say old, I mean women of fifty, without teeth, with strong brown hands who scrub and wash for a livelihood. I have heard since the same custom prevails in Holland only that a beau with an umbrella is paid double. All these things have passed over and over again under my observation, I hear them from all sides among German families that I frequent; it is no traveller's prejudice, it is a fact. The German system is, to pass as much time as possible in the open air. So soon as an infant can be carried from its mother's chamber, it is laid in a wicker waggon on a feather bed; over it, a down one, over that again, a fanciful spread, usually of worsted knit-work. By this spread the luxury of the individual is recognized: sometimes it is of lace, always elaborately ornamented. These waggons are drawn by the nurses through the public walks and gardens for hours at a time; here these women come in contact with soldiers lounging about. The quantity of these wicker waggons of high and low degree exceeds belief. They are an intolerable nuisance to pedestrians who would like to enjoy the walks in the allées, which extend nearly the whole circuit of the town, and which by the bye were the old moat of Dresden. The city has within thirty years found its way far beyond. If I were asked what were my first impressions of Dresden, I should say, disgust at this spectacle of nurses and small children with all their wants attended to on the public walks, and secondly the remarkable number of dwarfs and deformed people. It is said, and I think with reason, that the mode of binding infants on a feather pillow for six or eight months, induces this tendency to spinal complaints. They are very strict in bathing children and sending them into the fresh air every day, but the race is bloodless; there is but little of that glow of ruddy health,

so exquisitely developed in the Anglo Saxon races. Among the poor it might be attributed to unhealthy diet, but the same tone of coloring prevails among the children of the better orders. Speaking of those people who have the misfortune to be unlike their fellows, deformed or dwarfed, they do not as with us, sensitively shrink from society, there is in this respect an amiable benevolence which is a beautiful trait in the German character; a deformed person does not consider himself a Paria, but goes out and enjoys himself at cafés and operas, without feeling he is an object of compassion. But to return to my lodging where I am established with my German servants. Dinner is one of the worries of life: here it has a world of annoyance connected with it; either you must make up your mind to be desperately cheated by your cook in understanding with the butcher, or you must provide yourself from a Restaurant. I chose the latter, which can be accomplished in Dresden from eighteen pence a head up to a dollar, and one is served accordingly, but then be it remembered, you are at the mercy of German cookery, where sweet and sour appear under very different circumstances from their appointment with us. „Kalbfleisch“ and „Rindfleisch“ mean Veal and Beef in the dictionary, but concocted by German cooks lose their type and become incomprehensible. I will not enter fully into gastronomic dissertation, but would warn the unwary stranger to prepare his mind, that when they propose to him a „Bifstek“ it is very possible he will find it a pulp reduced by beating into the form of sausage meat; or a „Rostbif“ served stewed with sugar and raisins, touched up with a little vinegar. Soups made of beer or elderberries, apples or chocolate, are not unfrequent. All the family of Krauts: red Kraut, frizzled Kraut, green Kraut, brown Kraut, small Kraut, great Kraut, up to the

supreme Sour Kraut, being things of course. All the preparations of meal however, are excellent: bread of every variety, and plenty of fruit, so that one does, after some experience, manage to find enough to satisfy one's appetite, if not one's habitual tastes. You fall naturally into the habits of a country, and it is wise to do so. The simple roll and cup of coffee in the morning, the dinner hour between one and two, the after dinner coffee at four and the evening repast resembling what we call a country tea at home, is the routine by which animal life is sustained in Dresden. During the fine autumn days we employed our time in making excursions about the neighborhood. At the Linke'sche Bad, just out of town, there is a garden on the Elbe, where the most celebrated bands perform, and where the citizens assemble to take their coffee in the open air. This purely national custom is at first somewhat repugnant to our habits, but one soon falls into it; parties assemble round a table under the trees, where coffee and cakes are brought to them. To a stranger without acquaintances, there is a tameness in this too often repeated, but to the inhabitants who meet their friends there, either by accident or by agreement, it has a social bearing far preferable to the exclusiveness we practise. I have seen the best bred people at one table, and the small artisan with his family at another beside them, each respecting the rights of the other, enjoying the same amusements with that quiet decorousness which perhaps could not be compassed in our land, where common people think lawlessness is independence.

One must see the Germans at home to appreciate them truly; so soon as they shake off the trammels of their own laws and come to us, they hardly know how to understand the absence of restraint, and become often boorish — of course I refer to the lower orders. This manner of

living in the open air is so usual, that any house which owns the smallest bit of court yard, and there are many such in Dresden, is sure to have an arbor or a small pavilion commanding the street. Here the ladies sit and sew, the gentlemen smoke, and the after dinner coffee is served. Climate influences habits almost altogether. I do not think that sudden transitions of temperature are as common as on our side of the globe, nor the heavy dews which render it unhealthy, to remain sitting in the open air long after sunset. Neither are they annoyed here in Germany by those hosts of insects found in our prolific climate. All those varieties of tree worms, and caterpillars, spiders, hardbacks, gnats and mosquitoes, seem to be peculiar to our land; at all events in Germany from North to South, in the course of many summers, I have never seen any one inconvenienced in their out-door repose under the trees, by any such interlopers. The mosquito does exist, I have seen him, and heard his serenade; but his character is tame compared with that of his transatlantic brethren: he is not cunning, sharp, and indefatigable as a yankee mosquito, who, if he do not succeed the first time, comes at you again and again, till you are furious, as pious Martin Luther was with the fly. The German is a quiet, drony kind of a thing, that would if he could, but generally gets knocked down the first slap. And of all those hoppers, black, brown, and green, that enliven our grass and spoil our muslin dresses, one does not see three in a summer. My researches in Natural History are none of the most profound, evidently, but the insect tribes, if they do exist, certainly keep somewhere else, and never disturb the coffee drinkers under the trees. Who knows but tobacco smoke may have its influence. As the autumn days shorten, the garden seats are less in request, till at last musicians and

all find themselves in a vast hall filled with chairs and tables, where the company arrange themselves in the same manner and remain till nine or ten at night, the women knitting and sewing, the men smoking and listening to the finest brass bands in the world, performing every variety, from a symphony of Beethoven's to a polka mazurka. Such is one of the national habits, and there is a simplicity and quiet in this kind of enjoyment which we, who require more stimulating pleasures, must not condemn.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

„Travellers ne'er did lie,
Tho' fools at home condemn them.“

A drive of three hours carries you from Dresden over a splendid road winding through a valley among the mountains, with the usual accompaniment of a brawling stream. Turning abrupt points, that bring out lovely views, you reach the tiny village which nestles at the base of the Weesenstein, with its curious castle built against the side of the mountain. Here the Royal family of Saxony generally pass a few weeks each summer. It was purchased by the late king, and is one of those castles of the Middle Ages dating from the twelfth century. The better part of the year it is under the custody of a keeper, who shows strangers the curiosities of the place. Nature had here planted an enormous mass of rock, in the shape of a tower, having its base at the foot of a mountain rising straight up, but adhering to it. The architect is said to have begun at the top, and built downwards, excavating deep caves in the rock. By a pathway slightly ascending, you enter a court, where you see the base or root of the natural tower of rock; from here a stair takes you to the apartments of the castle. These are complicated mazes. Long corridors twist round and round, paved and arched with stone, the intricacy of which I could not fathom; now, up a corkscrew stair, into a vestibule, and the guide would tell you, you were at the top of the castle. Then he would turn you into another

passage up a few steps, open a low door, and show you the cellars dug out of the rock; this cellar mind ye, was high up in air, on the side of the mountain. Up, up, a little further, and you turn again into a stone paved corridor; here you are shown the Monks' Chapel and a square place paved over, once used as a cemetery. Just beside opens a low arched door, cut in the rock, there you pass into the chamber of torture. You are now somewhere half way up the mountain. Yonder is the secret entrance for the judges, there hang the iron rings, there are the deep-arched niches where the condemned were bricked up alive, all this comprised under one roof, so arranged that each and every part is separated from the other. The voice of revelry might ring from the banquet hall, and the moan of the tortured rise from the rock prison unheard by each; but they have mingled there above, before the throne of the Almighty Judge. The spot wrought upon my imagination. That square burial place now paved over, not a memento left, how much sin and agony must have gone to its account there! I groped my way into the torture chamber; a small grated aperture, deep in the rock above, admitted a sort of twilight, I could feel the red torch light as it must have fallen upon those dark Judges, I could see the solemnity of those Monks who, while shriving their victim, felt they were doing God service, but I felt too a sort of veil shadowing my mind, even in the realization on the spot: Could such things have been? The history of Mankind is so fraught with horrors, that we may in vain turn its pages to find any age, where cruelty and vice have not had their prototypes, even as in these torture chambers.

CHAPTER XXIX.

And holly crowned Christmas,
With laughter and glee,
Showers plenty and pleasure
On every degree.

Old Song.

Dark and gloomy comes on the winter, shorter and shorter grow the days; but snow does not appear till December. I opened my window one morning expecting to see the same drear winter scene of leafless trees and ground sheeted with snow, and was agreeably surprised at sight of a perfect wood of green fir-trees, which had sprung up in a night, some disposed in clumps, some in lines, of all heights and dimensions. Then I remembered Christmas was near, and the national custom of providing for each household a Christmas tree. It really amounts to a superstition. The house is hardly blessed unless the blaze of the „Lichterbaum“ lights up its walls. „Beautiful Christmas! when men become children again, when they rejoice with the little ones, for surely it is the child's festival. But what is the cause of all this joy? We feel, to us a Child is born, to us an Heir is given, for ages it was anticipated, for ages has been honored, the beautiful child Jesus in his mother's arms.“ So spake the village pastor, and it is even so with all of us. The little children rejoice, forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven. The reign of childish glee is short.

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And they brought gifts those wise men of the East. I have often thought whether that be the origin of the custom, or must we seek it further back among the Romans, whose festival for the birth of the Sun was kept with social feasts and mutual gifts. Also at the new year, the citizens of Rome lay gifts at the feet of their protectors and patrons: a piece of silver, a napkin, a fish, some olives, ribbons, a wax figure, or the like. Between friends, dates, dried figs, or honey were sent as sweet wishes for the ensuing year. It is wonderful to what remote antiquity we can trace some of our commonest customs. For several days there was a running to and fro in Dresden of boys and girls carrying home the Christmas trees, as if „Birnam wood“ were again upon the march. Then came the child's fair, held for the whole week preceding Christmas day; booths are put up in the market-places and in all the adjoining streets, tables are spread out with glittering ornaments of cut paper and tinsel, collections of dolls and toys, gilt walnuts, colored balls, variegated paper lamps, sugar fruit, and ornaments, in fact all the usual paraphernalia that go to decorate a tree. The custom is so universal, and the preparations so extensive, that the expense is trifling compared with our attempts at home. But let me not forget „Pelznickle“, who is represented under every form and size, the Fur Man, whose office it is to peep into every household just before Christmas, to learn if the children are deserving. We have some such tradition about „Santaclaus“ with us. The sale of Pelznickles seems to be the perquisite of little poor boys, who have rows of them on tables and who torment the passers-by to purchase. One of the Queen's ladies annually comes with a servant carrying a large basket, and makes a grand sweep from the Pelznickle tables, but somehow they are inexhaustible

as the hydra heads. In Germany the presents prepared are not confined to the class of fancies. Christmas is considered more the period when children receive their new clothes and young girls their ball dresses, such things coming as a favor from their parents, not as a right. The whole domestic system is founded on affection and family union. So the child is more happy showing his new pair of shoes because mamma gave them at the Christmas tree, than he would be for half a dozen such pairs, received in the course of the year. On the Sunday before Christmas, we went to see the feast given for the Charity School children. An immense hall had three tables spread the whole length of it, covered with white cloths. At intervals stood great evergreen trees loaded with lights, and, placed under them, parcels of clothing etc. all numbered. The spectators were ranged on benches set against the walls. At one end of the room a Turkey carpet was spread and some velvet armchairs placed for the Royal family. The Queen came with the two elder Princesses and their attendants. The children then filed in, 267 of them, made their bow as they passed the Royal ladies, and took their places along the tables, opposite their respective numbers. A hymn was then sung; after it an address from a clergyman and at the end, when „Amen“ was pronounced, the children sang together. Then came a „Gloria“, in which all joined. The Queen after this inspected the children and took special notice of a few who were presented to her as particularly good, and spoke kindly to all. They were then told to take their parcels marked with their numbers. Their poor yellow faces lighted up with something like pleasure, and they again filed off, each holding his gift and a large cake the size of a loaf of bread, called „Stollen“, and which no one who can eat, goes without at Christmas time. This cake originally is said to have

been made in the form of a child in swaddling bands, at present it is only an oval loaf, about a foot long. Christmas Eve at length arrives, mothers have been going to and fro all the past week, their pockets and velvet sacks crammed and running over. Mysterious parcels are left at mysterious hours. Everybody is doing something, but profoundly ignores, that every other is doing likewise. The children whisper together, and are wild with excitement, they are set to pounding spice or cracking nuts, to keep them busy. The mother and eldest sister are shut up in the mysterious chamber, which is kept scrupulously locked. At four o'clock every body must be ready; it is already beginning to be dark. It grows darker and darker — yet they light only one or two candles — the full blaze of light must come all at once. At five uncle arrives, he slips a bundle into mamma's room — every body is ready, there are some neighbors perhaps who have no children, or old aunts, or young girls who are away from home for the winter — one always can get up a party, though every household seems to have its own business at home. Mamma is ready. Why don't they open the tree room? A heavy hoarse sound — here comes the Pelzman — he is a fur man, with a red cap upon his head, a long beard, and great moustache (our Santaclaus). — He approaches the children, who half afraid, half suspicious it is uncle Alfred, shrink into little heaps — he questions how they have behaved since last year, they hesitate confessions, he threatens, or promises oranges and confections, a bell is rung, and the door flies open; then there is a rush, and a hurrah, Mamma has outdone herself this year. There rises the great tree, glittering with lights and gold paper chains, and streamers of all colors, with innumerable hanging things of all sorts; all round its base lie the children's presents: toys, books, every imaginable thing,

contributions from all their friends, sent in for the occasion. There are side-tables for sisters, and father and mother, and another for the servants. All is glitter and confusion of tongues. The servants from the antichamber enjoy the spectacle, but they are not forgotten, they are called in, each receives a great platter filled with nuts and apples, and an enormous Stollen powdered so temptingly with white sugar, the raisins protruding out in all directions; they have besides dresses, gloves, jackets, a variety of things given them, according to the length of time they have been in the service. It is the custom on engaging a servant, to agree they shall have so much a month and so much at Christmas, paid to them in money, the other presents being optional and depending upon their good behavior. So passes the great national holiday.

CHAPTER XXX.

AFTER Christmas, the gaities begin, which are closed by Shrove Tuesday, going still by the name of the Carnival though all remnant of the old custom has been abolished since the establishment of Lutheranism. Family fêtes are given upon every occasion. On marriage anniversaries, birthdays, baptisms, confirmations, there are always presents sent, or some notice taken of the day by the relations and friends. It is by these little links family union is strengthened. Mamma's birthday is almost as important as Christmas itself. On many occasions the compliment is passed of a „réveille-matin“, a band of music at dawn of the birthday performs a choral under the window. The habit of constantly exchanging presents would become very onerous, were it not that useful things are given. A brother will send his sister a box of gloves, or pocket-handkerchiefs, which she returns in kind, by presenting him with some shirts she has made herself. Those who only look on the sentimental side of a gift, will consider this very homely, but simplicity of purpose is the national characteristic, they see nothing in a ridiculous light, there seems an entire absence of malice and ill feeling, each appears to take the other for his worth and to appreciate him accordingly. I have never seen a people on whom outward show makes so little im-

pression. The women are quiet and mostly devoid of coquetry; the men reserved and undemonstrative. They quietly listen for hours to serious music, which with the soporific effect of tobacco smoke operates I think through the nerves on the character, producing mild quiet citizens. How can the fiery spirit of the Americans amalgamate with all this? they cannot, they are too much accustomed to the wide wide world of interest. A German may have a mind of deep research, he will apply himself to one branch of science, in time he will never see or understand anything else. If you suggest an idea out of his beat he is an immense time comparing and getting at your meaning, that is provided he take the trouble at all. One of their own authors says: „Even now the greater part of our scholars live like troglodytes in their book-holes, and not having the light of nature lose at once the sense of it. Life to them is only a dream, and dreaming is only their life. Whether the slater has fallen from the roof, or Napoleon from his throne, they say: So? — Indeed? — and thrust their noses again into their books.“ It is even so with those who pretend to come out of their book-holes and make one in social circles. I have in vain endeavored to converse with such men. A lady once said to me „Don't try, he is a Gelehrter (learned man) he is stupid.“ I did venture, American woman fashion, and got for my pains a vacant stare of misapprehension. Perhaps my subject was classic or artistic, he had been busy all his life with physics or metaphysics, or solving problems in mathematics, nothing beyond interested him. Another time a celebrity, one who has given a new feature to German novel writing, was presented to me. I hoped to find some topic in common, he stared at me with round stretched eyes, made a bow and said: „I will fetch my wife,“ so Madam came and asked me what language

they spoke in my country, while her relieved husband retired to a corner and drew a long escape-breath. The lady's question only goes to establish what I have heard since, that the learned university men of Germany are fully convinced we speak an Anglo-American dialect in the United States. One of these, who had mastered the English tongue asked very seriously if he would be understood if he travelled in America. I presume the wild imagery used in our western districts leads these wise heads astray. Humor is not indigenous in the Vaterland. They would be seeking for the root of „a streak of lightning through a gooseberry bush,“ and come off with a prodigious thorn in their finger. I wonder if they make out any better with the London ex-haspirated haiches. The Puritans brought us some good Elizabethan words which we have retained, while they have become obsolete in the „old home“. Among these „pow-wow“ was applied by the early settlers to conferences with the Indians, an Indian pow-wow became a fixed term. Englishmen will tell you it is a barbarism derived from the original language of the Seven Nations (vide *Coriolanus* Act 2, Scene I).

Vol. True? pow, wow.

Are our Anglo progenitors generally aware that the term „Yankee“ is derived from the savage attempt to pronounce the word „English“, the Indian tongue mellowed it down to „Yengees“, and thence our first settlers obtained their cognomen. There can be no more powerful contrast to the versatility of the American mind, than the solid thoughtfulness of the German. Brilliancy and vivacity are the characteristics of our people. We imbibe in every-day life, full draughts of general information and without being in the least learned, are accustomed to discuss freely all sorts of subjects, German women, however highly edu-

cated, are hedged in by national prejudices. The German girl leaving school enters into the routine of ball-room life, thence to her wedding and house-keeping keys. Literature is a thing apart, not an ingredient of every-day life, as with us. New books, reviews, and the whole train that pile our drawing-room tables and are subjects of ordinary comment, the Lares in fact of our domestic hearths, find small space beside the stately ovens of German parlors. They read no doubt in time and place, but it is not the daily aliment, served at one's door; literary Periodicals, along with the loaves of bread and jugs of milk. The mind with us is kept constantly on the alert, and while the German housewives are poring over the advertisements in their *Anzeiger* of a morning, ours are rapidly taking in the great events which are agitating the world, forming their own opinions, while reading the political discussions of the day. In Germany this is rare, a literary woman is a thing apart.

CHAPTER XXXI.

„With forest flowers
Whilst summer lasts and I lie here Fidèle,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave,“

THERE stood an old chapel in a grave yard, which was lent for a period for the English service. I arrived too early at times, and went sauntering about, looking at the stones. Some fifty years had passed since the last interment, it lay neglected and forlorn, a pathway zigzagging through it, connecting the streets in the front and rear. The city authorities put their ban upon it, it was soon removed as a nuisance, the grave-stones were ranged against the wall, and a broad way made through it. It is a melancholy spectacle this, to see the last memories of the dead crumbling to ruin, dozens of beautiful monuments, elaborately carved, lying mutilated on the ground. How many hearts have anxiously raised these parting mementos, to worth, duty, or affection, they too gone to that land from whence no traveller returns. It is not in the trim parterres of our day, where grave flowers are renewed and where gardeners are employed, that the thought of the grave overshadows one; these tell of surviving friends who think still, and sorrow for the dead; but where the coarse rank grass grows and thickens around the fallen funeral urn; where the broken

statue of a mother with her two infants alone remain to tell their buried story; there, where the wind is heard rattling among the dead dry branches of the poplars, and the fleece of the rank nettle alone gathers in a grave crown about the sunken stones, a tale of sorrow is whispered to the stranger. These are the forgotten dead. Grey lichens veil the stone work, the tributes of respect are nearly obliterated, the soil has upheaved the head-stones, and I could think of nothing in this vast confusion, but the convulsion of that last day, when casting aside their paltry monuments, all will rise to greet their Lord.

The custom of funerals in Dresden is entirely repugnant to my feelings. They use an enormous hearse or rather scaffolding, covered with a velvet pall elaborately emblazoned with gold trophies; this is drawn by two or four horses, depending upon the rank and fortune of the individual. On either side walk the pall-bearers, and the attendants on funerals, I know not how called, but dressed in black cloaks with black hats in the shape of a general officer's, these carry a lemon in their hand if the disease has been infectious. Preceding the coffin walks the sexton or chief undertaker, in a similar costume; beside him the sick nurse dressed in black, with a white lace cap and ribbons. After the coffin come the near relatives walking, followed by carriages, in number according to the wealth or importance of the family. One peculiarity I have omitted to mention. When a friend dies, it is the custom, to send wreaths of flowers as a token of respect, which wreaths are made with the greatest skill, by a certain class of market women who have them ready daily or get them up on the shortest notice. Camelias and the choicest flowers are used, bound in with myrtle, or other green leaves, producing a beautiful effect. These crowns are placed about the body as it lies uncoffined,

and afterwards are attached to the velvet pall. I have seen one of those enormous hearses literally loaded with them. At the grave, after the coffin is lowered, these flowers are cast upon it by the friends. The practice of strewing the corpse with flowers is derived from the Greeks; the early Christians reprobated it as a Pagan observance, but in course of time they too adopted it as being perfectly innocent, and it became a universal custom in Germany. The desire of paying a last fond tribute of affection is deeply rooted in the heart. Among the poetical traits of savage nations there is a touching one recounted of the Seneca Tribe. „If a young maiden die they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its powers in song, then loading it with kisses they loose its bonds over her grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings, nor close its eyes, until it has flown to the spirit land and delivered its love burden to the lost one.“ I have witnessed several military funerals, accompanied by music, the solemn death dirge of Beethoven played by those perfect performers; also funerals of Princesses, and great people; but when Rauch died in Dresden and his remains were sent home to Berlin, a stranger in a strange place, a poor artisan's son, the line of followers were the best in the land, the Royal carriages were sent as a mark of respect, all felt a man of genius had passed away—the name he leaves reflects its glory over Germany. I had known Rauch, had seen the splendid old man at work in his studio where the cast of the Queen Louisa lay. As I turned to leave I could not help expressing the sentiment her monument had inspired. His eyes filled with tears as he said „Ah, Madame, il fallait la connaître“. It was she who discovered his talent, when a page in her antichamber, and called the King's attention to it. They sent him to Italy where he studied under Thorwaldsen,

and lived to execute their likenesses reposing in their last sleep. To me that darkened chapel at Charlottenburg is the tenderest, most deeply impressive monument of conjugal affection I have yet seen. Resting side by side, they who had suffered and lived so long together, seem at last to have found angelic repose. Here for years the King had brought his children on each anniversary, to deposit crowns upon their mother's grave; here at last, he rests beside her, „the beautiful Louisa.“

CHAPTER XXXII.

„But all the soul of Music's self was heard,
Harmonious concert rung in every part,
While simple melody poured moving on the heart.

Burns.

I have not said one word yet on the subject of music, that marked element of German life. To one bred under the influences of Italian taste, the scientific German music is at first incomprehensible. The one dealing with the imaginative passionate poetical feeling; the other, searching, deep, soul-stirring, developing itself slowly, but taking root. I can describe some things, but the words of Bettina Arnim convey so much better the idea I would give, that I must quote them. „Harmonious discords, a host of broken sighs and love complaints, which break off into the air like wandering echoes, some, which tear up as it were, long buried memories in the heart.“ Then those delicious national dances, they make every nerve quiver, and old and young seem to float with them in the mazy round. The children here are brought up under musical influences, and you see things two feet high keeping time in dancing on the gravel walks, as the military bands perform, while the tiny brother or sister in the nurse's arms, imbibes with its milk, harmonious sounds. The „Lieder“ or love songs, are perfectly deli-

cious. In these the language seems to drop its harsh gutturals, and softened down by diminutives, expresses all the tenderness of passion. I had the satisfaction of hearing Madame Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) who rarely now treats the public, but with her usual benevolence, before quitting Dresden, she gave two concerts, one for the benefit of the poor, and one to bring forward a deserving young artist. I had the good fortune to obtain a seat quite near the piano. To watch Jenny Lind's countenance is a study in itself. She is very plain, a common every-day looking woman; her expression not only sad, but indicative of bodily suffering. She begins with a scowl upon her brow, little by little she warms up, her countenance irradiates, glows, till at last her whole soul bursts forth in melody, and I can compare the effect to nothing but setting a dry heap on fire. It catches, a spark or two fly up, then a quivering light, till all at once one great gust sweeps the whole into a blaze! You are carried away by your enthusiasm, and when it is all over you are sensible a sympathetic thrill has passed through the audience, acknowledged by friendly smiles exchanged with your nearest neighbors whether you know them or not.

Architecture was honored in the Middle Ages, painting up to the time of the Reformation, but not till after that did music assume the rank it now holds. As Pfister elegantly expresses it „all that was solid became aerial; stone work was exchanged for harmonious sounds, and the eternal spirit continued to expand itself in soft breathings.“ While Germany was torn by religious wars, religious music was cultivated by the Italians. The old music died out in Germany excepting in the church choral. After the peace of Westphalia, Italian taste was introduced, even the „Kapellmeisters“ must be Italians. Everything at that period was based on imitation of the

court of Louis XIV. The men of genius in Germany saw they could not do better than copy the Italians. Thus Sagittarius at Dresden composed the first German opera in the year 1628 after the Italian style. But the musical genius of the nation could not be debased to serve court taste. They felt there was a deeper sentiment in the German soul. The awakening first came from the organists of the Protestant churches, hitherto so despised. Sebastian Bach reproduced the marvellously grand Cathedral chaunt; he was the creator of the new school of German music and is considered one of the greatest geniuses that ever graced the world. Then came Händel creating his immortal Oratorios; then Glück who first introduced this severe style into opera. His success reached even Paris, and overruled the effeminate taste of a debauched court. Haydn enriched the opera with a splendid variety, till Mozart at length carried opera music to perfection. Beethoven, Weber, Hummel etc., have followed in their traces, making German music what it is at this day, rich, powerful, soul-absorbing.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

„And lastly, quaking for the colde, stood winter all forlorne
„With rugged head as white as dove and garment all a'torne
„Forlayden with the icycles, that dangled up and downe
„Upon his gray and hoarie beard, and snowie frozen crowne.“

Golding.

As the winter advances and the Elbe is frozen over, the season for skating begins. Ladies, gentlemen, boys, girls, people of high and low degree, are seen of a fine day enjoying this pastime on the ponds of water, which embellish the two public gardens, the Grosse Garten and the Zwinger. Every arrangement is made: men are there with heaps of skates to let by the hour; benches are placed for spectators, and little sledges the size of an arm-chair can be had pushed about by a man on skates: these are for ladies who would enjoy the excitement without the effort. The officers and soldiers skate upon the Elbe, and men are employed to keep the surface smooth by sweeping it, over night, and marking the spots where the ice is weak; however accidents will happen: a soldier fell through this winter and his body was not recovered for some hours. Snow does not fall enough in Dresden, to make sleighing an event anticipated; so that when by accident a good fall comes, it is difficult to obtain a sledge for a drive. The Droschky-men put a bell round their

horse's neck, so do the carters to mark their coming, but very few sleds are seen. This cold winter weather while I see every one wrapped up to the nose in furs, or heavy cloaks,—the sparrows even, who live in the chimneys, coming down to forage for crumbs in the balconies, or window sills, looking like little brown balls of fur, with their rough winter-feather coats; the peasant-women with thick quilted jackets and petticoats; the horses with blankets or India rubber coverings; my sympathies are awakened for the patient dogs, employed to drag milk carts or coals. The placid bearing of these faithful creatures, as they sit on the cold stones waiting, is touching; most generally however, their owners take good care of them, but unused as I have been to see them work at home, I cannot but think it hard. The milk-cart draws up to the side walk, it is filled with tin jugs, holding about a quart a piece. The „Milchfrau“ takes out as many of these jugs as she has customers in that neighborhood, and leaves her faithful friend to keep guard over the rest, always careful to put an old rug, or something, on the cold stones for him to lie on; or perhaps an old coat buttoned round his neck. As some of these mastiffs are very large, the coat is not a bad fit. There are, now and then, rich milk dogs, who have blankets and leather harness and collars all bossed with brass, like cart-horses. They keep guard like some other watchman I have heard of, by taking a nap, but if Gretchen stays too long, they get up, shake themselves and look about, wondering what has become of her. Presently she appears, then there is such a tail-wagging whilst she rubs her rough hand over his ears, and there seems such a friendly understanding between them, it does one's heart good to see it, a fellowship even in the stinted quantity of miserable food they consume together. To us who are accustomed to see dogs gentle-

men of leisure, or decided Loafers, it is a new thing to find them a working class, but when I look at women of sixty bending under the weight of loaded baskets strapped on their backs, or dragging waggons of coal or kindle wood, I cannot but consider the strong mastiff at their side may be used according to the strength nature has given him for some good purpose. So one by one, our prejudices become rubbed down, and we learn that it is not because we do not do so at home, that these things are not practical. Dog-carts have been prohibited in London, because they interfered with the great concourse of vehicles, but in a town like Dresden, where most of the streets are quiet, they can trudge on their way unmolested. The absence of private equipages is very remarkable in this city, indicative at once of its want of wealth. Dresden whose Princes formerly counted their silver by towers full, who heaped up within their Green Vaults and Galleries, treasures of luxury and art, how has the city fallen! After the division of Poland and subsequent events diminished its importance and interrupted its prosperity, Dresden remained stagnant. Its later Princes exhausted the treasury by their extravagance, and while on the one hand Leipzig monopolized trade, so on the other Prussia attracted its artisans by the temptation of larger emolument, and Dresden was left to quiet men of letters and students of the fine arts.

While Prussia had been rising in the scale of nations, Saxony was reduced to the verge of ruin. She was already burthened with a debt of a hundred million of dollars. For two years the salaries were withheld. These means proving insufficient, they sold Saxon troops to the Dutch and English to defend their colonies. The deep dungeons of the Königstein and the Sonnenstein were crowded with malcontents. It was during these horrors

that Count Zinzendorf retired in disgust, 1722, and founded the institution called „Herrnhuters“, known to us as the Moravian Brethren. He was banished as a rebel, but allowed to return in 1747 and continue his pious labors. When we look back and see the wicked extravagance of the two reigns of Augustus, surnamed the Strong, and Augustus III, his successor, we cannot wonder that the country became exhausted. Augustus the Strong expired 1733 leaving three hundred and fifty two children (verily the father of his people). Flemming, his powerful minister, also died, leaving sixteen million of dollars, of which he had robbed the country. His widow was compelled however to return half of it. The most notorious of the King's mistresses, Countess Cosel, had drawn from him twenty millions. Saxony had fallen a prey to the most depraved of both sexes. The fêtes given to the Countess Aurora von Königsmark were samples of this lavish expenditure.

„Mythological representations were performed on an immense scale; festivals of Venus in the pleasure gardens; festivals of Neptune on the Elbe; festivals of Saturn in the Saxon mines; besides tournaments, peasant fêtes, fairs, masquerades, fancy balls, in which the army as well as the whole court sustained a part. There is a description of a fire-work for which eighteen thousand trunks of trees were used, and a gigantic allegorical picture which was painted on six thousand ells of cloth. One party of pleasure at Mühlberg cost six million of dollars.“

It was merely a happy chance, that the purchase was made of the Italian pictures which laid the foundation of the magnificent Dresden Gallery. The Green Vaults were the Elector's private treasury, heaped with all extravagant baubles imaginable. The cries of the people

were unheard. His successor, Augustus III, was personally more moderate, but swayed entirely by his favourite Brühl, who with a salary of fifty thousand dollars, independent of immense possessions lavished upon him, strove to outvie his master in luxury and extravagance. He erected his palace in the vicinity of the Royal one, held a numerous court, and the noblest families were glad to place their sons as pages in his household. He raised money by the most arbitrary means, alienated crown property and sold his master to the highest bidder. The Seven Years' war finished the chapter, and Saxony remained impoverished. One of the few agreeable incidents of those times was the respect shown to the Gallery of Dresden. Frederick the Great, after bombarding the town, battering down its churches and laying its streets in ruins, ordered his cannon and mortars to keep clear of the gallery — he was imitated later by Napoleon who spared Saxony the mortification of transporting its pictures to Paris. Gradually new institutions have grown up in Dresden. The city has taken another bent: Saxony is teeming with manufactories, a new life is pervading it and under the energetic management of the present King, it is evidently pressing onward. The easy communication by railroads, all over Europe, is gradually producing its effect, rousing up old places which, like Barbarossa, have long lain dormant, with their courts about them, awaiting their doom. Dresden has become a favourite residence for English and American families, whose object is the education of their children, and they cannot do better. It offers every facility and is wonderfully cheap; for such as seek society, they will find themselves totally at a loss. There is the court where under certain restrictions you are tolerated, but the Saxon nobility keep to themselves, they do not like either the freedom of

thought, or freedom of manner, of the Anglo-Saxons. The spectacle once enjoyed, few care the second year, to attend court parties. Leaving these aside, there is a very limited circle of gentry who entertain; small coteries exist, which are multiplied ten time ten, so that a stranger who does not remain long enough to form his own, may be invited out many times, and never see the same people. Society offers no point of union, except the subscription balls, which the best of the gentry and military families attend. I never lived in a city where there was so little temptation for display and vanity; no one Corso or public promenade devoted to fashion; people go out to walk for exercise or business, not to look at one another. The Queen and Princesses drive to the Grosse Garten and walk about like private citizens, dressed in the plainest attire, and if you did not see the footman in Royal livery following, it would not enter your head who they were. There is a simplicity and goodness which characterizes this Royal family, inspiring respect and affection. The King is a very learned man and had all his life devoted himself to literature, when he was suddenly called to the throne by the death of his brother, who was thrown from his carriage and killed while travelling. The two Queens were sisters. The widow retired to the Brühl palace, and has never appeared in society since, but devotes herself to good works. The wonderful contrast of the present reign with what history has told us of the past, demonstrates how changed is public opinion. The finances of the country are all regulated. The King inspects everything himself. He goes about dressed in an old shabby suit, and you run the chance of elbowing his Majesty in the street without recognizing him. However the respect his conduct inspires, is genuine among the people. He is an early riser, orders his carriage to be

in waiting at some unexpected hour, drives to the cadet school for example; arrives before the superintendent is dressed perhaps; examines the boys and is off again, on some similar inspection elsewhere. Professors have to keep on the alert; there are grumblers of course, as there always will be in the world, but these can be no complaints worth listening to, with such a King.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

„Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?
„Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?
„Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
„Some less majestic, less beloved head?

Byron.

Two lovely princesses have married and died within the short space of three years; Anna to the heir of the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, — she at least has been spared the mortification of a fugitive life with a prince exiled from his dominions; Margaret married to the Archduke Charles Albert, Viceroy of Tyrol, brother of the Emperor of Austria. The wedding of the Princess Margaret interested me particularly; she, but seventeen, he, two or three and twenty, so young and handsome, one's heart went with them. We were admitted to the galleries of the court chapel, cited to appear in full court costume with trains etc. The Royal cortége walked from the palace through a gallery which connects it with the church. As it passed, we formed a line standing. The different members of the Royal family walked apart, followed by their suites. The King and the Archduke went together, and the Queen with the young bride. I was very much touched by the expression of the two, both pale, and clenching as it were each other's hand; the mother with that unmis-

takeable expression, „I must part with my darling“, and a real darling she was, educated by her father and the pride of his heart. The bride was in white and silver, the train, elaborately embroidered, held up by her sister the Princess Sidonia; a Brussels' lace veil was bound on by a crown of myrtle, the myrtle being the national bridal crown, from the simplest village girl, up to the Princesses of the realm; a superstition being attached to it. After the ceremony at the altar was concluded, the bridal party returned through the gallery in the same order, except that the young couple walked side by side. The Archduke bears a strong resemblance to his brother the Emperor of Austria, not handsome but distinguished and high bred. He wore the magnificent Austrian uniform: white coat and scarlet pantaloons with broad gold stripes down the sides, his breast covered with the brilliant ribbons and diamond-stars of the Imperial house. He is Viceroy of the Tyrol and our sweet Margaret went to Innsbruck to live among those brave and loyal subjects of Austria.

After the ceremony there was a court reception which lasted three hours: first in the Royal saloon to pay our devoirs of congratulation to the King and Queen, afterwards in a saloon apart, where the Archduke and Duchess received. The ceremony in Saxony requires the guests to stand in a line, and the Royal personages pass down and say a few words to each: it is very fatiguing for both parties, and it seems to me the plan adopted by other courts, of the guests passing and making an obeisance, while Royalty remains stationary, is more expeditious and much less embarrassing. We were nearly five hours on our feet, but all this fatigue was compensated by the pleasure of being witness to this well assorted marriage, and I am sure there were many good wishes

went up from the hearts of those present. Then followed on successive days court dinners, and a ball, finally a Gala at the theatre. For that night the theatre is at the king's disposal, and it is only by special invitation any one is admitted and then only those persons who have the right to go to court. The Royal boxes are abandoned for that evening, and a temporary arrangement made in the centre of the frontrow. This space was converted into a drawing room, hung with maroon colored velvet, lighted by gilt chandeliers and filled with velvet armchairs, reserved for the Royal party; the remainder of the first circle, on either side, appropriated to the different ambassadors and their suites, as also the high functionaries of state. The parterre was left exclusively for officers. The second range of boxes for the military of the highest grades and their families, also for foreigners introduced at court. All this produced a most brilliant effect. The ladies were in full dress, sitting in front; while the back ground of uniforms, covered with gold lace, ribbons, stars etc. made a fine framework to the whole. Everybody was seated before the Royal party arrived. When they entered, all rose and bowed, the officers in the parterre giving three cheers. The young couple advanced to the front and bowed their thanks. After this they ranged themselves, the newly married pair in the centre, the King and Queen on either hand, and the remainder according to rank. Then the curtain lifted and presented a tableau of Tyrol, with groups of peasants in their costume. The celebrated actress Bayer-Bürk declaimed an epithalamium, which was followed by Glück's opera of Orpheus. It is wonderful how soon one begins to feel an interest in the reigning families. In Saxony at all events one cannot but respect the domestic virtues and attachment of the Royal pair and sympathize most sincerely

in the deep griefs the last years have witnessed. Not many months had passed after this auspicious marriage, when the shock fell upon all, that the young and lovely Margaret was dead. She rests in the Imperial vault at Vienna.

„Elle ne commençait encore
„Qu'à s'éclorre, offrant un fond d'or,
„C'est la fleur la plus parfaite.
* * * * *
„J'aurai toujours au coeur écrite
„Sur toutes fleurs, la Marguerite.“

CHAPTER XXXV.

„And winter lingering chills the lap of spring.“

Goldsmith.

THE winter creeps on very slowly, but ball going people dance to their heart's content. There are concerts without number, and people go to the Catholic court church to listen to the music on Sundays, which is esteemed very fine. The theatre too is a never ending resource. It offers many attractions in Dresden. First you have a succession of standard operas, got up with the greatest care, and as fine an orchestra as can be had in the world. The prima donna Bürde-Ney is considered one of the greatest singers in Europe, belonging entirely to the German school however. Then there are two rival actors, Devrient and Dawison, who produce Shakespearian parts in perfection. The genius of the German tongue admits the translation of Shakspeare, and I have seen numbers of these plays admirably performed. One trait of the simplicity of life in Dresden is, that a lady can go entirely alone to the theatre, without the smallest danger of being annoyed in any way. Women in twos and threes go together, leave their cloaks and hoods in the lobby, where a woman takes charge of them; when the play is over, they are reclaimed for a small bit of money, and the owners walk home as if they were in a country

village. You can go about at night if you behave quietly, without the least fear of molestation. The early hours observed have a good influence, the theatres begin at six, and the performance is usually over before ten. The prices are about as with us, a dollar for the first circle, five shillings for the parterre.

The Picture Gallery is open and warmed six days in the week, three are public ones, on the others you pay about twelve cents entrance. Sunday is a public day, and it becomes a lounge then for the young officers and ladies, who go to look at each other and walk about with very little thought of the fine arts, I should opine.

One spot there however is set apart by public feeling, the *Madonna di San Sisto* has almost consecrated it into a chapel. I have seen men take off their hats there in her presence. Puritanical commentators would call this idolatry, I do not. There is a mysterious beauty and sublimity, a depth one cannot fathom, about this picture which makes one forget the work of Man, in the sensation of „Divinity stirring within us“; a realization as it were of our faith, God incorporated in Man, the Virgin Mother sublime in her mission, holding up to us the promised child. Such a picture as this explains the original sentiment of respect to the mother of God, so miserably perverted by altars and prayers, the mystic binding of Man to his maker, made manifest, inspiring reverence, not worship. There is another shrine to the Virgin in the Gallery, that where Holbein's picture is placed upon a gilded altar. This too is so exquisite one can never tire of it, the purest type of virgin modesty. In the „*di San Sisto*“ one feels the young Virgin is tranquilly conscious of her great destiny accomplished; and like all grand emotions, there is a cast of sadness over it. In the „*Holbein*“, that celestial delicacy and simplicity, characteristic

of the early school of art, is developed; she appears in it only as a vision. The child she holds, is not the Infant Jesus. The Bürgermeister and his family represented kneeling at an altar, praying for the health of their sick infant, are answered by this appearance of the Virgin, who takes the little sick child in her arms. The picture requires this explanation to understand it properly.

After the Gallery was removed to the Zwinger, that curiously unique structure was completed. „Zwinger“ literally means an enclosure, and as I have mentioned elsewhere, it was originally intended for the entrance to a great palace which one of the extravagant Augustus's proposed building but which was never carried further. Whatever may be said of the false taste and incongruities of the architecture, it certainly imposes upon the senses, and is a most picturesque object with its four portals opening on streets and gardens, its pavilions and galleries, — a rich, splendid ornament to Dresden. The Zwinger has become the treasure house of Art, containing the gallery of paintings, the collection of casts, taken from all the finest statues in the world, the museum of natural history, the cabinet of engravings, and the collection of armor known as the „Rüstkammer“, one of the finest in Europe. Besides a collection of arms of every nation and period, there is a gallery filled entirely with all the parade of armor used in the times of tournaments. Warriors clad in complete steel, bestride horses, caparisoned with trappings all studded with garnets and turquoises, set in enamel, and among the relics of the extravagance of the past, bits and stirrups, richly embroidered, a set of harness enamelled and set with rubies, another of silver,

set with pearl. At the end of the room two knights are represented on horseback dressed in their tilting suits, ready for the „combat à outrance“ — or duel — all in black, even to the pall-like drapery that covers the horses. The suits of armor are so massive, it was impossible in them to turn the head, or wield the lance, the latter being supported on a rest, screwed fast to the saddle, and the combat evidently must have been a straight forward lunge, without grace, more on the battering ram principle I imagine, than the supple elegant tournament combat, that romance has pictured. A succession of suits of armor belonging to historical personages, occupy another gallery, too numerous to repeat. There are besides other remembrances, personal effects of kings and warriors, among them a pair of old boots worn by Napoleon at the battle of Dresden, which if I were a German I should throw out of the window. It had been a source of wonder to me how men could support a weight of armor such as those of the present day have difficulty to lift, but they showed me little suits to fit boys of ten or twelve, who were daily trained to bear the weight. In the castle of the Counts of Erbach in the Odenwald, a suit of armor is shown which belonged to the dwarf of Ferdinand Archduke of Austria. This dwarf, Thomele by name, is he of historic fame, who was served up in a pie at some great feast.

The collection of engravings is unsurpassed, offering a complete history of the art by examples from its earliest invention. Beside the public opportunity offered to examine them, an extra fee paid to a professor will secure you his time for a morning, and he will explain and show all that may interest one. Among other curiosities I saw the original of playing cards, on which were represented allegorical figures of virtues and vices, playthings for an

idiot Prince, perverted from the original intention to become a means of evil. Piquet was the first known game. The celebrated „Green Vaults“, lie on the ground floor of the Royal palace, where windows double barred with iron, and doors plated with the same, secure the wonderful treasure. The old silver is brought out from there to decorate the buffets in the palace on great occasions. I saw it in the supper room at the court balls. The buffets rise from the floor to the ceiling covered with red velvet, on these are ranged the platters, wine coolers, vases, épergnes, and curious drinking cups, all of wonderful workmanship, some by Benvenuto Cellini, all dating back two or three centuries.

It is said the diamonds alone in the Green Vaults would pay the national debt, and yet they cannot be touched. They are brought out to decorate the Queen on special occasions, particularly at the „Fête-Dieu“ when she walks in procession around the church. The Royal family are devout Catholics, while their people remain stout Lutherans. With the exception of the uses above mentioned, the treasure lies quietly in its prison house, only opened to the curious, by means of a golden key. Parties club together and pay the three dollars required by the director, who shows you round and explains. In this collection may be realized some of the fantastic descriptions in the Arabian Nights; drinking cups of wrought gold or silver, studded with jewels; ostrich eggs formed into odd shapes, some with silver head, tail and legs; a Nautilus shell, upheld by a stem studded with gold and jewels; drinking horns of like value; pearls of great size which by some freak of nature, have taken certain forms and which cunning workmen have fashioned into meaning: such as „the King's Fool“, a pearl forming the body and thighs, while gold and precious stones have been

employed to fit him with cap and bells, boots and hands. Another makes a burly Falstaff. Cases are filled with such things; rooms are lined with tables and cabinets inlaid with precious enamels, or Florentine mosaics; elaborately carved ivories, gorgeous enamels on copper, superb majolicas, jewels of the crown, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, in sword handles, stars, crowns and necklaces. One set of pure pink cornelians set in brilliants is unique. Such, a few only of the contents of the „Green Vaults,“ so called from the color of their walls.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

„Christ is risen and the bells
Catch the glad murmur as it swells
And chaunt together in their towers.“

Longfellow.

AND so the time is passed through Lent to Easter. Through the solemnity of Good Friday to the eve of the resurrection, and as the sun rises on Easter Sunday, one grand peal of cannon is heard, reverberating through the length and breadth of Germany, followed instantaneously by the loud voice of the bells from the towers of every church throughout the land. It is magnificent. I cannot express the grandeur of the sensation experienced by this outburst, hailing the day of our Lord's triumph. This is the season appointed by the church for confirmation. The children in Germany are obliged to go through this ceremony between the age of thirteen and fifteen. There is much pains taken by their pastors for a long time previous, instructing the children in their duties, preparing them by Bible classes, catechisms etc. When the day for the ceremony arrives, the children dressed in their best and decorated with flowers, appear in the church, accompanied by their friends and relations. The clergyman in the chancel calls each one by name, places his

hand upon its head and pronounces the words of consecration. This is an era in a young girl's life, and classed I fear among the sentimental observances of other domestic fête days. They are admitted to the holy communion on the following Sunday, when they must be dressed in black. Like the investment of the toga virilis, this black silk is their first privilege of womanhood, and esteemed accordingly. All this is commemorated by a family feast. The young aspirant after Christian honors is congratulated by her friends, receives presents and is the heroine of the day.

The question of sentimentalism in religion is one of deep import, not alone confined to the gala-dresses and rose wreathed brows of German girls. Sentiment is as misplaced here, as were the paint and gilding introduced in the corrupt taste of classic Rome, on the pure marble of its statues. I do not know where originated the pious literature of the present day, that new fangled idea of administering religion in sentimental doses, disguising its severe truths under a veil of spun sugar. I like better the rough scuffles old Luther tells about, between himself and the devil, with his shaggy mane, horns and tail, than this disguising his existence, or at least softening the fact down into „a fallen star, Lucifer, son of the morning.“ It puts me in mind of what was said of Erasmus,“ he had all the mind in the world to build a church to God, and at the same time would have a neat little chapel fitted up for the devil close by for quiet household devotion.“ So seems to me this mingling the most serious of religious ceremonies, in which we promise to renounce the world, the flesh and the devil, with feasting and the varieties of dress. All who can compass the expense, get a white dress for the occasion of confirmation, and for a week or two pre-

vously, it is not uncommon to see advertizements in the family newspaper of „A confirmation dress to be sold cheap“ or a boy's coat, ditto; boys having the manly privilege accorded them of wearing a tail to their coat when they are confirmed. Seeing is believing, I cut out two advertizements and insert the translation word for word: „To Candidates for Confirmation. — A well disposed woman will dress hair cheaply and in the newest style. She is to be found in the Louisenstrasse No. 67, second floor.“ — „To Candidates for Confirmation. — A choice of chenille nets and hair rosettes can be had cheap at the thread and needle shop, No. 1, Wallstrasse.“ Common newspaper advertizements contain more of the actual life of a people than elaborated volumes. Ours in America teem with monied transactions, lots, houses, expensive goods for sale, all savoring of the immortal Dollar, but this is counterbalanced by the innumerable publishers' lists of new books proving we are universally a reading people. The daily advertizer of Dresden is full of notices of amusements and eating; dance houses (of these I have counted nineteen in a row), concerts, restaurants, and „Schlachtfeste“, the which formidable word means literally a pig-killing. The public are politely requested to come and partake of Schweinsknöchel not to speak of sausages, under every form, color, and size: Blutwurst, Leberwurst, Charlottenwurst, Cervelatwurst, Knackwurst and Bratwurst, till old Germany has obtained the sobriquet of „Hanswurst“ from the multitude of its sausage complications in her land. There is another series of advertizements which afford me much entertainment, where umbrellas and old cats figure, both articles deemed of little account by us, at home, where stealing an umbrella is not called petty larceny, and losing an old cat rather a subject of congratulation than otherwise. Cats

in Dresden are a rarity, I wondered why, till one day examining a beautiful mosaic fur foot-carpet, I detected the well known tiger stripes and motley yellow of Grimalkin's coat in the pattern. Cat poaching is not then so great an absurdity after all, particularly in a land of sausages.

The Easter season is marked here as it is in all lands by the appearance of colored eggs. I remember Stephens in his „Incidents of Travel“ mentioning when in Palestine being accosted by a boy with an Easter egg and the juvenile invitation „to crack.“ The origin of this so general custom of Easter eggs is well known as typical of the resurrection, the germ of life enclosed in the shell, as the body in the tomb, and thence to rise into new life. They are seen under every form, from the dark blue plebeian, colored with a bit of logwood, sold at the street hucksters', to the aristocratic gilded specimen in the confectioner's window. They are exchanged as presents, and sometimes very valuable objects are conveyed enclosed in form of an egg: a diamond ring, or a bracelet. Some of the prettiest are of porcelain, painted exquisitely; these are perforated, a ribbon passed through, and so hung wherever one may fancy.

Now, we begin to look for spring, but it is capricious here as with us, and it is generally cold and rainy all the month of April. The breaking up of the ice is eagerly watched, this is the spring signal. There is an old cannon whose duty it has been from time immemorial to proclaim the fact, I saw it driven down to the shore, with a troop of boys following, shouting and hurraing.

When the ice has started, the river rushes onward rejoicing to be free, and the combat at the bridge arches, between the water and the masses of ice endeavoring to escape, is very interesting. I have actually seen crowds

of people loitering on the bridge and contiguous shores, watching it for hours.

The first of May now asserts its privilege of outdoor enjoyments, which the people claim as an established right. These Germans are worshippers of Nature, as their rough forefathers were, and a pilgrimage to see the cherry-trees in blossom at Plauen, is an annual excursion. From the number of fruit-trees planted in the environs of Dresden, it is really an exquisite picture to sail up the Elbe and see the little hills clad in one sheet of blossom, rose-colored and white. At length the day of Pentecost arrives and the whole population is on the move. It is a universal holiday lasting three days, and every one who can, makes an excursion from home. The rail-carriages and steam-boats are filled, the townspeople go to the country, and the country-people come to the town, troops of school boys are off on picnic excursions, the gardens and pleasure grounds are crowded with guests. The „Maitrank“ supersedes for the moment the Beer mug. This is a kind of mild julep, made aromatic by the infusion of herbs. The „Maiblumen“ are for sale in huge bunches (our lily of the valley), actually found here in their native wild nooks, by the peasant-girls, who bring them to market, hyacinths too in great profusion; quantities of these latter are brought from the neighborhood of Berlin, where whole fields of them grow wild; the single hyacinth is not so beautiful to the eye, as its cultivated double cousin, but sweeter by far.

The festival of Pentecost or „Pfingsten“ as they call it here, belongs to that old institution of the church, a spring thank-offering for the renewal of the season, and prayer for the success of the crops. There seems a far deeper reason, and I wonder it has not been made a festival of greater solemnity: our Lord's promise fully ac-

complished; the descent of the Holy Ghost; the proclamation to Man, of the Eternal Three in One. As it is, no one considers it in any other light than one of the periodical holidays — Pfingsten, in fact.

Come with me to the new bridge about May time, and stand just where it touches the shore of the „Neustadt“. Here lie the gardens of the Japanese Palace, with their wilderness of lilac trees in full blossom, loading the air with perfume. These too are among the oldest inhabitants, and to go and see the lilacs in bloom, is another of the early spring pilgrimages of the Dresdeners. From where we stand, on the left beyond, lies the Old Town. You catch the picturesque view of its cluster of buildings, comprising the palace or „Schloss“, as we usually call it, the theatre, and the Brühl Terrace; the beautiful arches of the old bridge, and the spires and domes of the city, with the girdle of mountains for a background. Turning to the right, the vine-clad hills on the road to Meissen, dotted with villas; the picturesque craft coming up the river, furling sail, preparatory to levelling their masts, as they pass under the bridge. Beyond there, a broad plain, with an avenue of fine old trees, where reviews take place and where one may find a tranquil country walk. The picture is ever new, ever beautiful. But I have passed over the „Japanese Palace“ which sits upon a terrace amidst its garden of lilacs, solitary and quiet, one façade fronting the river, the other upon an extensive square where you enter. A single sentinel paces his weary round. The copper roof in its green old age, re-

minds one of any thing but the fine arts, more perhaps of an unscoured kettle. Yet here is the great „Royal library“, and the museums. Beneath also, the famous collection of porcelain worth untold gold, or what is more, the bodies and souls of men, who were trafficked away for a portion of it. „Earthen vessels exchanged“, should have been the Royal trader's signboard. This traffic in men by which many of the petty sovereigns of Germany enriched themselves in the last century, was carried so far, that it was said of them, a couple of thousand years ago, it was said of the Tyrians, that „their merchants were Princes,“ we can now say with equal truth, „our Princes are merchants.“ Little more than a century has passed since the great Frederick struck the first blow in that Seven Year's war, which devastated Saxony and reft her of the finest portion of her domain; the china vases of the Japanese Palace, recalling his father, and his giant grenadiers to our minds, bring him also before us. And yonder, the Brühl Terrace overhanging the river, one of the most attractive spots in the Old Town, rivets the name of that minister, who built a palace beside it with the intention of outvying royalty itself, and whose rapacity and avarice were only equalled by his ambition. He was tempted by foreign gold. Prussia proposed, and he listened; the offer was made that his master should have the heritage of Poland and part of Bohemia, while Brühl himself was to be endowed with a principedom. Brühl not only listened, but induced his master to join with Russia and Austria against Prussia. However secret the design, it reached Frederick's ears; Brühl by means of false keys, opened the portfolio of the Prussian minister at Dresden, and made himself master of its contents. In return, Frederick did not think it below his dignity to furnish Menzel, his Saxon secretary, with false keys

to examine the archives of Dresden, and obtain a copy of the negotiations. Frederick invaded Saxony with sixty thousand men. This was an infraction of the treaty. „Si ces faits ne parlent pas assez, la ruine de ce beau pays, devenu le champ de bataille de l'Europe, dira hautement à la postérité les suites de cette division funeste.“ The Seven Years' war caused the death of one million of men, of which seven hundred thousand were Germans; and Saxony became encumbered with a national debt of forty millions, to a population of a million and a half. The fortunes of a hundred thousand families were entirely extinguished. Saxony was the longest in recovering, not only because it had been the theatre of war, but from the rapacity of Brühl and the reckless extravagance of its King Augustus the Strong.

The „Japanese Palace“ lies in the New Town. It was originally intended for a summer residence, but it is now surrounded by streets and buildings: the New Town being the quarter where all the casernes and arsenals are situated, and where the military families are obliged to live. It is laid out with great taste, intersected by a broad allée or promenade planted on either side with trees and terminating at each extremity in an open square. Some of the residences are beautiful, surrounded by gardens and parterres of flowers. The northern railway terminus lies here and brings with it life and animation in consequence. Yet few people choose the New Town from preference; crossing the bridge is a serious objection in winter, when the high winds almost carry you off your feet, and though droschky hire is very cheap, yet it does not entirely obviate the difficulty, and the opposite sides of the river seem to be divided by a tacit acknowledgment. The theatre and all the winter amusements are naturally concentrated in the Old Town,

whose narrow streets and sickening odors may be overlooked during cold weather.

Dresden however is putting forth new shoots in its suburbs. Whole streets, as well as fine private dwellings have sprung up towards the south; the vicinity of the Grosse Garten to this quarter of the city is the great attraction, and the English generally congregate there, forming quite a large community.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

„For all shall stay

„This little one shall make it holiday“

„You must be seeing christenings? Do you
look for cake and ale here?“

Henry VIII.

I was invited to a baptism, and as I was curious to learn the habits and customs of domestic life in Germany, I accepted with interest. According to the Lutheran church regulations, all children must be baptized by the time they reach six weeks old. Should circumstances prevent, a weekly tax must be paid of one thaler. Rarely is a child of good parentage taken to the church. It is rather considered a day of rejoicing for the family, and every relative is invited, besides as many intimate friends as one may fancy. It takes place sometimes in the evening, sometimes in the morning. If in the morning, a breakfast is given, if in the evening, a supper. I was invited at eleven in the morning. The drawing-room was decorated with green-house plants, which are to be hired here for such occasions. In the centre stood a circular table, covered with a damask table-cloth, round this, was hung in loops, a garland of natural flowers. These are prepared and sold at so much an ell, according to the season of the year. This daily demand for flowers, from the established usages, has led to a regular business, and the

consequent competition among gardeners, results in their being sold very cheap. In February when camelias are in bloom, a superb crown, containing nine white camelias, upon a ground-work of myrtle in blossom, costs about a dollar and a half of our money. A bouquet of large dimensions, composed of the most beautiful flowers, in mid-winter, costs from two to three dollars, and in the spring when flowers are plentiful, ten or twelve cents buys you a bouquet, arranged with exquisite skill, shaded with the nicest taste, done by the women who sit in the market. At a baptism, there are from six to eight sponsors, equal numbers of ladies and gentlemen, who are paired according to their ages or according to intimacy, each gentleman is expected to present a bouquet to the lady appointed to him. When the clergyman enters, the sponsors range themselves round the table in pairs; an attendant, who accompanies the clergyman, places a silver ewer and basin on the table; these belong generally to the church. The priest takes his place and begins with a discourse addressed to the parents and sponsors, the monthly nurse enters with the infant in her arms, lying on a cushion — for this occasion dressed in sweeping long robes. Usually the German infants for the first six months, are encased in what they term a „Windel,“ which is not the old swaddling bands, but a pillow, on which it is laid; a flap turning up, meets its waist, and this is generally tied by tapes, but on dress occasions the pillow covers are all frilled with lace and tied with bows of gay ribbons.

While the address is going on, the infant is passed in rotation to each sponsor, who holds it a minute or two, long enough to feel the weight of their responsibility I suppose. After this, the priest takes it and very cleverly tucks the cushion under his arm, holding the head over the ewer; the attendant pours the water in the priest's

hand three times, and he baptizes in the three names of the Holy Trinity, as with us, and signs it with the sign of the cross. It is only now that the assembled party know the name of the child. Some old superstition is attached to the idea that it must not be pronounced familiarly until consecrated by baptism. The father and mother agree together respecting the name, it is then written on a slip of paper and at the time handed to the clergyman, who when he repeats it, surprises often some of those present, who did not anticipate the honor of being thought of. As soon as the child is christened, a veil is thrown entirely over it (the mother's marriage veil usually) each sponsor holds it by the edge, the clergyman pronounces a blessing, and repeats the Lord's Prayer; the veil is raised, and the infant has become a member of the visible church.

The white veil is a custom derived from the primitive church — an emblem of purification accomplished, (as also the swaddling spoken of in Ezekiel). At Catholic baptisms they retain still another part of the primitive ceremony, that of giving infants milk, honey and salt, all typical, — „Butter and honey shall he eat that he may know to refuse the evil and choose the good.“ (Isaiah.)

The ceremony over, everybody kisses or shakes hands with the mother, and everybody of course lauds and admires the infant, who sleeps placidly on its down pillow quite unconscious of its surroundings. No presents are made by the sponsors at this time, except a dollar or two each gives to the nurse. But at its first birthday, each sponsor sends a remembrance, the usual silver mugs, forks and spoons prevailing. A christening entertainment as well as all others on festive occasions, is particularly gay and animated in Germany where there is an over-

flow of good feeling and people are not restrained by the false idea that excitement is vulgar. The elder member of the family, grandfather if there is one, stands up and drinks the first toast — generally good wishes to the parents — all rise, every body touches every other body's glass, they go jingling round the table and then come back to their places again; after a while, another friend rises. I was surprised to find so much of the comic element in the German character, some of the most ingeniously funny things are said upon these occasions, which heightens the good humour, and you return from a family christening with the impression of its being a very genial happy meeting.

We certainly do not know how to enjoy ourselves as these people do; there is more to be extracted from these small sweet courtesies of life, than we give heed to. The sum of existence is made up of small things, and the mind that can turn them to enjoyment has learned the secret of happiness. All through Germany the family link is strong, and it must be attributed to the social habit of parents, grand-parents, children, all meeting at these numerous family festivities; remembering each other's birthdays, which are never passed over or forgotten — if absent, noticed by letters; excursions, parties of pleasure, are devised, from which they do not dream of excluding the elders; all go off together, each minding the other's wants, young men attentive to old aunts, or grand-mothers. They do not cast off from the family stem as soon as they married, it is only an extension of the family circle, affection is the genuine element of the German character.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

„You saw the ceremony?
„How was it? — well worth the seeing?
„Good, so speak it to us.“

Henry VIII.

THE weddings in Germany are, from beginning to end, more sensible than ours. The betrothal is formally announced by the parents of the bride who send a printed note to all their friends. The young people exchange betrothal rings, and the fact is established. After this, those who wish to entertain them, give parties; the gaiety lasts two or three months; it is not all crowded in with the excitement of the wedding. Afterwards comes the „Hochzeit“, high time, so called in the old German dialect, from its being the best time in a man's life. The night before all the presents are sent in. This evening is called the *Polterabend* — from the verb „*poltern*“ to make a noise, romp etc., it being an old custom to admit then the friends of the family, who are allowed to make all kinds of jokes and travesties; however this is optional, the custom is dying out, and the parents have substituted an invited party which is considered a „farewell“. The origin of the *Polterabend* came from the village, where the eve before the nuptials, the neighbors, boys and old women, serenaded the bride, by thumping on old cracked crockery and kitchen utensils, making as much noise as possible, and were then invited in to a treat. How such a custom

introduced itself among the better classes, it is hard to say; but the origin is forgotten, and those who cannot be present on the wedding day, take this opportunity to bring a gift or keepsake, introduced with some pleasantry, and destined for the bride. All sorts of masques come; generally there is a shoe-boy bringing the renowned slippers, elegantly embroidered for the bride; holding the power in wedded life is expressed in German by, „he lives under the slipper.“

The religious ceremony is always performed in church before twelve o'clock; exceptions are made now and then for an evening wedding, if particularly requested. If you wish a real „high time“, you announce it to the sexton, who covers the stone floor of the chancel with straw mats and places his best chairs in a semicircle round the interior of the railing. A gardener is appointed to bring the choicest exotics in pots, which are ranged pyramidically each side the altar. Just in front is spread a carpet; usually this carpet is a gift from the bridegroom's mother, of velvet or embroidery, about eight feet square, and fringed all around; — on this are placed two stools covered with velvet; on the first step of the altar, two embroidered cushions, also the gift of a sister or a bride's maid, embroidered by themselves. At a given hour, the party assemble in the vestry room and wait the appearance of the bride and bride-groom who after receiving greetings, proceed to the altar; the bride and bridegroom first, only preceded by two little children, the younger and prettier the better, who carry baskets of leaves and flowers, and scatter them in the bride's path; these represent the good angels, according to the poetical imagination of the Germans. The relatives follow with the invited guests; the young couple seat themselves on the two stools, the others range themselves on the chairs within the

chancel; the priest stands on the first step of the altar, dressed in a black serge gown, and black skull-cap upon his head. The church is open to all, therefore there generally is a mixed multitude of spectators; if the parties are well known, it is esteemed a compliment to go and see them married. The priest offers up prayer, then an exhortation which is long and prosy to my mind; it is even said that they often take advantage of this time to point out certain qualifications wanting in the young people, and reminding them of their duties generally, which seems to me very misplaced. After this a hymn is sung by the choir, rings are exchanged, a blessing, and they are married. Again they go into the vestry, where the kissings and congratulations customary upon these occasions, take place. In proceeding through the aisle to leave the church, the bride finds it lined with acquaintances, who exchange a word or two, as she passes on to her carriage. A large family dinner is then given at the bride's parents if they have room enough; if not, it is not uncommon to order an entertainment at some distinguished hotel in private apartments, after which the young couple start off on their wedding tour. One of the genuine national customs is, at the dinnertable, to unpin the bride's veil and place on her head a little cap ornamented with ribbons and flowers, symbolic of her enlistment among matrons. A young German lady counts very much upon her wedding tour, which is prolonged one or two months according to circumstances. The women here are very fond of locomotion, instance of which is their propensity to throng the watering places. During the young people's absence, the bride's mother prepares a lodging for them, and they go to it immediately, never by any chance return to stay beneath their parents' roof; there seems to be some prejudice against this. And now the young Ger-

man lady is installed, and having been well trained before marriage, enters upon her domestic details knowingly.

Many girls go through a regular course of instruction in cookery, and it is no mean accomplishment either; servants then respect your superior knowledge. The wants of the kitchen, if left in the hands of Dresden cooks, double the necessary household expenses. A young American of an enquiring mind lost his way, purposely, one day, in the lower story of the „Harmony“, and got a glimpse of the witches of Dresden surrounding a cauldron. „Bubble bubble toil and trouble.“ They were concocting Heaven knows what, but he relates they were in form of trim little maidens with white aprons and sleeves tucked up, displaying the whitest of arms, all under inspection of a chef who was instilling cooking information. „The Harmony“ above mentioned, is a club house, the members of which give public balls and concerts, during the winter, and the great rooms can be hired for like occasions; the best cook in Dresden presides there. Suppers and dinners can be ordered either in private rooms, or to be sent to one's house.

The markets of Dresden present very little of that luxury we are accustomed to at home. They have pheasants and Rhine salmon as their rarities, partridges are common, but that wide range of wild fowl, oysters, fish etc. that we have at command, are naturally wanting. Carp has to me a flavor of mud, and trout, no flavor at all; oysters are transported from Hamburg, and in the shell are about the size and thickness of a silver dollar, the inhabitant of course in proportion. So when you have a little yellow thing as big as a copper in your mouth, with the flavor of one, you must „make believe very hard“, to have it taste like an oyster, as „the Marchioness“ invented wine with her orange peel and water.

When I tell the people about our common oysters, they make a wry face and exclaim: „How disgusting they must be!“ So much are we creatures of habit, and here upon the Danube there is a district where snails exist in immense quantities which are barrelled up and sent to Vienna by millions, particularly during the Lent season, and esteemed a great delicacy. I have come to the conclusion that all tastes in eating are the result of early habit and do not proceed from any niceties of perception. Ida Pfeiffer ate monkey and boa constrictor in her travels and found them excellent. Europeans revolt at our sweet potato and Indian corn, while we in return, cannot endure frogs or Sauerkraut, snails, or beer soup.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

„The Bells themselves are the best of preachers,
Their brazen lips are learned teachers;
From their pulpits of stone in the upper air,
Sounding aloft without crack or flaw,
Shriller than trumpets under the law,
Now a sermon, and now a prayer.“

Longfellow.

THE garrison church in the New Town was completed after more or less years' waiting for the spire, which at length came to a point, and nothing was wanting but the great bell. This was cast and lay silently slumbering at the arsenal foundry, waiting the day of its inauguration. The ceremony of installing a bell in office is of very remote origin. In primitive times, they were baptized and named after some Saint, but that old Catholic custom has been modified and only retained in part among the Lutherans. The great avenue of the New Town was alive with preparations, three days before. White columns were planted at regular distances with wreaths of green leaves wound round them, and festooned from one to the other, the summit of each crowned with a vase filled with flowering plants; high masts with flags flying, were placed here and there. A platform raised, with a reading desk upon it, stood covered with a carpet, and decorated with plants in pots, its corners flanked with the statues

of the four Evangelists, which were later to be placed at the corners of the church tower. At length the appointed day arrived. The sun shone out gloriously, the „Haupt-Allée“ was crowded with citizens in their holiday suits, and soldiers in their best uniforms; a line of guards was posted, everything was quiet and decorous. Opposite the platform a place was assigned to the officers, who came in great numbers in full dress. Then arrived the clergy, and the committee of arrangements; these took their places on the platform. Everything now became expectation. The windows were lined with ladies, and every nook below was crowded. Finally we heard music coming over the bridge. There appeared a military brass band, accompanying the first bell, drawn by four horses, then came the great bell, crowned with a wreath of green and flowers — twenty strings of flowers hanging from it, the end of each held by a young lady dressed in white muslin, her hair ornamented with green ribbons floating from the back of the head, and green ribbon sashes. Green and white are the national colors of Saxony. Some of these girls were beautiful, some very distinguished, all well looking, well made and well dressed, daughters of Dresden citizens. Nothing can be more charming than a bouquet of girls in their fresh youth; one only felt sorry to see them so exposed to the sunheat, unprotected, but that also seems to be a peculiarity in Europe, people do not cover themselves from the heat and light as we do. Our first idea would be a sunstroke; but servant girls and peasants are out in the hottest days without any protection to their heads.

The great bell stopped before the platform, the eldest clergyman rose and made an address, the purport of which was the solemnity of the occasion, but I was too far removed to hear it. After this there rose on the air

one of those grand German chorals, which are so fine from the national intuitive musical ear. The benediction was pronounced, and the bells and their train passed on up the avenue and stopped in front of the church. Here the ceremony ended. That afternoon they were raised, and a thrill ran through the community, when the voice of the great bell pealed through the air for the first time, like the wail of a new-born, proclaiming the fact of its existence.

„Es klinget so herrlich, es klinget so schön.“

Thus passed this little ceremony, a true picture of the simplicity of German life, unsophisticated, interested in what to others might seem only worthy of a village festival.

The bells remind me of fires. Here they are announced by the braying of horns, loud enough to bring down the walls of Jericho themselves. This sound of braying is soon caught up by the iron tongues of the bells, tolling out in solemn concert, the whole population is now roused, the army is under arms, the officers must hurry to the casernes, equipped for duty, horses are galloped up to the engine-houses, hooked on and galloped off again to the scene of action, the engine rattling after with two or three men sitting on it, and a troop of boys of course in company. Men, women and children rush after them, the soldiers are ranged in line to protect the premises and keep off the crowd, or pass buckets of water if necessary; people hurry up to the top of their houses to look out, the excitement is „Prodigious“. I was deemed eminently courageous because the first time a fire occurred in the night during my residence in Dresden, I did not immediately rise, dress myself and prepare for action. I was too old a New-Yorker to trouble

myself much about a cobbler's stall burning in the next street; besides I had faith in stone houses, with stone stairs. There was not much to be apprehended, and as to the part women play on such occasions, it may be generally comprehended in the mandate of the sterner sex, „to stand out of the way“. So I turned over and went to sleep. But eventually I saw all the hubbub by daylight, and accustomed to the magnificent displays of the kind at home, I looked upon the whole as a very poor attempt, literally „much ado about nothing“. I was not in Dresden when the Great Brewery — known as the Waldschlösschen — burned, which must have been something worth looking at. It has been rebuilt, enlarged and is so profitable an investment, that the proprietors have gained more than they lost by the fire. It stands on an elevation near a wood overlooking the Elbe, and is an afternoon's resort for pedestrians, independently of the celebrity and demand for its beer, far and wide.

One of the peculiar customs of Dresden is equivalent to what we call in the country at home a „house raising“. When the frame is completed, a green bush is set up aloft at the point of the gable and men say a bottle of rum is broken over it. Frequently one sees a man going through the street, carrying a green fir-tree loaded with streamers, which usually are colored pocket-handkerchiefs, it is going to the celebration „Hebeschmaus“ of some new house. On this occasion the proprietor is in duty bound to give the workmen a feast. This is the old usage but sometimes he only pays them a gratuity all round. The celebration I witnessed was at a country villa house, a little way out of Dresden. The master builder ascended the scaffolding and made a speech, then filling a glass he drank to the health of the proprietor who was present; after quaffing it, he flung the glass to the ground; if it

arrive without breaking, it portends the best luck in the world to the owner of the house. This ceremony over, all the workpeople formed themselves into a procession and marched through the village, headed by the man who carried the tree, bringing up before the public house. Here a dinner had been ordered, and the house owner expected to preside with his family if possible; everything was conducted in the most decorous manner, like a dinner of tenantry in England. After the Master retired there was more freedom and noise, the tree and its streamers were set up in a lottery, and the entertainment wound up with a dance at which all the villagers were invited. All this is done at the owner's expense. In the city naturally the arrangements are not so extensive, where new houses are an every-day event, but they are always dressed with garlands and a treat of some kind is expected by the workmen.

CHAPTER XL.

The German housewife hurries to the fair,
To higgler for the price of some small ware;
Perhaps a broomstick, or an earthen pot,
She knows that pennies saved, are pennies got —
An adage taught in every tongue, I wot.

Anon.

THE fairs which are held at stated intervals, are a peculiar feature of German cities. The custom is of Saxon growth and was by them introduced into England. There are five held yearly in Dresden, granted by privilege, not to be extended beyond three days, no person is allowed to sell any goods after the term of the fair is expired. These still retain among the people the name of „Messe“ the origin of which is very peculiar. In the early centuries of Christianity when commerce was restricted, the habit grew, on the anniversaries of great festivals of the church, when the people assembled in throngs, to bring for sale such articles as were required for the uses of the sanctuary. These wares were exhibited in the churchyards, and after service, the traffic began. At first it was confined to wax, oil, incense, carpets, precious stuffs; all sold on Sunday and for church purposes, whence the custom of calling it a „Messe“. These were times, „when religion spread its broad shield over commerce and literature, over earnest and sport; and her presence was not deemed intrusive.“ These customs were the same in England. An edict in Queen

Elizabeth's time, enjoins, that in all fairs and common markets falling upon Sunday, there be no shewing of wares till the service be done." Fosbrooke in his „British Monachism“, tell us, „much fighting and quarrelling sometimes attended the monastic fairs, so that when one was held within the precincts of a cathedral or monastery, it was not uncommon to oblige every man to take an oath at the gate before he was admitted, that he would neither lie, steal, nor cheat, while he continued at the fair.“ This reminds me of what is told of very honest Chinese shopkeepers, who put up a sign, „No cheating done here“. Before flourishing towns were established, and want of roads rendered means of intercourse difficult, these fairs were held periodically; by degrees commodities of every description were sold, and the people came, to supply their wants till the ensuing year. This habit has been so firmly established that even to the present day the thrifty German housewives always wait the advent of the fair, to supply themselves with linen or woollen goods, which the manufacturers send themselves, and which are bought a fraction cheaper than they are found in the shops. Such fairs are entirely confined to traffic, and are distinguished from the wakes or fairs in another sense of the word. In Dresden the great annual wake takes place in August, probably coeval with the old Saint Bartholomew Fair, of which a history has lately appeared. „The visiter will here find all uproar, shouts, drums, trumpets, organs; the roaring of beasts assails the ear, while the blaze of torches and glare of candles confuse the sight.“ This lasts a week. In its palmy days St. Bartholomew was the resort of people of fashion; in Dresden it retains yet its mixed character; shooting at a popinjay being one of its fixed peculiarities. This wake is known as the „Vogel-

wiese“ „Bird-Meadow“. The privilege of shooting at the popinjay is reserved for those who are members of a society, the King and Royal family all belonging to it. Three poles are erected high as masts, at the summit of each is a gorgeously painted wooden bird, in shape of a wide spread two-headed Eagle, with feathers white, red, green, yellow, black and blue; each feather a little block of wood, loosely hung on. At these, the archer aims with an arrow shot from an old German crossbow. On a fixed day the Royal family visit the Vogelwiese and take their turn in shooting at the popinjay. A tent is erected for them near the poles, and if any one hits a feather, it is carefully laid as a trophy on a table. After this, all the members of the society try their skill; little by little the body of the bird is deprived of all form and comeliness, and generally remains so all the week until finally some lucky shot brings it down. The victor is crowned amidst the shouts of the populace, and carried in triumph up and down the fair, preceded by a band of music. This fair is held on a plain on the outskirts of the town, appropriated annually to that purpose, and the proprietors of tents pay for the space they occupy, so much a foot. All the cafés in Dresden are there represented, all the great breweries have arbors erected, booths covered with evergreens, under which tables and chairs are placed; they are extensive enough to accommodate from seventy to a hundred persons; always crowded. One street is devoted to these, another to booths of shows; the circus, small theatres, ménageries, puppets, remarkable calves, porcupines, and two-headed things in general. (To these were added, „An American photographer, this year.) Here Harlequin and Columbine, Punch and Judy, Zany, Pantaloon, and all of that kin are seen, grimacing and chattering before their respective domi-

ciles; marvellizing the open mouthed peasants and their wives and children, who stand gaping at them in groups. These when the time of performance arrives, crowd in to see promised wonders. Here the braying of trumpets and banging of kettledrums becomes intense, and one is glad to escape to the more calm retreats of sugarplum and gingerbread stalls, which form another avenue. Most of these latter have a lottery, where by paying a few coppers, you are allowed to throw the dice, and receive more or less, according to your luck, but never a blank. This fair lasts a week, beginning usually on Sunday, which in Lutheran, as well as Catholic lands, is considered the great holiday. On Sundays the shops are shut in Dresden, and the churches are opened. In the morning from nine till eleven, they go to church, the remainder of the day is devoted to amusement; all the dance houses are crowded by the common people; the better order of citizens give dinners and balls at home; no wonder then that the Vogelwiese is crowded on Sunday. During the day the respectable part of the community are found there, with troops of children who enjoy the cake-stalls and Merry-go-rounds, but as day fades, the Saturnalia are completed by crowds of servant girls and soldiers, who come to have a frolic; the favourite dance houses being a marked appendage. On the last night there is a superb exhibition of fireworks, and the mass of spectators exceeds belief. Often from twenty to twenty five thousand is computed. The wild excitement, the noise, the uproar must be heard to be believed. Till the dawn of day they dance, the musicians play, „fast and furious“, they drink, they carouse, they never tire. The effect of all this may be imagined, but it is an old established privilege, and the people would rebel at any attempt to abolish it, those who profit by selling, and those who come from far and

near to attend the Vogelwiese. Blind men and organ grinders travel from remote places to be present, and perform, like „the bagpiper of Bujalance, who asked a maravedi for playing, and ten for leaving off.“ Some pawn their effects to raise the money to enjoy themselves. Servant - maids whose masters are severe and do not approve of midnight dances, make their escape after the family are asleep, and go dance till daybreak. Here and there they are detected, as mine were for example, who, at three in the morning, returning with flounced dresses and crinolines, declared, calling Heaven and Earth to witness, they had only been down bathing in the Elbe. The people seem to go wild with excitement; this too among the slow quiet Germans, who nevertheless when they do mingle in a party of pleasure, of whatever nature, always seem to draw more actual enjoyment from it than any people I have ever seen.

The image of Bedfordshire fairs is said to have impressed the mind of John Bunyan, and became the after-type of „Vanity Fair.“ „There is scarcely any subject which may not be made to serve as a centre to other subjects. Speaking of fairs leads to the mention of another very old custom entirely novel to an inhabitant of the New World, that of servants assembling at peculiar spots waiting to be hired. At Dresden this custom is becoming almost obsolete, however you do find such at New Year's Day on the great square near the Catholic court chapel. England derived this custom from her Saxon forefathers, and in London formerly the places assigned to them were Cheapside or Charing Cross. In ancient Rome there were also particular spots where servants were found to hire. Dr. Plott says that at Bloxham the carters stood waiting with their whips in their hands, and the shepherds with their crooks. He adds, „this custom was as old as the time of

our Saviour: instance the parable of the householder who went out to hire laborers for his vineyard whom he found „standing idle in the market-place,“ and who on being questioned, answered: „No man hath hired us“. In Scotland they have their hiring days. The young men who want employment have a bit of paper, or a leaf stuck in their hat, and the girls who have come down for dairy maids give giddy answers to the farmers.

At the present day in Dresden, it is only farm servants who can be found in the market-place, others are obtained at Intelligence Offices as with us. From the Wendish region, Dresden is chiefly supplied with her „Ammen“ or wetnurses, it being the almost universal custom here, as well as in France, to employ them, whether from constitutional incapacity in the mothers, or old custom, I have not been able to determine. Here again the stigma rests upon these women, they are rarely married. The wages they receive being comparatively high, a baby is considered a good investment, and they have two or three, sometimes consecutively. The Wendish peasants are esteemed for their capacity. One of these women, brought from a retired district where she has never seen or heard anything but what takes place in her native village, will after two or three months, assume a new tone, wake up as it were, employ her faculties, modify her costume, and readily learn what she sees other servants do.

The transition from home to a gentleman's house must be a sort of magical transformation I should think. Several instances among my acquaintances I might cite, which appear almost incredible. One woman had never slept in a bed before; in her house they had a universal sleeping place of straw, where the whole family reposed together, in the style of our „Porkers“ at home. With

all this, they are cleanly about their persons. The Wendish costume is a short red petticoat, a colored jacket with long sleeves, blue woollen stockings, and wooden soled shoes, a broad black ribbon which is pinned round a little embroidered crown, set on the back of the head, the ends hanging very far down the back. They never seem to hanker after their infant at home, they know the old folks will take care of it, and as they leave it when three or four weeks old, they seem to transfer all the natural affection of the mother to their adopted nurslings. The last one I remember, came from a solitary cottage in Wendish Prussia; there we found her in a low ceiled peasant kitchen, with rafters across. From one of these swung by ropes a basket; in the basket, a rosy lump of a baby six weeks old; just under it, along the wall, stood two or three baskets covered with nets, in these were settled old geese with a brood of goslings a piece, the spring being yet too backward, to allow them to venture out; just beside the stove sat „Pussy-cat“ rejoicing over a new batch of kittens. An old woman bowed together probably by toil and hard labor, rather than by age, one or two sisters and the father, a hale fine looking peasant, composed the family. The excitement was great when it was known the young Amme was to leave home for a residence in Dresden to receive the highest wages, six thalers a month, making four and half of our dollars. While she went off into another room to get ready, I asked how they would do with the infant, when it lost its mother? „Oh they had a cow“, and then taking a dirty bit of rag which was lying on the window-sill, with some bread crumb tied up in it, the old grandfather moistened it a little, and inserting it in the child's mouth, made me observe how it enjoyed it. Such children live on, while wealthy parents lose theirs.

This want of chastity which is the crying evil of the land, has been animadverted upon by one of my country women in her „Peasant Life in Germany“, and been met by indignant denial; yet the stranger within its gates cannot but mark so glaring a feature, brought about, not from any peculiar vice in its people — a people distinguished and extolled by the Romans peculiarly for their chastity — but from a vice in its laws, restricting marriage by hedging it about with a heap of absurd requisitions. Finding it next to impossible to fulfil the requirements of the law, in order to obtain their marriage tickets, they live openly together, against which there is no law: the natural result of the Police Regulations, and which they consider no sin. Should it happen that all things adjust themselves, before the marriage license can be obtained, they must prove they have been vaccinated, then bring testimony they have attended school; the law enforces that every child who has attained the age of six be sent to school. Again, another certificate, that they have been under religious instruction, another, of confirmation; then, a conduct certificate, a service book, a Wander-Buch, an apprentice ticket, a statement as to property — should this not prove satisfactory, the whole thing is destroyed; the permission of parents on both sides, a certificate of militia duties, an examination ticket etc. etc. So are raised impediments of every description, and well may their governments take upon themselves the shame. National censures become personal affronts, we wince before deserved reproach, but „the traveller who passes through our borders, may well become our schoolmaster.“

The district still retaining the name of the Wendish district is the remnant of the great immigrating tribe called Vandals or Wends, from the Teutonic term, „wen-

den“ to wander. Goths and Vandals, supreme idea of ancient Barbarism! They were the same people, spoke the same language, but while the name of Goth has become extinct, merged into that of the lands they overran, the Wendish, like the Saxon name, still clings to a little portion of that territory, once the vast domain of these barbarian hordes. Barbarians! a name applied by the Greeks to all nations but their own, adopted afterwards by the Romans, but its original signification meaning no more than „Foreigners“. The Wends retain their dialect, which is distinct from that of the Tschechs or Bohemians; also their superstitions and distinctive costume.

CHAPTER XLI.

M E I S S E N.

„Where Charles the Great having subdued the Saxons,
„There left behind and settled certain French:
„Established there this law, to wit, no female
„Should be inheretrix in Salique land,
„Which Salique, as I said, twixt Elbe and Sala
„Is at this day in Germany called Meissen.“

King Henry V, Scene 2.

THE old town of Meissen lies about fourteen miles from Dresden towards the north. The carriage road runs between the river bank and a range of hills, where the vine is cultivated, and where you see among the vineyards those lodges scattered here and there, used for the winepress or agricultural implements, formerly as a watch-house against purloiners, the „cottage in a vineyard and a lodge in a garden of cucumbers“ of Holy Writ. While I am quoting, another peculiarity presents itself, elucidating a part of the parable of the sower, who went out to sow his seed, „and as he sowed, some fell by the way side, and it was trodden down“ etc. The fields, wherever I have travelled on the continent, are not fenced off from the road they edge. This must have ever been the old custom, and consequently in scattering the seed while sowing, some must have fallen on the highway and been trodden down. The wine produced on the Meissen

hills is of the sourest description, but by dint of sugar and fixed air, is made into tolerable champagne, sold of course much cheaper than the genuine French article. Paradise lies in this region, among the hills, but it is an unsettled question, whether this be the district where the legend describes Satan, as clasping the new sprung vine, exclaiming: „Lovely plant I will cherish thee.“ Then taking three animals, a lamb, a lion and a hog, he slew them at the root, and their blood has been imbibed in the fruit even to this day. If you take one goblet, you are cheered and are mild and docile as a lamb, if you take two, you rave and bellow and become furious like a lion, if you drink a third goblet, your reason sinks, and like the hog you wallow in the mire. Upon a query from me to the above effect, no one seemed certain, but all were unanimous in pronouncing the wine „devilish bad“ and so we fixed the legend.

Meissen, once the stronghold of Saxon Royalty, was originally a fortress, built on the frontier at the confluence of the Elbe and Meisse, and intended to defend the country from the inroads of the neighboring tribes. It was definitely established a town, in the year 968, by Otto the Great, who named a Bishop, a Margrave and a Burgrave to administer it. The Margrave administered over the whole province and was charged with the suppression of the Slavonians; the Burgrave superintended the fortress, as also several others, and the Bishop held feudal privileges. These three high dignitaries lived together in the castle, near the church, in the upper part of the town, which extended itself at their feet. According to the chronicles, Meissen was completely destroyed by fire in the year 1222. The church was rebuilt twice as large as before, but in the meantime the prince had erected the citadel of Dresden, where he established his

court and which eventually became the Royal residence. This was the period of Saxony's greatest wealth, from the newly discovered silver mines, and its prince Heinrich, left many monuments of his liberality and taste. The cathedral of Meissen is considered by architects as one of the very finest specimens of Gothic art. Later, at the end of the fifteenth century, the Saxon princes evinced great devotion for this church and established a particular liturgy, and a sufficient number of clerks to continue the chant night and day, without interruption, then a unique instance in all Christendom. The embellishments were executed by the most distinguished artists of the period. Lucas Cranach and Albert Dürer contributed pictures, and most probably Adam Kraft himself executed the holy wafer monument, which bears the impress of the old German style. Meissen, once the stronghold of Saxon Royalty, is only known in modern times as the town where the celebrated china is manufactured. The old palace, deserted by its Burgraves and Margraves, eventually became the porcelain manufactory, but within a few years, a building has been erected in the town expressly for this purpose, and the ancient palace is now under process of restoration, as a residence it is said, for one of the Saxon Princes.

You are permitted to see the whole art of china making from the very commencement of the white paste formation, till grade by grade, it receives form and comeliness under the plastic hands of the artisan. The far-famed flower decorations are made on the same principle as any other artificial flower ornament: petal after petal, shaped and adjusted to each other, by small steel pricers while the paste is soft and pliable, is disposed with taste upon the vase or basket, in garlands or bunches; then follows the coloring, done by artists, and finally the

great ordeal by fire. Below in the cellars are the furnaces, I think there is one for every day in the week. The china is placed in it on shelves. The fires lighted, the heat reaches a certain point, and then the furnace is left to cool for a long while. The china remains in, till all is cold. The beautiful porcelain is put in, perfect, but must stand its chance, as many other fair things do in life, of coming out warped and unseemly, when the ordeal is passed. From the great losses sustained in the baking, many things are expensive beyond their real value, certain forms of vases particularly. The porcelain of Meissen has spread its name through all civilized Europe, and has done for Saxony what its Royal patron had proposed under another form.

Belief in alchymy still held fast its power in the seventeenth century; Böttcher one of its votaries, obtained great influence over Augustus of Saxony, who supplied him with gold to pursue the search after the philosopher's stone. During an experiment, a red earth was precipitated, its qualities analyzed, other experiments followed, and resulted in discovering the clay, from which the delicate china was formed, and thus the problem of the philosopher's stone was solved for Saxony.

CHAPTER XLII.

„The beautiful stork above
„On the chimney top with its large round nest,
„By God in heaven
„As a blessing the dear white stork is given.“

Longfellow.

I too caught the mania of driving out into the country in the holiday season. It was a pleasant thing to see all in their best suits, boys and girls wandering about in troops, the girls in groups by themselves, sobriety in their demeanor, but the happy glow of childish pleasure on their faces, happy because it was a holiday. On one of these excursions I observed on the roof of a farmhouse a stork's nest, and its proprietor standing on his long yellow legs, with his head settled a little on one side, reconnoitring the world below him. They have a propensity to build on chimneys, attracted probably by the heat. As the litter they make, inconveniences the inmates below, and as it is deemed the best luck in the world to have a stork settle on your house, the peasant places a cart-wheel on the roof near the chimney, and the stork, finding himself thus welcomed, builds his nest on it and returns year after year to occupy the same. Storks play an important part in German domestic life. It is the popular belief among children that the stork brings them a new brother or sister, and about the time the event is anticipated, a window is always left open for the

satisfaction of children to give him a chance of getting in. It is a favourite subject for toys, and in china, papier mâché, or confectionary sugar, you will find the German stork, either with a tiny Windel baby in his bill, or bestrode by some young Cupid in search of a mamma. The sight of the stork's nest recalled a very curious story once related to me by an American gentleman as having happened to him, and which he published some years ago in one of the journals of the day. It is worth reviving, if only to prove the old adage of „truth being stranger than fiction“, sometimes. He was at Smyrna, sitting after dinner in a verandah with a party of gentlemen; they noticed a little way off a flock of storks slowly sailing through the air, one among them seemed to be falling, and in spite of the cheers of his comrades, encouraging him to proceed, he sank slowly to the ground. One of the gentlemen directed a servant to go in search of the fallen stork and relieve it. It had landed in the garden of a wealthy Asiatic. When found, it had a ribbon tied about its neck, to which was attached a gold locket, in the locket a scrap of paper, on which a few words were written in French. As the finder could not read it, he sent by the servant to ask, if either of the strange gentlemen could. My friend who related the circumstance did so; the purport of it ran thus. „This old stork fell in my garden one day. I now send him on his journey with a request to the charitable if he fall again, he may be taken care of for the sake of — „here was subscribed a name, I have forgotten, but she was a German lady of rank, and unmarried. The Asiatic fully convinced she was his „Destiny“, despatched a messenger forthwith to ask her in marriage, which however the lady declined, as we shall see afterwards, our traveller not remaining long enough

at Smyrna to hear the result there. Stranger than that. After a year or two passed in foreign travel, he returned to the United States and while on a visit in Philadelphia paid a call one morning on a lady. Something in the course of conversation led him to relate this story. There was a young person present who had not joined in the conversation, but as he went on, she showed a lively interest, and when he reached the point where he left the adventure in Smyrna, she took it up saying: „I was in the garden with the young Countess when she tied the locket round the stork's neck; I was governess to the young lady who conceived the whim, and I was with her when she received the offer of marriage, so like the romance of an eastern tale.“ If I had picked this story up here it might well pass for the coinage of a German brain, but it was vouched for by one of my own countrymen and recounted to me personally by him.

CHAPTER XLIII.

LEIPZIG.

„Ay, now I am in Arden: The more fool I. — When I was at home, I was in a better place. But travellers must be content“ —

As you like it.

I went from Dresden to Leipzig on the occasion of one of the great fairs, three of which are held annually, now, as formerly, the mart of nations. Every house, every street, seemed filled with merchandise; wooden stalls erected through the centre of the streets, market-places and squares: cloths, furs, wooden ware, glass, cottons, trinkets, everything appertaining to German manufactory from the uncouth wooden toys, made by the peasantry in the long winter evenings, to the rich colored glass of Bohemia; from pins and buttons, up to the delicate damask of Silesian looms. I saw nothing of foreign produce, but there were Greek and Turk and Armenian merchants, Jews with long beards and dirty robes, who I am told are here for barter and trade; that within frowsy looking old houses, in dark backrooms, may be found heaps of the finest specimens of the shawls of Cashmere and noble brocades from the Turkish Bazars, furs from

our north-west territory and Russia sold here infinitely cheaper than in New-York. These good burghers of Leipzig would never believe, had I asserted it, that our great commercial marts offer almost every day of the year a like turmoil — going and coming and buzzing about, selling and buying, loading and unloading, carting off and hoisting in cargoes, the crowd of busy faces etc. The Germans have a polite way of putting you down with „it may be so, gnädige Frau“ and then a long puff of smoke finishes the sentence perhaps, producing the same effect on your sensitiveness a prolonged whistle might. Every one understands what that means. So, I leave them there with their pipes. One difference however is sensibly felt. With us the seventh day is a day of rest, but during the fair, they have no time for that, there was a perpetual hum of traffic, and the enormous wains lumbered along, dragged slowly by those great cart horses, which never seemed to dream they belonged to the cattle in the fourth Commandment, and were at work night and day. I endeavored to concentrate my thoughts in the retirement of an upper chamber, but the noise and babbling of the crowd reached me even there, and I must confess, I, the stranger within the gates, did not rest either. I was thankful to have obtained a lodging up, up, I cannot pretend to guess how many pairs of stairs, six perhaps, some fifth or sixth story in the air, everything else was full to overflowing. I had neglected to secure rooms, and they put us in the first empty place. These long stairs from top to bottom were crowded with a current of men passing up and down; the bed-chambers resounded to the chink of specie; the great dining room embowered in fir-trees was dressed as I have seen country-taverns at home on the fourth of July. Hundreds of little tables were filling and emptying from early morning

till past midnight and no resource from all this noise, but that nook up under the eaves, where I sometimes crept to rest an hour. To lodge in an attic, in an old town, was however a new phase of existence. Looking down into the street below, it seemed a deep pit, where men appeared „scarce so gross as beetles,“ tugging and working and toiling, the livelong day; infinite in faculties, but reduced for the nonce pretty much to the level of a tribe of black ants foraging for winter stores. Through a side window just above the eaves, one took in a range of the queer red tiled roofs, that make all old German towns so peculiar. Low dormer windows stared at me from under their leaden eyelids; notches and projections and openings in the roofs sent the imagination wildly speculating as to their probable uses. *Le Philosophe sous les toits*, Souvestre, says: „He who has only led the aristocratic life of a first floor, does not even suspect the picturesque variety of this elevated horizon, this wavy outline of red tile, the long shadows which evening casts on the sloping roofs, where Flora deposits her mosses and clinging lichens, where the sun produces a thousand dazzling effects, in fact where one can receive travelling impressions which more opulent tourists look for elsewhere.“ I prefer however, seeking the poetry of life in other places, and never could discover in the region of dormer windows, setting aside the sparrows and pigeons, anything but some „Gretchen,“ or „Tina“, staring out with big unmeaning eyes, or an old tailor with a blue cotton nightcap, watering china asters growing in a box. Independently of its fairs Leipzig is famous for its university, its music and its wealth. Leipzig represents the moneyed aristocracy of Saxony, and its merchants rival those of Hamburg and New-York in lavish expenditure. The feeling of prejudice is very strong between the Dres-

deners and Leipzigers. The former boast of some of the oldest names in Europe, but who have hardly fortune enough to keep up the dignity of their birth; so the Leipzigers are called parvenus, and the Dresdeners proud and poor. It amounts to the same feeling precisely that existed in Paris between the Faubourg St. Germain and the nouveaux riches, and recalls to me the saying of the old Marquise de Crequi, who could not conquer her prejudices against merchant princes, and contempt of everything appertaining to trade. „They may say what they please about the benefit of commerce, I know nothing lower, the first commercial traffic on record was Joseph sold by his brethren.“ She anticipated Napoleon's speech that the English were a nation of shopkeepers, by saying in her indignation that the English dare retain the fleurs de lis on their national shield, „the lilies of the field toil not neither do they spin.“ So while the Vitzthums can reckon a pedigree extending to Charlemagne and the De Rouvrois date back till their pedigree is lost beyond the twelfth century, so the Leipziger Herr Kaufmann emblazons his modern shield in or, upon a field argent, as some of us have done in the model republic at home. They tell a very piquante anecdote of an old Maréchale de Noailles who was a little crazy on religious subjects, but it goes to illustrate the deep-rooted pride of rank. She conceived the devout idea of corresponding with the Virgin and deposited her letters in an old pigeon-house on the top of a tower; she always found an answer (supposed to be written by her almoner, the famous abbé Griselet) however she was sometimes shocked at the familiarity of the Virgin Mary. „Ma chère Maréchale“. „Il faut convenir que le formulaire est un peu familier d'une petite bourgeoise de Nazareth.“ This is untranslatable, only the French can give

it the turn; the poor old Maréchale consoled herself later however, by the reflection Joseph the husband of the Virgin Mary had descended from the Royal house of David.

Leipzig like most of the old towns has levelled its ramparts and laid them out in beautiful walks. A wood they call the Rosenthal is really lovely. There are beautiful dwellings now built as at Frankfort, facing them. One cannot be at Leipzig, without recalling the „Battle of Nations,“ as the Germans call it, which shattered Napoleon's fortunes, where the Allies brought 230,000 men into the field, to oppose the French army of 136,000: a conflict that lasted four days. The elements seemed to have combined with the great moral effort of the nations, to overthrow their ambitious enemy. From August to October there had been a succession of bloody battles, soldiers perished in the boggy soil, or were carried away in the swollen rivers. Germany was roused. On the evening of the 14th October 1813 a hurricane raged in the neighborhood of Leipzig, where the French lay; it carried away the roofs, and uprooted trees, whilst during the whole night rain fell in torrents. On the 16th the Austrians were compelled to retire before the French cavalry, Napoleon had already ordered the bells of Leipzig to be rung, and a despatch was sent to Paris to proclaim his victory. „Le monde tourne pour nous,“ exclaimed he joyfully. The victory was however only partial. On the 16th the battle raged around Leipzig. The French beat the Austrians, but were in turn beaten by the Prussians, Napoleon found himself completely surrounded by the Allied Powers. On the 18th a murderous conflict began. The evening of this terrible day the French were driven close upon the walls of Leipzig. When the certainty of victory was announced

to the three Monarchs, who had watched the progress of the battle, they knelt in the open field and returned thanks to God. On the 19th Napoleon gave orders for full retreat; he sacrificed however a part of his corps d'armée in order to save the remainder. But one bridge over the Elster was left open, the retreat was retarded, Leipzig was stormed by the Prussians, the French rear-guard remained battling on that side the bridge, Napoleon left the city by the gate of St. Peter, took his course along the western rampart, and arrived at last through all obstacles at the mill of Lindenau. Here he stopped and dictated his orders to his officers. Exhausted by fatigue he went to sleep, amidst the sound of cannon reverberating from all quarters; all at once a terrible explosion was heard, Murat announced to the Emperor the great bridge was blown up and twenty thousand of his troops thus entirely cut off. These yielded to the most awful despair, some laid down their arms, some seeing all resistance vain, precipitated themselves into the Pleisse and Elster, these shallow rivers but served as a bed of mud where these miserable men stuck and were smothered; a few swam across, Macdonald was saved, but Dumoutier was drowned. Since the morning, Poniatowski had shown prodigies of valor; learning all hope was over, he said to his officers: „Here we must die with honor“. With these words he rushed forward, followed by a few, through the enemy; wounded, surrounded on all sides, he at last leapt his horse into the river, where he met his death. A small stone marks the spot. The French left twenty three thousand wounded and dying. The hospitals of Leipzig were insufficient and most met a miserable death in the battle-field. It requires more courage it is said, to visit the scene of action the day after a battle, than to be there in the thickest of the fight. However Napoleon was

great enough to conquer himself on this particular. It is said he prohibited the use of white uniforms in the French army, from the dreadful effect produced upon him by seeing such blood stained vestments after one of his earlier victories. How true this may be, as applied to him, I know not, but it is not incompatible with heroic courage.

CHAPTER XLIV.

SAXON SWITZERLAND.

„Wildly here without control
Nature reigns and rules the whole
In that sober pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul.“

Burns.

WHEN the ice has taken its final leave, and the warm spring sun comes out, then the Elbe begins to vivify. The little green and white steamboats freshly painted, pipe forth, the bath-houses are put afloat, the river craft spread their sails, and all is alive again. Then the pleasure parties begin. The decks of the little steamers are crowded with people rejoicing that outdoor life has begun again. Every afternoon crowds are off making excursions to the villages along the shores. Loschwitz about an hour from Dresden is a favourite locality, where there are numerous villas and cottages to be let for the summer. The Queen dowager's park and villa stand there, a little way back from the river, and the grounds are liberally left open for the public. Up a narrow lane near Findlater's vineyard, stands the pavilion consecrated to the name of Schiller. Within it he used to retire and write, and it is said here „Don Carlos“ first saw light.

Here, on his birth day, the Dresdeners come and hang votive crowns. Schiller ever has been and remains the people's Idol, his mild beautiful character assimilates with the national one. They are proud of Goethe, but they adore Schiller. It has been said of him, „that original and inexplicable charm, the heavenly magic, the reflected splendor of a higher world, which belong to the faces of Raphael, belong also to the characters of Schiller; he felt the power of literature and its influence upon mankind, and used his genius as a sacred trust.“ The honors of late awarded to his memory, „the Schiller Feste“, tell how strong a hold he had on every German heart. A century had elapsed since he was born; on that anniversary a universal ovation was paid to his genius and goodness. A three days festival was proclaimed, his chefs-d'oeuvre were performed at the theatres, illuminations, torchlight processions, concerts, feasts of every description were given. In Dresden that portion of the Elbe road, from the Linke'sche Bad to the pavilion at Loschwitz, garlanded and arched with flowers, was baptized with the name of Schiller. The thrill of enthusiasm was responded to by Germans scattered in other lands. Unfortunately I was absent in Paris at the time, but even there, in the vortex of that „great caravansary of nations“, the German demonstration was heard. Meyerbeer composed a piece for the occasion; enough was known to elicit the remark of a French lady to me „Mais qu'est ce donc que ce Schiller“? — and I set her mind at rest by answering „he was a kind of relation of Shakespeare's“. Later, I found the following curious particulars of the fact of the French republicans giving Schiller the citizen's rights. Mons. Régnier in his recent *Life of Schiller* thus recounts it: „The legislative assembly accepted a decree at the proposal of Gardet, 26th August 1792, bestowing

French citizen's rights on seventeen foreigners of widely different importance and merits. Among them were Wilberforce, Campe, Klopstock and Anarcharsis Coots. A member called to mind having read a few days before in the *Moniteur*, 15th February 1792, that the tragedy „Fiesco“, of a man of genius, was nothing else than a conspiracy of republicanism against monarchical principles put in action, the most complete triumph of the republic in theory as well as in practice; this member proposed the name of „Herr Schiller,“ a German author, should be added to those of the friends of liberty and general fraternity; the assembly agreed, and in the protocol of the session the secretary wrote down „Giller“. The *Moniteur* did not think the name looked foreign enough and altered it into „Gilleers“. It was afterwards shortened into „Gille“, and on the 10th October Mons. Roland, Minister of the Interior, addressed a document provided with the seal of state and countersigned Danton: „A Monsieur Gille, publiciste allemand, en Allemagne“. This diploma accompanied by a very flattering letter, put all the post-offices in Germany in a flutter, and it was only after five years that it reached Schiller, and then, through M. Campe — five eventful years during which Schiller's ideas became greatly modified.“

On the occasion of the Schillerfest a fund was founded for the relief of poor authors and artists; crowned heads and princes contributed. It was put in the form of a universal lottery; everybody who was in a state to contribute did so, the tickets were put at one thaler a piece (about seventy five

cents of our money) there was a grand public exhibition in Dresden, where every imaginable article from silver vases and tea-sets, grand pianos and inlaid tables, down to cotton umbrellas, woollen socks etc. represented the probable success of the thaler investment. There were to be no blanks, and it became a universal fashion to buy tickets for the joke of the thing. Authors and artists—a class of men for whom no one as yet had thought of supplying a maintenance in case of misfortune. „Poverty has hitherto been the epidemic plague in the republic of letters and no effectual vaccination has ever yet been provided against it.“ Let us hope the Schiller fund will answer its end.

After passing Loschwitz, further up the Elbe lies Pillnitz, where the Royal summer palace stands and which the Court occupy from May till October. The palace is a low curious looking building, edging the river, of mongrel architectural breed, a cross between Egyptian and Japanese, I could not make up my mind what, but ugly, cream colored, with an architrave painted in fresco, and eaves shelving over it. This is the palace where the crowned heads of Europe met, to form the coalition against Napoleon. Pillnitz is the fashionable summer resort, a pleasant two hours' drive from Dresden. On the opposite side of the river runs the rail-road which now connects Prague and Vienna, and the southern sections of Germany, with the north. The embankments are a magnificent work. The sudden rise of the river in the spring renders these necessary, and the great quarries of yellow sandstone which the hills furnish on either side, give abundant and beautiful material for the work of arches and embankments required for a long distance; these I saw to great advantage, as I went up in the steam-boat on an excursion to the Saxon Switzerland.

We landed at the little village of Rathen, which provides means for the lazy and infirm to make the excursion through the Uttewald to the „Bastei“, that imaginary „Bastion“ which nature has fashioned, among her other caprices, in the sandstone of the Saxon Switzerland. We had a happy party of laughing girls and their attendant preux chevaliers; but we of an earlier generation, unable to compete with them in a scramble up the mountain, were obliged to have recourse to „Porteurs“, who carry the halt and maimed in chairs, and others too, who are disposed to pay the fees. It was my first essay of the kind and I felt an awful repugnance at making my fellow beings beasts of burden, but was overcome by the argument if they were not carrying me, they would be some one else, and that the store of thalers laid up by their summer's attendance upon strangers, made them comfortable for the winter, and so with such benevolent and virtuous excuses, I salved over conscience and enjoyed the luxury of bearers. After leaving the shore and mounting the hill-side, we entered the narrow valley of Wehlen, so called from its brook which, like all of its kind, is a roaring torrent in the spring time, rolling impetuously over masses of rocks and pebbles, and in summer tamed down to a tiny stream, „tinkling as it goes“; running and hiding under them, it freshens the ferns and mosses along its borders, causing them to exhale that peculiar damp odor so deliciously refreshing in these narrow stream glens, where trees springing from high rocks on either side, bend forward and arch out the sun, leaving all green twilight. Soon we found ourselves in the midst of the fantastic rock-work. Here, an archway they call „das Thor“ the gate, formed by a monstrous fragment, fallen across from above; there, „the Devil's Kitchen“, where an assemblage of detached rocks seem to have clustered,

forming a cave and an outlet resembling a chimney. Again we passed through darkened spots, where on either hand the wall of rock is almost perpendicular, the sharp pinnacles coated with curious gold colored moss. Finally we reached the „Bastei“, a platform overlooking the Elbe, six hundred feet above it. This is the resting place, where there is an inn and every accommodation for tourists. Walking to the edge of the platform, which is guarded by an iron railing, you gain the stupendous view, unlike anything I had conceived, or had ever before witnessed. What shall I call them? A host of natural obelisks, masses of rocks detached by fissures from one another, such as Giants might have heaved when they piled up mountains on Olympus, to scale the walls of Heaven. To descend a degree, they were perhaps more like colossal ninepins, in that form, licked into shape by the elements, — wonderfully strange formations. Among these crags it is said many poor persecuted souls found shelter during the 'Thirty Years' War. Near here is the Hockstein, four hundred feet high, overhanging a deep dark gulf, called Wolfsschlucht, which is supposed, from the slits cut below, to be an outwork of the castle of Hohenstein, whose dungeons were once state prisons. In modern times a bridge has been thrown, to connect these strange natural strongholds, and over it one finds one's way, down a path of steps cut in the rock, to the river side. The „Bastei“ is a favourite resort of the Dresdeners, who make parties, come up, either in the rail-road, or steamboat, climb up the mountain and spend the day among the rocks near the platform, or wander off into the woods. On feast days a band of music is stationed near the „Gast-House“ as they call it, and there is much regaling and frolicking going on, but always with the same propriety which prevents these things from being vulgar.

On the opposite side of the river the country presents an undulating, cultivated aspect, entirely free from anything resembling the great ninepin formation, only here and there abrupt mounds, detached from one another.

The isolated mounds of Lilienstein and Königstein rise each about twelve hundred feet above the level of the river, standing out prominently upon the landscape. The Königstein is the great impregnable fortress, the only one that yet can boast in Europe that she has never succumbed. The approach to it is through a slanting way cut in the living rock, which rises on either side like a wall, and over a wooden draw-bridge which when raised, leaves the gate-way high up on the face of the cliff. The platform on which the fortress is built, is several acres in extent; there you find, besides ramparts and outworks, gardens and pleasant walks under forest trees, and one of the grandest views on the Elbe. It is to this fortress all the Saxon treasure is removed during wartimes. Cases for every article of value in the Green Vaults are kept ready to pack them against necessity. The Royal family too take refuge there. I visited Königstein on another occasion. The officers and their families who are forced to spend a year of probation there, in turn, find it very hard in winter; in summer time it is a perfect jewel of a place. There is a state prison up there and one solitary prisoner: an officer who took part in the revolution of 1849 and who is condemned for life. In former days he would have been drawn and quartered, his traitor head nailed over the portal, but times are changed and traitors are left to reflect on their sins. The other old Saxon state-prison „the Sonnenstein“, at Pirna on the Elbe, has been turned into a lunatic asylum. The Lilienstein, the highest of these isolated mountains, is only accessible by

narrow paths cut in the rock and scaling ladders placed against the precipices. Napoleon attempted to bombard the Königstein fortress by placing cannon on the Lilienstein, but the distance was too great, the calibre of the cannon was insufficient and their balls fell short of the mark. Königstein remained unscathed, a virgin fortress, and the Gnomes and Spirits of the Lilienstein regained their solitary places. The Nixes or river nymphs, belong particularly to the Elbe. Praetorius in the sixteenth century tell us, the nymphs sit on the banks of the river, combing their golden hair. They are beautiful and fair, but deluders, inevitable death awaits him who allows himself to be seduced by their charms. They seize and drown the swimmer, entice the child, then glide gaily darting over the water. The German water nymphs are always wicked. I wish they would frighten off into more retired regions those lines of bipeds that stand along the river edge, waiting for the steamboat to pass, that they may plunge, like so many flesh colored circus folk, with apologies for nether garments.

The belief in Kobolds is as old as the Saxon tribes, before they left their forests. In the castle of Eilenberg somewhere about here, a story is related of them. Their habits and amusements being a novelty to me, I gathered with avidity the legend of the tiny folk. It appears these dwarfs wishing to celebrate a wedding, chose for their revellings the sleeping chamber of the Graf von Eilenberg, who lay in deep slumber within an alcove, he awoke however by the noise they made and became a witness of their frolic. This, being seen by mortal eye, was an unpardonable offence, unless he by compact joined in the revel, to which he consented. But the Countess in an adjoining room was also awakened and peeped through a crevice. Instinctively the Kobolds knew that a mortal

eye was upon them unbidden, the lady was discovered and the curse pronounced upon her, that never should seven of her race be alive at one time, so that as soon as one is born, another of the family is sure to die. This curse holds good up to the present day, if I may believe the words of the heir of the family from whose lips the fact was recently told to a friend of mine.

THURINGIA

CHAPTER XLV.

WEIMAR.

„Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.“

THE German land is very beautiful, if we except the vast monotonous plains of the north. All Saxony and Bohemia are rich in varieties of natural scenery and the mountains and valleys of Thuringia are in themselves a poem, which he that runs may read. Literally, it ought to be a pedestrian excursion. A longing desire to visit this land of romance had seized me, incapacity to enjoy it in full, did not deter me, part was better than none; so I started one bright June day in the railroad for Eisenach, taking Weimar on my way, where I passed a couple of days: Weimar — to Germans, consecrated ground. Though not roused to fever heat on the subject, I went there with very commendable respect for the Grand Duke Charles Augustus, patron of men of letters, and all due reverence for those geniuses who had graced his court.

The first object that presents itself on entering the town is Rietschel's colossal group of „The Two Poets of the Vaterland“, placed on a pedestal fronting the theatre, Schiller yielding the crown of bays to Goethe; each countenance is inspired with lofty emotion — the conception a fine one, the ideal of the heads grand.

But Weimar has lost its prestige. Since its Charles-Augustean era, it has sunk to the level of all other small German principalities, a tame monotonous place, where, even a temporary sojourner feels the quiet and inaction fall, like a leaden weight, upon the spirit.

The former homes of the poets are designated by their names inscribed over the doorway: „Hier wohnte Wieland“; „Hier wohnte Schiller.“ These are low yellow plastered houses on the thoroughfares, places where one would never dream inspiration had found its way, but beautiful ideas reach the poet's brain through strange mediums at times. I read a striking illustration of this, in reference to Goethe. It is said, he was once a few days stationary in a country place, where lived a poor sick child, afflicted with a malady for which no cure had yet been found. The father learnt that in a town beyond, resided an eminent physician, who possibly might give relief. He undertook the journey on horseback, carrying the child, and passed thus by Goethe's windows. A day or two elapsed and the father was seen returning still bearing the child in his arms, but—„das Kind war todt“.

Such is said to have been the origin of the Elf King „Erlkönig“ one of the most popular of Goethe's ballads. Here at Weimar lived in peaceful meditation the great geniuses of Germany, even while the roar of war and the turmoil of battle was raging through their devoted land. It appeared an enchanted region which the misery of the times did not seem to touch. „Where,“ as an elegant writer has said, „Goethe reigned with the depotism of genius, where Wieland and Herder wrote in calm serenity, seemingly unconscious of what was passing in the world; where Schiller alone aware of the excitement of the period, betrayed his anxiety, the vision of a great disaster exalting his genius, while his contemporaries

cast it at him as a reproach“. They were at length awakened from their trance, the trumpet note was sounded, Germany was roused from her slumber and the „Song of the Sword“ rang through the land.

It was at Weimar the arrogance of Napoleon amounted to brutality. Mounting the stair of the Ducal palace, the old Duchess advanced to meet him; he roughly asked who she was and when informed, said: „There is no longer any Duchess here“. And this is the man to whom Goethe bent the knee. Without one thought for the boasted Vaterland, he wrote in praise of Napoleon:

„Doubts that have baffled thousands
He has solved.“

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„Ideas, o'er which whole centuries have brooded,
His great mind intuitively compassed.“

In the Ducal palace, a plain building occupying three sides of a square, a suite of rooms is open for inspection to the public, ornamented with frescoes most delicately executed. These were ordered by the late Duchess, desirous to consecrate the memory of those who had rendered her house illustrious. For this purpose, she called to her aid the first artists of Germany. Neher who had already distinguished himself at Munich, executed here, what is known as „the Schiller Chamber“, considered one of the most complete and distinguished productions of German art. The composition is in seven principal frescoes, encircled by accessories in Rafaclesque arabesques, very delightfully imagined. The subject of each panel is a scene chosen from the dramas of the poet. Don Carlos at the feet of the Queen, whom he is leaving. Thecla preferring the honor of her lover to the fortunes of her father. The bride of Messina between

the two rival brothers. Mary Stuart kneeling before Elizabeth.

„The Chamber of Goethe“ is by the same hand; it contains the designs from Faust.

„The Chamber of Wieland“, is a work of Mons. Simon, where the fairy scenes of Oberon are represented, in the most ingenious and delicate tracery of flowers and vines. I went over the whole with great interest, although under the auspices of a superintendent, but like all Germans, he had Schiller and Goethe at his tongue's end: the only marvel to me was, that in the dry daily routine of repeating these things, he should retain one spark of enthusiasm. In the anti-chamber he pointed out to me the bust of Lucas Cranach, copied from a monument that stood originally in the Schloss-Kirche yard, now removed to preserve it. The head is beautiful, small and well proportioned, with features of a softened Roman cast, mustachios and a forked beard, more like a bedight courtier, than what my imagination had pictured of „old Cranach“, the friend of Luther, the painter of such holy pictures, his crucifixions so inimitable; I have seen none whose effect upon the feelings were equal to them.

My admiration of Cranach had been a growing one and I went with interest to the churchyard of St. James to look at his grave. All trace of it has been removed, only a plain gravel surface left, under which his coffin remains buried, close up by the church wall: a tablet had been affixed above, which the elements had partially effaced, the rabble were doing their best to complete the disfigurement, when it was removed to a place of safety, to be preserved as a relic.

The honor of a Royal interment was conferred by the Duke their patron, upon the two great poets.

He bequeathed them a corner in his family mausoleum.

I was curious to see these graves and was conducted to the free cemetery just without the town, situated on a hill-side planted with trees and flowers. In the midst stands the Ducal resting place, a square chapel of the plainest description. Under a portico, supported by four Doric columns, all of common stone, a door opens into a plain square whitewashed chapel, paved with red brick, the light admitted from a dome in the roof. An altar fronts the entrance, covered with a velvet cloth, on it stand two candlesticks and a crucifix of silver bronze, presented by the King of Prussia. Under the dome, a circular opening in the floor, is surrounded by a very ordinary iron railing, made to be removed in case of a funeral, the coffin being here let down into the chamber beneath. In one corner of the chapel a narrow stone stair leads to the sepulchral chamber. The keeper preceded us, „to light up.“ When I descended I found the „lighting up“, consisted of three ends of candle as big as my thumb, stuck in iron sconces against the wall and a fourth in an iron candlestick, which was held sideways dripping, to allow me to see the names „Schiller and Goethe“ writ in gold it is true, on the ends of two large black lacquered cases, lying side by side, near the foot of the stair. The Royal Duke reposes in the centre of the chamber, encased in a stone sarcophagus carved with the armorial bearings of his family: the coffins of his mother, wife and others, ornamented with covers of red velvet and gold, lie around him. The sickly odor drove me back, I hurried up to the fresh air. Why were not „the two poets“ laid in the beautiful „God’s acre“, above with roses and shrubs, and the light of day playing about their names, where the German people could come and

cast crowns in the pride and affection of their hearts, instead of paying a few groschens to that old man and his bits of candle. A few hideous withered crowns rest upon the forlorn looking black cases, making them appear even more hideous. Then by way of contrast, they open you a case standing at the head of Schiller's coffin, containing a laurel crown of chaste silver, a tribute to his memory, sent by a Hamburg lady on the occasion of his centennial birthday fête. And another in needle work, by a second lady who wrought this labor of love to be viewed in a better light than that which the farthing rushlight shed upon it. Wandering about the cemetery I came upon the little obelisk inscribed with the name of Eckermann, Goethe's friend, he at least is surrounded by beds of flowers. The contrast never struck me so forcibly before between sepulchral vaults with their gloomy surroundings and the tender associations called forth by a simple grave stone. It chanced not long after leaving Weimar I read an article in Mac Millan's Magazine for August 1863 bearing upon the subject in question, which strangely thrilled my feelings. It is entitled „The Remains of Schiller“ and I deem it not inopportune to transcribe the greater part of it here. — It is terribly graphic in parts, but too long to be fully inserted however interesting.

THE
STORY OF SCHILLER'S REMAINS

BY
ANDREW HAMILTON.

Extracted from Mac Millan's Magazine for August 1863.

„OWING to his long illness and that of his wife, Schiller's finances were brought to their lowest ebb. Unequal to mental toil and dependent upon that toil for his daily bread, the source of supplies for him was stopped, while expenditure increased. At the time of his death, he left his widow and children almost penniless, and for the moment, almost friendless too, even in the Muses' favourite city, Weimar. The Duke and Duchess were absent, Goethe lay ill, even Schiller's brother-in-law, Wolzogen, was away from home; Heinrich Voss was the only friend admitted into the sick room, and when all was over, it was he who went to the joiner's and knowing the need of economy, ordered a plain deal coffin. It cost ten shillings our money. The house in which Schiller spent his last years, its lowly roof familiar to many, who have stopped at Weimar, was, at that time a sort of appendage to a larger house, with which it was connected by a garden, „no bigger than a tea-tray. The poet was much in this garden and whenever any of the inmates of the adjoining house passed that way, he was sure to say something kind to them over the railing. One of the daughters at that time was betrothed to Carl Leberecht Schwabe,

who had been a student at Jena and one of that enthusiastic band of Schiller's admirers, who used to march to Weimar of a summer afternoon, to witness the performance of a new tragedy and return to Jena over night. Having returned to his native town and obtained a clerkship, Schwabe found the opportunity of making Schiller's acquaintance, who though reserved and dignified, but good and mild, left an indelible trace on all who came in contact with him. In the early summer of 1805 Schwabe left Weimar on business. Returning the 11th of the following May, his first visit was to his betrothed, who met him not so cheerfully as he expected. The reason was soon told, Schiller was dead. Two days already he had lain a corpse. That night he was to be buried. Schwabe stood aghast when he learnt there was to be no public funeral, hardly a decent private one. The family had made arrangements according to their means. The funeral was to take place at midnight, in the utmost stillness, no display, no religious rite, no convoy of friends. Bearers had been hired to carry the remains to the churchyard. The young clerk was overcome by excitement, indignation prevailing. There were but eight hours left, the arrangements were all completed; however he went straight to the house of death and requested an interview with the wife, she declined seeing a stranger and referred him to the Rev. Herr Günther who had volunteered to superintend, whatever he decided she would approve of. Schwabe went immediately to Günther, told him his blood boiled at the idea that Schiller should be borne to his grave by hirelings, he was sure that throughout Germany the hearts of all who had revered the national poet would beat indignant at the news, he was sure that in Weimar itself, there was not one who had known and loved the departed, who would not willingly render him

this office of affection, Schwabe was hurried and excited. Günthershook his head, saying „It is too late.“ Schwabe rushed from house to house, he obtained a ready assent, he requested them to meet at his lodgings at half past twelve that night. They were requested to be dressed in black, but mourning hats, crapes and mantles he had already provided. Late in the evening he placed a list of twenty in Günther's hands and the hirelings were dismissed. Between midnight and one o'clock the little band proceeded to Schiller's house; the coffin was carried down and placed on the shoulders of the friends in waiting. No one else was to be seen before the house, or in the streets, unbroken silence and stillness lay all around. The procession moved through the sleeping city to the church-yard of St. James, they placed their burden on the ground at the door of the so called Kassengewölbe, where the grave-digger and his assistants took it up.

The Kassengewölbe was a public vault belonging to the province of Weimar, in which it was usual to inter persons of the highest classes, who owned no burying ground of their own; the fee demanded for each was a louisd'or. As Schiller had no place of his own, it was natural to bring him here. It was a grim old building standing against the wall of the church-yard, with a steep narrow roof and no opening but the doorway, which was filled up by a grating. The interior was a gloomy space about fourteen feet either way; in the centre a trap-door, which gave access to a hollow space beneath. They carried him in, they opened the trapdoor, they let him down by ropes into the darkness, then they closed the vault and the outer grating. Nothing was spoken nor sung. Thus, we cannot say rested, but thus were at least put out of sight for many years, the remains of Schiller.

The dust of strangers had gone before him into the vault, and the dust of strangers followed him. When travellers came to Weimar and asked to see Schiller's grave, they were taken to the Jakobs-Kirchhof and shown the grim Kassengewölbe. In 1814 the King of Bavaria was there and wanted to see the coffin, he was told it could no longer be distinguished from the rest.

At the time, the newspapers raised a shriek and much indignation was poured out on Weimar. Schiller was personally beloved, but there was a want of zeal and energy in higher quarters, thus to leave it to a young man of no high standing to take upon his shoulders the redeeming his country from a great reproach. The truth seems to be, that the constituted leaders of Weimar society, being absent, the citizens dared not take the initiative. Goethe lay so ill, no one dared to mention Schiller's name in his presence. The theatre was closed till after the funeral, this was the only sign of public sorrow. On Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, the usual burial services were held in the church, before a numerous congregation, part of Mozart's requiem was performed, and an oration pronounced by superintendent Vogt.

Twenty one years elapsed and among other changes, Carl Schwabe became Mayor of Weimar. Under his government in 1826 we must take another look at the Kassengewölbe. It was the custom when it became inconveniently crowded, to clear out its vault. When the order came they dug a hole in the corner of the churchyard and then brought up en masse the contents of the Kassengewölbe and deposited them therein. In March 1826 Schwabe was dismayed at hearing that an order was issued by the authorities, to that effect. His old prompt way of acting had not left him; he applied to his friend Weyland, the president, and implored that the

dust of Schiller should not be tossed up to the light of day and indignantly flung into that hideous hole. „Let me at least search the vault and if we find Schiller's coffin, have it interred in a fitting manner in the new cemetery“. The president made no difficulty. All men in 1826 were willing to undo the ignominy of 1805.“ Here follows a long circumstantial account of days and nights spent, endeavoring to identify, from a mass of decay, the skeleton of Schiller. The disappointments, the perseverance and the final success — it is a long story graphically told, but very disagreeably exciting. At length the skeleton of Schiller reposed in a new coffin“, lined with blue merino“. Meanwhile his skull had been deposited by consent of his family and by the advice of Goethe, in the colossal bust by Dannecker which stood in the Duke's library: a ceremony performed with reverence. But again the press throughout Germany gave a shriek, and the skull was restored to the body. Both remained in the new coffin, lying in the public library. Finally one night in December 1827 the remains of Schiller were again privately carried through the park, with a few friends with lanterns, to the Ducal vault, where the Mayor and some others met it, saw it laid and sent the key to the care of Goethe. The Grand Duke projected a mausoleum to be built in honor of the two poets, but it was never begun and they rest side by side as I have described them.

We were refused entrance to Goethe's house, once one of the greatest objects of interest at Weimar. It became a serious inconvenience to the inhabitants, this admitting strangers at all hours, so they appointed Friday

as a day for visitors. If wanderers like myself do not chance to be there on that day, they miss the opportunity. I consoled myself upon hearing it was only the drawing rooms, filled with sketches and copies from the antique, that I missed, the study is no longer shown.

If any one has taken the trouble to read my „Impressions“ thus far, they will have discovered the musty odor of the past has a strange fascination to my senses and that I would be led far to enjoy it. Some one had said to me I must by no means miss seeing the old château of Tieffurth, which belonged to the mother of the late Duke and which was a treasure house of rococo: so I turned my back on the beautiful Belvedere and its park of goodly trees, to travel off on a three mile excursion to the village of Tieffurth on purpose to see a frouzy old building odorous of mould. A little turn up a lane, from the village, brought me within a gateway, near which stood a plain square house very weather-beaten, with small windows and a front door once green, now well washed out by the storms. The whole looked like an old Grange. I alighted and walking round the corner found a court, on two sides of which the building faced; still no entrance but an insignificant little door in a corner. On pulling the bell an old housekeeper appeared and invited me to enter. She showed me into a low ceilinged hall, with a stair flanked by broad wooden balusters, painted pea-green, for all the world like the dear old fashioned farm houses on Long Island, and smelling too like them of musty boards. Up we went to a hall, graced by two or three plaster gentlemen on pedestals, whose pedigree

I was unable to trace — fancy divinities, with grape leaves branching all over their bodies. The old woman put the key in a lock, throwing open a suite of rooms, eyeing me meanwhile keenly, to decide whether I was one of the appreciative kind. I returned her glance with confidence. I felt I was upon the threshold of a second „Hôtel Cluny“, where once upon a time I was complimented by the superintendent on the extent of my knowledge; with such a certificate of connoisseurship, who was afraid! I entered with due reverence for the arts of the Middle Ages. My wonderment was stretched to its greatest power of extension, not at what I saw, but that any one could live with such a mess about them! There was not an article of furniture anterior to the spindle legged style of the last century, except here and there a piece, known as, „du tems de l'empire“, when Napoleonic eagles and sphinxes divided the honor of supporting the arms of your elbow chair, or stiffened themselves under your pier tables. The walls were literally crammed with engravings in black frames, from the ceiling downwards, some of merit, some very trashy, in fact the whole place was curious from the industry displayed in settling together such a medly. Little biscuit figures and tea-cups innumerable were crowded on every table, buffet or shelf, the passion for old china always dominant among collectors. It reminded me of a lady in England I had read of, who at her decease left a legacy of three hundred and odd china tea-pots. Here were specimens of embroidery too, coeval with the tea-cups. One little room was hung with glass cases in which fans were spread, relics of times when artists vied together in painting these luxuries of the toilet. Small rooms, little corners, alcoves, all stuffed in like manner — a prodigious baby house. A catalogue in quarto would hardly tell the whole. To pleasure the old housekeeper

I tried to keep up an interest in the matter, but fairly gave a sigh of relief to find myself in the pea-green hall again, with the vine clad Adonises. But to my horror she waved her hand toward the attic stair, I was bound to obey and above the two crammed stories I had just escaped, another collection was packed: shelf upon shelf, dormer windows, every space filled in with Chinese curiosities, and about the floors were seated those cross legged personages, nodding their heads over a rotundity not pleasant to behold. If any one asks my advice about visiting Tieffurth, I shall answer him as Punch did on being consulted about matrimony — „Don't.“

CHAPTER XLVI.

„For many a tale
Traditionary round the mountains hang,
And many a legend, peopling the dark woods,
Nourishes Imagination in her growth
And gives the mind that apprehensive power
By which she is made quick to recognize
The moral properties and scope of things “

Wordsworth.

THE next day found me on my way to the land of romance. The „Drei Gleichen“ rose upon the view as we approached Gotha, the three sister mountains, so called from their resemblance to each other. One alone claims the castle of the Graf von Gleichen, enthroned on an isolated wooded „Bergkegel“, this term impossible to render into English, but very expressive, „Berg“, mountain, and „Kegel“, a ninepin. The legend connected with it is well attested, and one has but to read the history of the Middle Ages, to believe in the most improbable events. When the enthusiasm of the holy wars broke out, and men rushed off to the East, to be captured perhaps and held in durance for years, while their territory at home became the prey of rapacious chieftains, and their wives and daughters left behind, were subjected to strange vicissitudes; when murder and poisoning, and

deeds of arms and chivalry and poetic fervor, were mingled in such inextricable tangle, that history seems but one wild tissue of improbabilities, it was to these days the story of the Gleichen belongs. The Count Ernest had married the beautiful lady von Orlamünde, but carried away by the excitement of the times left her and went off to war against the Turks. He was taken prisoner, with the chance of remaining so for life, had not the Sultan's daughter by some means seen him, and given her heart to the stranger slave. Opportunity was not wanting for her to declare her affection, with an offer, if he would wed her, she would find means to make their escape. He had not forgotten the lady of Orlamünde, but liberty was sweet, and the mode of obtaining it not disagreeable; so he was not backward in giving his consent. By the help of attendants a vessel was provided, which the princess heaped with treasure and in which they escaped and landed in Venice. From thence they travelled to Rome, where the thing was explained to the Pope and a sanction was obtained by the Graf von Gleichen to retain his wife and marry the maiden. The beautiful Saracen received baptism, and the lovers went on their way to Thuringia without delay. Within two days of the castle, the Graf hastened in advance to prepare his wife, who gave him a tender welcome. He related all: his imprisonment, his cruel slavery, the love of the Royal maiden; how for his sake she had followed him with all her jewels and treasure, how she had embraced the Christian faith and received baptism at Rome; all of which so moved the heart of the noble lady, that she assured her husband she would willingly and joyfully receive her for his sake. A valley at the foot of the mountain goes by the name of the „Frauenthal“ to this day, where the two wives met

and embraced. The chronicler goes on to say : „the three lived lovingly all their lives together, and slept in one bed.“ They were buried in the same tomb together in the cathedral at Erfurt, and the stone effigy of the Graf represents him between his two wives. Many proofs remain of the Graf's double marriage in pictures, wood carvings and other relics. Long was the double bedstead shown in the castle of Gleichen in the Junker chamber, until the French burnt it in one of their bivouacs. A tapestry is still in existence, which used to hang in the castle, on which is woven the story of the double wived Graf, and at Erfurt are a crown, jewels and other remains of the Saracen's ornaments, given at her baptism by the Pope. In time the truth of the story was doubted, and in modern days the tomb was examined. The Asiatic form of the skull of one of the females went to prove the authenticity of this long contested tale. I passed by Gotha without stopping, and about two hours more brought us to the old town of Eisenach. Erfurt was considered the capital of Thuringia, but Eisenach its principal city, having for centuries been the residence of the Landgraves. Thuringia was made an independent territory in 1055 by the Emperor Henry III as a counterpoise to Saxony, at that period becoming too powerful and independent. This district was often an object of contention, and since 1810 it has been merged, part into Saxony and part into Prussia, but its individual interest remains the same, and its poetry is indelibly graven on its mountains and deep rocky valleys, over which part of the old Thuringian Forest still throws its shadow.

About the year 1114 under the Emperor Henry V, Louis, Landgrave of Thuringia, joined with the other nobles in war against the Emperor; he was defeated and obliged, barefooted and in beggarly attire, to sue for

mercy at the Emperor's feet. He was thrown into prison at Giebichenstein, from which place he contrived to make his escape by a wonderful leap across the river Saale, whence he derived the sobriquet „der Springer“ „the leaper“ a name he ever after retained. It is to this Landgrave Thuringia owes the castle of the Wartburg, as the Germans express it, „the central star of her history“. Hunting one day, upon the Inselberg and following his game in haste to the foot of the Hørselberg, thence through the lower town of Eisenach, he went up the mountain on which the Wartburg now stands. Here he rested and waited till the chamois should again issue from the forest. Meanwhile he stood alone upon a rocky height deep in thought; the beauty of the scene and the far extended view impressed him and he exclaimed: „Wart, Berg, du sollst mir eine Burg werden“, „wait mountain, thou shalt become a stronghold.“ However this „Berg“ belonged to the Lord of Frankenstein, who was not likely to yield it up for such a purpose. Now „the Springer“ had twelve knights, and with them he took council how he should obtain possession of the „Berg“. It was agreed that baskets full of earth should be brought by night from the Schaumberg, which belonged to the Landgrave, and strown upon the Wartburg. The Landgrave then made a stringent covenant with the citizens of Eisenach, behind which he could screen himself. Then came the Lord of Falkenstein, but not being able to seize the Graf on his rocky stronghold, he appealed to the Elector, saying his own had been taken from him by power and deceit. Whereupon the Graf Louis being summoned and questioned before all the nobles, said: „He had gained the land by his power, and by right of antiquity would hold his own.“ After this, the Graf created the twelve knights his body guard,

and with them ascended the mountain, where they all thrust their swords into the earth and swore that the Landgrave stood upon his own, and that of ancient time this earth had belonged to the Lordship of Thuringia, and therewith he took possession of the Berg. A sample of justice classed under the category of „might makes right.“ So rose the castle of the Wartburg on the mountain behind the town, which slopes down even to its gates. The Wartburg — „like a chronicle engraven on stone, or an old tome full of noble illustrations, it lies upon this mountain altar; the gay Eisenach like a many colored carpet at its threshold. Much is there to peruse in that volume, and many a marvellous arabesque is woven in that tapestry; every rock and cave around whispers with legendary voice in the ear of the wanderer, as well springs gush from the forest lands.“

I saw it first in perspective from Eichel's Garden on the Pflugensberg, a park laid out in the very best taste, and liberally opened to strangers. The proprietor has chosen one of the beautiful hills which surround Eisenach and put it under a high state of cultivation. It was formerly the site of a Carthusian monastery. A succession of winding walks, bordering sloping lawns, or losing themselves under the forest shade, are the main features of the place. These lawns of fine cropped grass lie like sheets of satin without a flaw, dotted here and there perhaps with gigantic leaved foreign plants or trees artistically distributed; then great beds of flowers of every hue, rich exotics in rustic baskets, ferns, wild flowers and mosses in their appropriate territories, some springing out of rocks, some hid beneath the forest shade, art aiding nature in the very best taste, tufts of wild flowers flourishing with as good a grace, as their more aristocratic neighbors. Seats are placed at every point

where the views open most advantageously. It was here I came upon the vista of the Wartburg, crowning the opposite mountain, deep valleys intervening. It must be seen to be understood; no artist, no description, can approach the effect. The puny skill of man fails here, before one of the loveliest of God's works. Rich tufted forests, wide carpets of cultivation, deep ravines, villages creeping up the sides of steep hills, half embosomed in trees, there the castle commanding the whole with its romantic associations, above all, a great brown desolate looking mountain, where the sun-light strikes, as it were, to contrast with the glorious effects of forest, mountain and man's labor too, clothing the little hills with plenty, so that they rejoice and are glad. One cannot convey the whole by description, the atmospheric halo is wanting, the aroma escapes. There it stood out grandly against the sky, the old Wartburg, the home of the Saint Elizabeth, the scene of the Minstrel War, the prison house of Luther. Seated there in Eichel's Garden, with the grand view spread out before me, and the visions of the past floating by like summer clouds, I longed for the morrow, to realize my dreamings.

The ascent to the castle is just behind the town; numerous footpaths intersect the woodlands that cover it, and a carriage road reaches two thirds of the way up. Ten minutes walk then brings you to the portal through which you enter the court. On the right stands the old „Vorhaus“ where Luther lodged, left in its original state; on the left, the residence of the Landgrave with its appurtenant halls and towers.

Renovation is doing its best to regild and renew the classic halls of the palace, professing, it is true, to reinstate all in color and design, after the old model; but the freshness of modern fresco does away much of the feeling of association with the days of the Minnesingers, as also the deeper shadowings of after times, when Luther preached in the castle chapel. This is now new furnished with red velvet, and modern carvings. An altar cloth was presented by the late Duchess of Orleans, who made Eisenach her residence during her exile.

In the great hall, with its high arched windows commanding the wide view of the Thüringer Wald, the great trial of musical skill took place in the thirteenth century. Wagner has made it familiar in his opera of „Tannhäuser“. It is detailed in a fresco covering one side of the wall. At the end of the hall the raised platform behind three arches remains, as it then was, and above it, on tablets of dark stone, are engraved verses from some of the most celebrated lyrics of the Minnesänger. This fête took place in 1207 under Hermann of Thuringia, a man more addicted to the arts of peace than to the clatter of arms, though it is said he was not behind his age in political intrigue. In the peaceful life of the Wartburg he watched keenly the movements of the times. This „Minstrel War“ as it is termed, is a curious exposition of the manners of that age, and I cannot do better than give a translation from the old German, extracted by a friend of mine, from a work on the Wartburg.

„At the court of the Landgrave Hermann of Thuringia, were assembled six noble and virtuous men, cun-

ning in the art of song and verse. There they met with other singers and with these battled and strove together in rivalry, so that this strife was ever after called the „Music War of the Wartburg“. The first poet, named Heinrich Schreiber, was a good knight and brave; the second was Walther von der Vogelweide; the third, Reinhart von Switzer; the fourth, Wolfram von Eschenbach. These were all chivalrous and well armed. The fifth, Biederolf, was one of the attendants of the Landgravine Sophia, and the sixth was Heinrich von Ofterdingen, also a burgher of Eisenach, and of a high and noble race. In this assembly the knights loudly sounded forth the praises of princes and especially those of the hospitable and highly gifted Hermann of Thuringia. Ofterdingen stood forth alone and opposed them all, lauding greatly in his song the Duke of Austria, indeed setting him above all princes; whereupon the poets arose and became so warm and the strife so serious, that it was resolved that the defeated should lose his head on the spot, by the hand of the common executioner, Master Stempel, or be hung on the nearest tree. To this the Landgrave consented, though this had never happened before in his court, owing to the wonderful wit in choosing their songs. Now all used the whole force of their art against Ofterdingen, for they hated him and were very jealous of his learning, and would willingly have turned him out of the Court. Ofterdingen compared his hero to the sun, and would only allow to other princes the light of planets; whereas the rest of the singers raised the lords of Thuringia above all nobles and likened Ofterdingen to the day, which follows and depends on the sun. The terms and illustrations of which the singers availed themselves, were neither choice nor saint, but rather coarse and wounding and full of passion.

At length five seemed to be winning, when Ofterdingen exclaimed, that „False due was played before him in Thuringia!“ and longingly cried: „Oh Klinzor of Hungary! I summon thee hither! Come over the sea, I call upon thee Klinzor, I demand thee! Thy mastery is acknowledged by all, shouldst thou number the sands of the sea, or call the stars by their names, help thou, and I shall be saved. He must be summoned, by him is the noble Austria known“. Five of the singers desired his instant death; Master Stempel was called to hold himself in readiness, already were they about to seize their rival, when he flew for protection to the lady Sophia, who with her courtly dames was present at this festival, and hid himself in the folds of her mantle. Then the Landgravine arose extended her noble hand protectingly over the head of Ofterdingen and spoke thus: „If I have ever had any share, in causing you, my people, trouble or affliction, now let your scorn fall upon me; let those show it to whom I have never stretched forth a hand!“ Upon this the combatants immediately cried out with loud voices: „Her will be accomplished. Let the Klinzor be brought, it will be long before he is found, but we will hear him willingly.“ Now the respite was fixed for one year. In that time Ofterdingen must find Klinzor, by whose decision all would abide, for his renown was great in Hungary. And so Ofterdingen obtained leave to quit the service of the Landgravine and betook himself to the court of Austria, to the Duke Leopold, whose praises he had so highly vaunted and from whom in former days he had obtained many benefits. Again he was well received and hospitably treated, and with letters and rich gifts forthwith proceeded further into Hungary, where the great Master and poet Klinzor was at that time living.

Now Meister Klinzor was accomplished in the seven liberal arts and was held in great esteem by the King of Hungary, Andreas by name, who retained him in his council and gave him yearly five thousand marks of silver, with rich garments also and sumptuous living, for the Meister was everywhere renowned. He was not only experienced in mining and cunning in discovering hidden treasure but was also the first of Minnesingers; moreover he possessed the power of foretelling by the stars, and understood the art of magic excellently well, strong and mighty spirits being serviceable to his will.*) To this Meister came then Heinrich von Ofterdingen and told all that had happened at the Wartburg, and presented the letter of the Duke of Austria. When Klinzor had read and heard all, he consoled Heinrich with friendliness saying: „Be comforted, we will soon turn this misfortune away from thee, I will myself travel thither with thee, listen to the singers and appease their strife; but first let me hear thy songs and verses. Then Heinrich sang to the great Meister all his songs, wherewith Klinzor was well pleased. Then must Heinrich relate much concerning his enemies, so they continued together and amused themselves with many a pastime, and unremarked the year slipped away, ere the great Meister made ready for his journey to Thuringia, yea, he delayed their departure even till the time of respite was at an end. Ofterdingen must needs be in Eisenach on the following day!

*) Be it remembered in the Middle Ages knowledge and particularly that of the natural sciences was rare; men attributed to supernatural agency what in modern days is clearly understood: probably learned men encouraged the belief, inas-much as it secured their own importance. The art of printing was at first attributed to infernal agency etc.

whereat he was sorely troubled and lamented that he would be cursed throughout the land as a word-breaker and nevermore be able to enter the lists of the art-singers. „Ah! dear Meister, he cried, let me not go from here in this trouble, I cannot, will not believe, thou canst permit me to withdraw from thee without some help.“ Klinsorgently consoled him, and said: „Trouble not thyself my son, we can well reach Eisenach, we shall not be long travelling thither, having strong horses and a light chariot; and he bid Ofterdingen eat with him that night. So after he had drunk, he fell into a deep sleep. Then the Meister caused him to be laid upon a coverlet of leather, stretched himself beside him, wrapped it around them both, and called up his spirits to bear them to Eisenach to the inn. Easily and safely they came that same night into „Heinrich Hellgrafen Hof,“ which lay near to St. George's gate, on the left hand as you quit the town.

Ofterdingen awoke as the bells toned forth at break of day and was astonished to hear the summons to mass in St. George's church. He exclaimed: „Have I not heard those bells before! it seems as if I were again in Eisenach.“ „Perchance thou dreamest my friend,“ smilingly answered Klinsor. Ofterdingen, amazed, knew not what had happened to him; he saw the old houses in the little streets and again cried out in astonishment: „I see the gate of St. George and the people passing out into the fields; praise be to God that we are here once more, and this is the Hellgrafenhaus! And now the rumor soon reached the Wartburg that the „Ofterdingen“ had returned and the great Meister with him. Then went the Minnesingers down from the castle to greet the Meister with all honor and to offer him precious gifts; then enquired they where he had passed the night before and how they had taken their rest. Ofterdingen spoke and

said: „We fell to sleep at Liebenburgen, and by matins we were here: how this happened I do not know, and is truly impossible to explain“. Then all ascended the Wartburg to the Landgrave Hermann, and were received with much honor by the noble guests, strangers, princes and courtly retinue.“

It happened a few days after he came to Eisenach (before the postponed musical strife had been renewed), that Meister Klinsor was sitting one fine evening in the garden of the Hostellerie, surrounded by nobles from the court of the Prince and many wealthy burghers out of the city, and as they drank together at the table, they begged him to tell them something strange and new, as was his custom, which made them ever like to have him in their company. He arose, stepped back from them and gazed long and earnestly at the stars, then said: „This night I tell you a new and joyful wonder, a daughter shall be born to my Lord of Hungary and she shall be a Saint, and shall be betrothed to the son of the Prince of Thuringia, and from her holy life she shall be the joy and comfort of all Christendom.“ This news spread itself to the Wartburg. Next day, a great feast was made, with many rejoicings and the fame of the prophecy went all over the Thuringian land. Now Klinsor entreated the Landgrave Hermann to arrange for the renewal of the singers' contest, upon account of which he had come there. And so that happened in the Ritterhaus, at the Wartburg; and the Meister said, there in the midst of princes, nobles and knights (of whom many were

at that time come to this court), that the Day proceeded from the Sun; that if the Sun did not lighten the earth, there would be no Day, and with many beautiful and witty sayings he put aside the singers' strife and maintained that Ofterdingen held the right, and so blessedly concluded the contest. Wolfram von Eschenbach however remained unsatisfied, (for he had sung most in opposition to Ofterdingen). So then Klinsor finding all his arguments fail to convince him, stepped out of the Rittersaal and summoned one of his spirits, which appeared in the form of a youth, and Klinsor presented him to Wolfram in presence of the nobles and princes, saying: „Wolfram, I am weary, this my Knight shall speak further with thee; now talk freely of all things, from the beginning, to the time of grace, when Christ was born. Then began Wolfram to discourse of the Eternal Word, how that proceeded forth from the bosom of the Father and became flesh, as was given in the holy communion. And when he spoke of the marvellous changing of the bread into the flesh of Christ, then would the spirit no more answer but became dumb. Klinsor wondered at the singer's lofty words and gave the spirit command to prove Wolfram still further, to see whether he were a scholar or a Laie. Now Wolfram lived with a burgher of Eisenach by name Titzel Gottschalk, in the Bread-Market, at the „Sulzenhorn“. As he lay beside his serving man, in a little stone chamber without window, in the middle of the night, the same spirit appeared to him with a face so fierce and fiery, that the serving man was nearly out of his head for fear. Then Wolfram spoke again to the spirit, of the nature of the heavens; of the course of the stars; of the motions of the seven planets through the space of the firmament, of their power and influence on man, and why they were sometimes near the sun and sometimes stood far off.

To all this the Knight Wolfram could get no answer. The spirit with contemptuous bursts of laughter, wrote with his fiery finger upon the stone wall „Thou art a Laie! Snipper Snap!“ and then vanished. Many flocked to see the flaming writing, till the host caused the stone to be pulled out of the wall and thrown into the „Hörsel“, that he might again be left in peace. Now after all this was done by the great Meister (besides the other wonders and marvels in divers places), he took his leave of the court of Hermann and withdrew richly recompensed with gold and jewels and vanished, no one knew how, or where.“

From the windows of the Rittersaal the Venus-Berg was pointed out to me in the distance, the scene of Tannhäuser's temptation. In the old legends it is known as the Hörselberg and it is one of the wonder-tales of Thuringia. I cannot refrain giving the translation of the same — it is a part and lot of the district. Rich valleys teeming with golden harvests, mountains clothed in dark forests, are everywhere to be found in the land of Germany, but nowhere is the wild poetry of the romantic age so vividly impressed upon the fancy, as here in its favored region.

„High and bare, bold and uncultivated, as though a curse rested upon it, out of the bright valley between Eisenach and Gotha rises the Hörselberg, seen from afar

like a great stone coffin. In this coffin lie buried in a charmed sleep till the last day, a legendary world of wonders: moresayings are there of this wild spot, than of any other land, and there is much to be read of it in many an old volume. High aloft on the northeast side of this bare mountain, in a wall of rock, hard to penetrate, is a great crevice or entrance, called by the people in those regions the „Hörselloch“. From hence proceeds continually a low dull rumbling sound, as of a subterranean storm, or the roar and rush of water, dashing round the wheels of a mill. I myself, standing once upon the rocky height, seeking the cavern entrance, but in vain, a mighty rushing of wind and water tumbling over rugged sharp cliffs seemed to commence beneath my feet, endeavoring to find some means to escape. In olden times, so says the Chronicle, loud laments and terrible howlings proceeded from this place at night, plainly heard in the stillness, so that the dwellers about there, were frightened and the saying went forth that these cries and shrieks must come from martyred souls repenting there for their sins in hell fires; whereupon it was called Hörseelberg and so it continues to this day. As the simple folk thought it Purgatory and its entrance the gate of Hell, so every lover of magic, led by the devil, went up from the Wartburg to see how it fared with the soul of the „Iron Landgrave“, and had not far to travel before they came to the place. Here also it is believed, is that wild lord, who flew roaring through the Thüringer Wald, during twelve dismal nights. And certainly is this Hörselberg the Venusberg of ancient renown, in whose caverns that heathen goddess, transformed into a sorceress, holds her subterranean court with all pomp and pleasure. Hither she entices all who pass that way, with the sound of sweet singing voices and nods and winks of charmed maidens. All that can

rejoice the heart, she offers. Wherefore many from far off-lands, have been enticed to enter there, from whence no soul has ever yet returned. Still is the Hörselberg called by some the Venusberg; still sound forth the old legends of that enchanted court, a sure sign that this Thuringian rock was traditionally known and entitled the true enchanted mountain. In Latin it is written „MonsHerrisonus“ meaning the wailing mountain. Now gay, now gloomy, now dark, are the legends of the Hörselberg. That rock, outwardly so bare, so unfruitful and barren to behold, has left to modern times the poetry of a rich and hidden life. In its bosom are concealed wonders and secrets, but since the upperworld regards them no more, all is hidden now within its dark caverns, within its charmed depths. A storm conductor is the Hörselberg, its high front kisses the meteors of heaven. In the year 1398 three great globes of fire appeared at Eisenach, blazed for a time in the air, mingled themselves together, then parted and disappeared in the Hörselbergloch.“

Above the Rittersaal, is the banqueting hall, an immense apartment with three large yawning fire-places, and a dais, or platform, at one end raised about two feet from the floor. As I viewed it now, standing on the platform, with its new bright decorations, in Byzantine coloring, I could hardly realize it belonged to those days the legends tell of. From this we were conducted to the Fürstensaal remarkable only for its frescoes, depicting the scenes in the lives of the Landgraves. Of course the first is that of Louis the Springer, hunting-horn in hand, his forester and two or three dogs, climbing to the rock of the

Wartburg. In the second series, the adventure of the „Iron Landgrave“ with the Blacksmith. He obtained the title by the following incident. — „This Landgrave (the Springer's son) was good and patient in his youth towards his vassals, but so soft and indolent that no one feared him. Malcontents arose among the peasantry, who cheated and were insolent to the burghers, and did great injury to the land. His vassals cursed him and thought how they might do him evil; whereupon they armed themselves against his patient indolence and indifference. The nobles saw and knew this well, but were silent and would not permit the peasants to approach him. Many said it was a pity he ever was made lord of the land, as he was not worthy of it. The burghers also were in great trouble from unjust judgments, hard services, cruel treatment, robberies by their enemies and falsity from their friends. Now it happened one day, that the Landgrave was out hunting with his nobles, as his custom was from time to time; and as he rode fast and far into the forest, he got separated from his companions. Attracted by a light, which glimmered in the distance afar off through the darkness, he proceeded onwards and found it was the fire of a blacksmith. Here he entered, clad in a suit of grey with his hunting horn; he begged hospitality and repose. The smith asked roughly who and what his visitor was. He answered: „I am one of the hntsmen of the Landgrave Ludwig. Then cries the smith: „Pfui, pfui, the mole-cat, wipe thy mouth after that“, thou shalt be lodged but not for his sake, take thine horse into the hovel, there thou wilt find straw to serve thee for the night, for no other couches have we, here in the forest. So the Landgrave did as he was desired and the smith worked on lustily at the forge. The iron hissed and smoked as it was heated red in the furnace, and he banged

and thumped thereon with the huge hammer, and the sparks arose in a cloud and flew over the Landgrave. The smith kept humming at his work, „So will it go hard with thee Lord Ludwig, thou unrighteous idle Lord, thy nobles flatter, thy people groan, one injures thee, another robs thee, they make themselves rich whilst thou becomest poor. Aha! Lord Ludwig, it will go hard with thee! it will go hard with thee!“ and so the smith hummed and cursed the Landgrave loudly. So Ludwig heard and slept not much that night. But now he felt as brave as before he had been weak, and in the early morning he rode away into the forest. The hint had not been thrown away. Ludwig soon added to his own power by freeing the peasantry from the heavy yoke imposed by the nobles. These rose in defiance, and made a brave defence at the battle of Naumburg, but were finally defeated. They were yoked in turn by fours in a plough, which the Landgrave guided with his own hand, and with which he ploughed up a field still known as the „Adelacker“ (the nobles' acre) in the vicinity of Freiberg. Louis was ever after called the „Iron Landgrave“ and henceforward there was a saying in Thuringia of any brave hard man, „he has been hardened in the Ludwig smithy at Ruhla.“

The place is still shown where the blacksmith dwelt, near the waterfall in Walchen's garden.

In order to reach the chapel of the castle you pass through an open gallery, which, together with the three story façade, was added to the building in the seventeenth century. The gallery has been lately renewed and embellished by frescoes done in medallions, representing

the different scenes in the life of Saint Elizabeth, whose story is so interwoven with that of the Wartburg and so touchingly beautiful in itself, it cannot be passed over, however well known.

The prophecy of Klinsor made a strong impression on the Landgrave Hermann, so much so that after three years had passed away, he wrote letters to Andreas, King Hungary, demanding therein, for his son, the King's little daughter Elizabeth, and despatched them by a superb embassy of ladies and nobles, among them the proud and eloquent knights, Reinhard von Mühlberg and Walther Schenk von Bargula; also Frau Bertha, the charming and virtuous widow of the Knight Egeholf von Bendeleben; also three noble and beautiful young maidens, and serving women, besides other lords, cavaliers and serving men. There were four waggons and from thirty to forty horses. Great honor was shown them in all places through which they passed, and so they travelled to Hungary and stopped at Presburg, where the King was then holding court: they found him with his Queen and the infant Princess. On the following day, with much pomp and ceremony, they astonished all the court by delivering their message and the letters. The King smiled graciously and said: „I will consult with the Queen and councillors, then give answer“. Then sent he for Meister Klinsor, who spoke much in praise of the Landgrave Hermann, of the numbers and renown of the nobles, of the fruitfulness of the land, that it abounded in corn, vineyards, steel, iron, copper and salt, was rich in game and fish, had great forests and waters, good villages and populous towns, also twelve Landgrave states, many barons, besides knights, gentlemen and vassals. He said moreover, that the land was plain in the centre, but was surrounded with mountains and had many strong fortresses, that the Prince

was manly and handsome, that his son was wise as might be expected, from his early years, viz. eleven. „Therefore is it my counsel that you affiance your daughter to him.“

Now the King pondered over this judgment of Klin-sor, and it pleased him well, and he forthwith gave the ambassadors a gracious reply, and immediately a magnificent feast was prepared with gifts of gold and silver stuffs, ornaments and weapons. Now the young Princess was only four years old and she was to take great treasures with her, as presents to her future father-in-law. Gold drinking cups, crosses and crowns, and for the child herself, a silver bath and cradle with silk hangings and a velvet coverlet. Moreover the ambassadors were desired to tell the Landgrave, that the King would himself bring his little daughter's portion and treasures, when he came to attend the marriage in person. Never before in Thuringia, was anything seen so magnificent as this procession. Whereas the messengers had arrived with only four waggons, they travelled back with thirteen. Each knight, beside his own horse, had a steed with costly trappings, and there was none that had not received a new mantle. Nine horses drew the waggons, which contained the garments and treasures of the King's little daughter. Late was it ere the long procession reached Eisenach, and entered the Hellgrafenhof, the best inn of that period, where the host treated all well. The Landgrave and his lady praised God and went down into the town to receive their noble guests and the embassy. The Landgravine and her ladies remained with the noble child that night, who slept beside her nurse in peace. Early next morning the procession moved slowly up to the Wartburg, whither all the best and noblest of Eisenach were come to see the Princess. There, for the entertainment of the company, a mock marriage was gone

through, with many other pastimes, and those messengers could never enough relate how well they were treated, nor of all that the King and Queen of Hungary promised to do when the children grew up, for Elizabeth was then but four and Ludwig eleven years of age. So Elizabeth was brought up at the Wartburg, like a sister to the Landgrave's son."

Her youth was influenced by her confessor Conrad of Marburg, a stern Dominican monk, who ruled with great power the minds of the people and enforced the most rigid observances. Elizabeth, gifted from her birth with religious fervor, practised the strictest and severest rules of the church, gave all her wealth to the poor, abstained from all superfluous food, rose at midnight to pray and tended the sick afflicted with the most repulsive disorders. Her story is exquisitely told in Count Montalembert's „Histoire de Ste. Elizabeth“. A bride at fourteen, the life of the beautiful young couple, their love, their parting and her subsequent misfortunes, form a long interesting story. The marked scenes of it are depicted in frescoes on the walls of the open arcade that leads to the chapel. In the first her arrival, as described in the chronicle above; in the second the miracle of the Roses; the third, her parting with her husband, who followed in the crusade of Barbarossa to the Holy Land and never returned; the fourth, her being driven from the Castle of the Wartburg by her brother-in-law Henry Raspe, who took possession after the Landgrave's death, to the exclusion of his infant son. Reduced to beggary, she wandered about the streets of Eisenach, whose inhabitants, under penalty of death, were forbidden to house her. She took refuge in churches, with her four little children. Finally it reached the ears of her relatives, who sent for her. The indignation of the people had been

roused, and it is said that Rudolf von Schenk presented himself before the Landgrave reproaching him boldly and compelling him to treat his brother's widow with all due honor. Henry, ashamed of his conduct, reinstated Elizabeth in her rights, but she chose to retire as a nun in the convent at Marburg. Later he found ample revenge for the coercion, by ridding himself of her son, the young Hermann, by poison. Her death and burial form the subjects of the remainder of the frescoes.

The church of Saint Elizabeth at Marburg was only completed in forty eight years. It is described by modern writers as a very elegant interesting Gothic edifice, a specimen of the early purity of that style of architecture, at the same time in the most perfect state of preservation. In one arm of the transept, is the richly ornamented chapel of Saint Elizabeth. She was canonized for the sanctity of her life. The stone steps around it are worn hollow by the knees of pilgrims, who resorted to it for many centuries. Within is a carved tablet, representing the Saint, lying in her coffin surrounded by cripples and sick folk, the objects of her bounty. Her soul is seen hovering above her head, on its way to Heaven where Christ extends to her His hand. The shrine which contained her body is now placed in the sacristy. It is oak, covered with plates of copper gilt, and ornamented with bas-reliefs of solid silver gilt. It was originally inlaid with pearls, antique cameos, and costly gems, but the greater part of these were stolen in 1810 by the French, who removed the shrine to Cassel.

We must here leave St. Elizabeth and the old chronicles of the Wartburg. Truly has the German writer said, it is a volume of deep interest. Many another tale of woe have its old walls been privy to. After the death of Henry Raspe, Sophia, the daughter of Saint Elizabeth

and widow of Henry Duke of Brabant, brought her infant son to Marburg where fealty was sworn to the „Child of Brabant“, the descendant of their beloved Saint. The Wartburg and the country were entrusted by Sophia to the protection of her neighbor, Henry Margrave von Meissen; he was faithless to his trust: Sophia hearing the same, hastened to Eisenach. Its gates were closed against her; they had paid homage to Henry von Meissen. Sophia seized with indignation took up an axe and with her own hand dealt a furious blow against the gate, which was instantly opened by the astonished citizens. Negotiations ensued, but treachery and superior power prevailed. The long contest ended by leaving Henry von Meissen in possession of Thuringia, and Henry of Brabant reduced to accept the province of Hesse, where he became founder of the present reigning family.

And now we take leave of the palace of the Landgraves in the Wartburg, to turn to a later and deeper subject of interest. The old „Vorhaus“, a building on the opposite side of the court, is an appendage of the castle. Here Luther spent so many months, and his chamber is still shown in the same state as when he occupied it. It is a dark brown wainscoted room, with a high narrow window overlooking the rocky heights of Mittelstein, and its two colossal stones known as „the Monk and Nun“. Tradition tells that these had broken their vows, met here, and were by the wrath of Heaven turned into stone, as a warning to future sinners. — Luther did not profit much by the lesson as it happened!

In Luther's room, still stands the old table, where the Reformer translated the Scriptures, bound with iron, to prevent visitors from chipping off relics, which they did to that extent that his chair went all to pieces. There hangs Luther's portrait, done by Cranach, unfortunately

homely. On either side, hang his father's and mother's, that worthy couple, who brought their son up well, and who, though of lowly condition, were very remarkable for judgment and strength of mind. Above the door is suspended a head and breastpiece of plain steel, worn by Luther when hiding in the castle, in the character of Junker George. A green porcelain stove and two or three old carved chests, form the furniture of a room so well known in all histories of Luther's life. Here tradition tells, he threw his inkstand against the wall, in a fit of passion, being tormented by the devil in the shape of a big blue-bottle-fly. Every remnant of the ink daub has been removed by pilgrims to the shrine, and a great raw place in the plaster of the wainscot is left as evidence of the same. I have always had my little private opinion that Luther's familiar devil was his own bad temper. If he fought that and conquered he deserved a world of credit. It is easier to put our faults off on the devil however than to father them ourselves. At all events here in the Wartburg, he had much trouble with infernal spirits it seems, who interrupted his writing at night, by clanking iron chains up and down the stairs, and shaking bags of hazelnuts.

Luther was bred at Eisenach; his father, a poor miner who worked in the mines of Mansfeld, went to Eisleben to attend the fair with his wife. The night they arrived she gave birth to a son. It was the eve of St. Martin's day, and they gave the child that name. So Eisleben is honored as the birthplace of Martin Luther, but he was educated at Eisenach, at one of the free schools, and a plain old house is shown where his parents resided. In the beginning of the sixteenth century scholastic learning was gradually giving way before the Humanities, as they were called. The Latin language which appeared to the

Germans like a new discovery, was industriously studied in the classical schools, and disseminated through the means of Manuals. Learning divided itself between the two sets known as Scholastics and Humanitarians. The latter opened new views to the people, and developed the corruptions of the church of Rome and „the Rhymsters of the cities were never weary of propagating the witticisms and bitter attacks of the Humanitarians, in the form of proverbs, jocosse stories and plays. „The desire of learning became powerful among the people: children and half grown boys rushed from the most distant valleys into the unknown world, to seek for knowledge. Wherever there was a Latin school established, there the children of the people congregated, often undergoing the greatest hardships, for though the founders and managers of the schools, or the burghers of the cities, gave these strangers a roof over their heads, and a bed to lie on, they were obliged to beg for their daily maintenance“. A knowledge of these facts goes to explain the trials of Luther's boyhood and the influences under which he was educated. He, with other scholars as poor as himself, wandered about the streets of Eisenach endeavoring to procure bread by singing under the windows of wealthy houses. Sometimes Luther sang ballads of his own composition, sometimes chaunts of the sufferings of the martyrs. This he called „Bread Music.“ The memory of our Lord's promise, „Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me“, revives, when we think through that child, begging for his crust of bread, what mighty things were brought to pass. A word explanatory will account for this peculiar custom in Eisenach. The present gymnasium, one of the public schools, is formed upon the basis of the old St. George's school, founded by the Franciscan monks in the thirteenth

century. At this Luther studied while a „Currend boy“ in Eisenach. The Currend school still exists, and the scholars to this day, chaunt their hymns in the streets early every Sabbath morning. The little boys in their long cloaks and big old fashioned hats, which make them look like little old men, still rattle their tin padlocked money boxes and intone their cry of, „Coo-or-orend“ in the entrances of the houses, hoping to receive a few pfennings in return for their singing. These Currend scholars form part of the church choir and are educated for this purpose. After divine service the younger boys assemble in the market-place under the Bürger-Schule, with their little tin money boxes in their hands. The institution derives its name from these circular tin boxes about the size of a child's mug, with a slit in the cover, a padlock in front, and a handle at the back; painted brown just as they were in Luther's time, whose Currend box is preserved to this day in his room at the Wartburg. The origin of the foundation of the Currend schools is unknown, but evidently a charity. „Let no one, says Martin Luther speak contemptuously in my presence of the poor fellows who go singing through the streets, and begging from door to door, „a little bread for the love of God,“ (panem propter Deum) — such having been the cry of the Mendicant Friars, as they stood with their sacks on their backs at the thresholds of the houses in Luther's time, who says „I myself too was such a screaming beggar-boy — I was once one of those mendicant lads seeking my bread at Eisenach, my own dear Eisenach.“ The warm-hearted Reformer loved Eisenach. There he had been housed and fed in his extreme misery by the good dame Cotta. There, he had been sheltered at the Wartburg from persecution. Near Liebenstein the old beech tree still stands, beneath which

Luther was resting when seized by an armed band of knights in masks — friends in disguise — who carried him off to the castle of the Wartburg.

It was in the year 1501, Martin Luther, a thin poor youth, stood before the gates of the university at Erfurt asking admittance. When questioned if he were qualified, his answer was, „He who prays as he ought, has already accomplished half his labor.“ His testimonials were satisfactory and he was admitted. It was here in the old convent library, Luther found the Bible — a book, which even the learned men of that day were unacquainted with; satisfied with the portions read to them in church, they inquired no further. Like Hilkiab the high priest, he had found the book of the Law: and like the good king Josiah, in whose hands it was delivered, he could proclaim, „Go ye, inquire of the Lord for me and for the people and for all Judah, concerning the words of this book which is found, for great is the wrath of the Lord that is kindled against us, because our fathers have not hearkened unto the words of this Book to do according unto all that which is written concerning us.“ Deeply engaged in studying the Bible, we can easily imagine these very same feelings reviving in the heart of Luther. About this time too his intimate friend Alexius was killed by lightning falling by his side; the religious tendency of Luther's mind thus received its bias, and he made a vow to devote himself to Heaven. Now we become acquainted with that stern old man, his father, from whom Luther inherited his strength of will. The influence of the old Hans Luther on his son was powerful, and lasted till his death. When he learnt that Martin had

taken the monastic vows, he was violently angry, he had other views for him. After a while, through the intervention of friends, a reconciliation was effected, but not till years after, when residing at the Wartburg, and Luther wrote to him, „Behold God has with drawn me from the thralldom of the monastery,“ the old man felt his son was in a manner restored to him. Hans always had a desire Luther should marry and he admonished him earnestly on that subject, his persuasions had influence later. At Erfurt Luther found no sympathy in the brotherhood, and though he obtained a high character for sanctity and piety, yet, as he expresses it himself, his heart was cold and dead. When John Staupitz, vicar general of the Augustine monks in Germany, a nobleman of high rank and the friend of the Elector Frederic the Wise, visited the convent, Luther confessed to him his state of mind, and it was through his influence and good sense, the young monk was withdrawn from Erfurt and sent as professor of theology to Wittenberg. Travelling within the region and visiting spots so fraught with the memory of Luther, the story of his life naturally presents itself. His name is enshrined in the Wartburg, over which a double halo glitters. The old glory of the sainted Elizabeth and the remembrance of her virtues shed their tender influence overall that surround it, while the memory of the sturdy Reformer intermingles, presenting the anomaly of a double shrine, that of the rich old legendary Romish faith, and the simple truth of the reformed religion.

The Germans go wild with enthusiasm in their rhapsodies over the Wartburg. Each year from early spring to late autumn, people flock there from every province in the wide land. A rich, magnificent nature of dark woodlands, golden meadows and calm valleys, surround

it, and the simplicity of the people who still believe in the traditions of eld, adds to the interest. Treading the mountainpaths, among the rocks and woods of the Wartburg, you are constantly reminded of the actual lives of those whose names have consecrated the ground. Here is the spring where the sainted Elizabeth washed with her own hands the garments, or persons of those miserable objects, whom all the world rejected, infected with loathsome diseases. There stood the hospital she endowed; here the chapel where she prayed, and yonder the path, down which one cold stormy day in the month of March, Martin Luther made his way escorted by two friends, wearing the disguise of a Cavalier, his locks well grown, his beard trimmed into mustaches, he could not be recognized as the Saxon monk. For nine months he had occupied that chamber in the castle, under the title of Junker George, he led a retired studious life. His protector the Elector, kept him there, fearing his impetuosity and imprudence. The name of his retreat was unknown even to his dearest friends. He dated his letters from „Patmos“ or „the castle in the air“ etc. Luther bore his seclusion in the castle uneasily. His was an active soul and body. He felt cruelly the disturbances which were taking place in Wittenberg; fanaticism and intemperate zeal had taken possession even of the mild Melanchthon, his friend. Earnestly he longed to be on the spot, but the Elector constantly wrote to him to remain where he was. Luther writhed under what he called a life of idleness, yet he had been constantly busy with his pen, wrote various books and gave to the German people that translation of the New Testament which not only enlightened their understanding, but established the standard of the German tongue. He fixed upon the first of March and on that day left the Wartburg un-

known to the Elector. At Eisenach he dismissed his attendants and went on his way alone. It was on this journey to Wittenberg he met the young student John Kessler whose narrative is well known among Germans but which I insert here, believing it is not so familiar to us at home.

The simplicity of the diction, and the light it throws on the manners of the times, renders it highly interesting.

The exterior of the man who was riding down from the Wartburg to Wittenberg is thus described by a young student travelling with a friend from Switzerland to Saxony. This, his narrative is well known:

„When we were travelling to Wittenberg to study the Holy Scriptures, we arrived at Jena in Thuringia, in God knows how wild a storm, and after many inquiries in the city for a lodging wherein we might pass the night, could not find any; everywhere lodging was denied us, because it was Shrove-tide, when pilgrims and strangers were little cared for; so we determined to leave the town and endeavor to reach a village that would shelter us. In the meanwhile we met at the gate an honest man, who spoke kindly to us and asked where we were going so late, as there was neither farm nor house that we could reach before night, and the road was very difficult to find. We answered: „Dear father, we have tried all the inns to which we have been directed and having everywhere been refused a lodging, we are obliged to proceed farther.“ Then he asked, whether we had made inquiry at the „Black Bear“ and we replied: „It has never been

mentioned to us, tell us, dear father, where we shall find it." He then showed us a little way out of the town and when we came to the „Black Bear“ behold the landlord instead of refusing us as all the others had done, came to meet us at the door, kindly told us to lodge there, and took us into a room. There we found a man sitting alone at a table, and before him a book. He greeted us kindly and bade us come and sit by him at the table, for we were seating ourselves quietly on a bench by the door, as our shoes were so covered with mud and dirt, we were ashamed to enter the room on account of the dirty foot prints. He invited us to drink, which we could not refuse, and as we found him so kind and cordial, we seated ourselves by his table as he had asked us, and called for a quart of wine, that we might return his civility and ask him to drink. We supposed him however to be a knight, as he was dressed in hose and jerkin, with a red leather cap, without armour, and sat, according to the custom of his country, with a sword at his side, one hand resting on the pommel, and the other clasping the hilt. His eyes were black and deep set, flashing and sparkling like stars, so that one could hardly bear to look at them.

Shortly after, he asked us where we were born, but answered himself, „You are Swiss; from what part of Switzerland do you come?“ We replied from St. Gallen. He then said, „if you are going as I hear to Wittenberg, you will find there some good countrymen of yours, Dr. Jerome Schurf and his brother Dr. Augustin. We said: „We have letters to them,“ we proceeded to inquire „Can you inform us Sir whether Martin Luther is now in Wittenberg, or if not, where he is.“ He answered: „I know for certain, Luther is not now in Wittenberg, but will return soon. Philip Melanchthon is however there, who

teaches Greek and others who teach Hebrew. In truth I would advise you to study both, as they are needful for the right understanding of the Holy Scriptures. We replied: „So help us God as long as he grants us life, we will not desist till we have seen and heard this man, for on his account have we undertaken this journey, as we learn that he will overthrow the priesthood, together with the Mass, that being a service founded in error. As we have been brought up by our parents, and destined since youth to become priests, we are anxious to hear what his teaching is and what authority he can bring forward for such propositions.“ After we had thus spoken he inquired: „Where have you studied hitherto? — Answer: „At Basle“. — Then he said: „How are things going on at Basle, is Erasmus of Rotterdam still there, and what is he doing? We replied: „We only know Sir, that all is going on well, and that Erasmus is there, but what he is about is unknown and concealed from every one, as he keeps himself quite quiet and private“. This manner of talk appeared very strange to us in the Knight; how could he know everything relative to the two Schurfs, of Philip and Erasmus, and also be aware of the necessity of learning Greek and Hebrew. He introduced too, Latin words, so that we bethought us he must be more than a common Knight.

„Dear sons“ he said „what do they think in Switzerland about Luther?“ We answered: „Sir, there, as well as everywhere else opinions vary. Many cannot exalt him sufficiently and thank God who has manifested His truth through him, and exposed error, but many condemn him as a cursed heretic, especially all the ecclesiastics. He answered: „I can well imagine it of the priests.“ Thus holding converse, we became quite at home with him, so that my companion took up the book that was

lying before him and opened it. It was the Hebrew Psalter. He put it down quickly and the Knight drew it towards him. Then my companion said: „I would give one of my fingers to be able to understand this language“. He answered: „You will have no difficulty in comprehending it provided you devote yourself to it industriously, I also desire to know more of it, and study it daily.“

In the meanwhile evening drew on, and it became quite dark. The landlord came to the table, and when he learnt our longing desire to know Martin Luther he said: „Dear comrades if you had been here two days ago, you would have succeeded, for he was here, and sat at this table and pointing with his finger, in that very place. We were much vexed and provoked that we had missed him, and laid it all to the muddy bad road which had delayed us; but we said: „We rejoice however that we are in the same house, and sitting at the same table at which he sat.“ At this the landlord laughed and went away. After a little while the landlord called to me to come to him outside the door of the room. I was frightened and thought that perhaps without intending it, I had done something that was unbecoming. Then he said to me, “as I know you wish to see and hear Luther, it is he who sits by you.“ I took this for a joke and said: „I see indeed, good Sir, that you wish to banter me by imposing upon me a false Luther“. He answered: „It is he most assuredly, but do not show that you think so, or that you recognize him. I assented, but did not believe him. I went again into the room and placed myself at table, anxious to tell my companion what the landlord had said. At last I turned to him and whispered secretly: „The landlord has told me that this is Luther.“ He would not believe it any more than I, and

said: „He perhaps told you it was Hutten and you did not rightly understand him. As the dress and bearing reminded me more of Hutten, than of a monk like Luther, I was persuaded he had said it was Hutten, as the beginning of both names sounded so much alike. What I further said was spoken as if to the Knight, Herr Ulrich von Hutten. In the meanwhile there arrived two merchants, who intended to remain there all night. After they had taken off their travelling dresses and spurs, one of them laid down near him an unbound book. Then Martinus asked what kind of book it was. He answered: „It is Dr. Luther's exposition of some of the Gospels and Epistles, just printed and published, have you not seen it? Martinus answered: „I shall soon get it“. „The host now desired us to range ourselves at table, as it was time to eat. We begged of him to have consideration for us, and give us something apart, but he replied: „Dear comrades place yourselves by these gentlemen at table, I will charge you moderately.“ When Martinus heard this, he said: „Come here, I will settle for you with the landlord.“

During the meal Martinus spoke many kind and godly words, so that the merchants, as well as ourselves, were mute before him, attending more to his words than to the viands before us. Amongst other things he lamented with a sigh, that the Princes and Lords just then assembled at the Imperial Diet at Nuremberg on account of the troubles of the German nation, and for the sake of the pending proceedings concerning God's word, were only inclined to waste their time in costly tournaments, sledge-drives, vanity and dissipation, when fear of God and Christian prayer would be of more avail; but such are our Christian Princes! He further said: „There was hope that evangelical truth would bear more fruit among their

children and descendants who were not poisoned by papal errors; that they might be grounded in pure truth and the word of God, while among the parents error was so deeply rooted, it could hardly be eradicated.

Then the merchants gave their opinion freely and one of them said: „I am a simple layman and understand little of these disputes, but I must speak of things as I find them, Luther must either be an angel from Heaven, or a devil out of Hell. I would gladly however give ten gulden to confess to him, for I believe he could and would give me good instruction. Then the landlord came to us secretly and said: Martinus has paid for your supper. That gave us much pleasure, not for the sake of the money and food, but for the hospitality shown us by this man. After supper the merchants rose and went to the stable to look after their horses. In the meanwhile Martinus remained alone with us in the room. We thanked him for the honor he had done us, as well as for the gift, and as we did so, we showed him that we took him for the Knight Ulrich von Hutten, but he said: „I am not Hutten“. Then the landlord coming in, Martinus said: „I have become a nobleman to-night, for these Swiss have taken me for Ulrich von Hutten. The landlord replied „you are not he but Martinus Luther.“ Then Martinus laughing as if it were a joke said: „These take me for Hutten, you for Luther, soon I shall become a Markolfus (a spirit supposed to haunt Germany in these days). After this talk he took a long glass of beer and said, according to the custom of the country: „Drink a friendly glass with me with God's blessing.“ When I was going to take the glass from him, he changed it and offered instead a glass of wine saying: „The beer is foreign to you, and you are unaccustomed to it, drink the wine.“ Meanwhile he rose and threw his tabard over his shoul-

ders and took leave. He held out his hand to us and said: „If you go to Wittenberg greet Dr. Jerome Schurf for me“. We replied: „We will do that with pleasure, but how must we designate you that he may understand your greeting.“ He answered: „Say nothing further than that, he who is coming sends you greeting, he will understand these words. So he departed from us and we went to bed.

Afterwards the merchants returned into the room and called the landlord and had much talk with him about the guest and wondered, who he could be. The landlord declared he was Luther, and the merchants were soon convinced of it, and regretted they had spoken so unbecomingly before him. They would rise at an early hour in the morning that they might see him before he started, and would beg of him not to be angry with them, as they had not known who he was. This they did and found him the next morning in the stable, but Martinus said: „You said last night you would give ten gulden to confess yourself to Martin Luther, when you do so, you will discover whether I am he. He did not make himself further known, but mounted his horse and rode toward Wittenberg.

On the the following Saturday, the day before the first Sunday in Lent, we presented ourselves at Dr. Jerome Schurf's house to deliver our letters. When we entered the room, we found there the Knight Martinus just as we had seen him at Jena, and with him were Philip Melanchthon, Justus Jodocus Jonas, Nicholas Amsdorf and Dr. Augustin Schurf, who were telling him what had happened during his absence from Wittenberg. He greeted us, and laughing, pointed with his finger and said „This is the Philip Melanchthon of whom I told you.“

Eisenach is a central spot which one may make head quarters, diverging thence in every direction to places of interest. Coburg is within two hours by rail, and the way thither leads through a variety of beautiful spots: the baths of Liebenstein, with a background of romantic glens and charming excursions; the valley of the Werra, dividing two of the boldest mountain ridges in central Germany; Meiningen, where stands the Duke's summer chateau and in its park, the rock from which tradition says St. Boniface, the apostle of Germany, preached to the pagan inhabitants. Further on, in the woodland, Luther's beech-tree, where the men in masks captured him and carried him off to the Wartburg. The country between Eisenach and Coburg is one succession of rich meadow lands highly cultivated and bounded by mountains; this is the land of which even six centuries ago the Emperor Henry II said: „It was an earthly paradise strewn with flowers, and overcharged with abundance.“ It was now the hay making season; the peasant women all were out, with their queer coal scuttle shaped straw hats on, and the weather was divine. Coburg rose upon us as if from a garden. Remnants of tower gates and old walls remain on its outskirts, but within, it presents that orderly, neat, unused look, peculiar to the towns of these little principalities, where everything is stagnant, the inhabitants in a trance as it were, hardly a human being moving about the streets. The monotony was interrupted however in one instance, by my meeting a tall fine looking negro man, whose dress and bearing indicated something superior. My instinct told me he was an American, and I addressed him. He was a Philadelphian by birth named Philips, and had been five and twenty years in the service of the Duke. I spoke purposely of the struggle then going on at home, he had evidently

thought, he answered me: „Give the black man education before you set him free, what are those poor ignorant people to do who have been taken care of like children? The emancipator calls out, let them go free, but not one of the lot would give a dollar to support the unfortunate negro.“ Here are the very words of a free educated colored man, and they will meet response in many a reflecting mind.

The market-place in Coburg has been fixed upon as the spot where to erect the monument in memory of Prince Albert. On one side of it faces the Stadthaus; opposite, stands the hall of records, a fine old building, as also the university, or city gymnasium, founded by Duke John Casimir. His statue adorns its corner, wrought in brown stone, habited in doublet and hose. The Ducal palace stands upon a fine extensive open space. In 1550 it was a cloister of Carmelite monks. After the battle of Mühlberg when Charles V. lodged there, he called the castle by the name it now bears „Ehrenberg“. In 1626 Duke Casimir enlarged it; sixty years after, it was consumed by fire, and later, it was rebuilt by the great grandfather of the present Duke, in the English Gothic style. But the principal object of interest in Coburg is the old Schloss on the hill — the Coburger Veste — Veste meaning stronghold. This dates from the year 1057. In the Middle Ages this castle came by marriage to the House of Saxe-Coburg, from the family of Henneberg, so that this increase of territory added much to the Saxon wealth, whence the saying of the Elector Frederic the Wise to Cranach, who was then painter to the court at Wittenberg, „Come my friend paint me now, fine and neatly, this pretty hen (Henne) that has laid so great an egg for Saxony“. At the period of the Augsburg Diet, Luther found a refuge here in the old Schloss, and em-

ployed his time translating the Psalms into German from the Latin. It was here he composed his immortal hymn: „Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott“. On the wall of his room he inscribed: „Non mori ars ed vivam et narrabo opera Domini.“ The old Schloss had been left to go to ruin, and was converted into a house of correction, but Queen Victoria laid her fostering hand upon it; the reigning Duke was not wealthy enough to renovate it, the Queen came forward, bought up all the land about the hill, which belonged to small proprietors, and presented it to the Duke. Now, a magnificent chaussée conducts you in a carriage to the very court of the castle. The drive up is perfectly lovely, through woods, with glimpses here and there of the grand panoramic view beyond. The whole castle has been restored in its original style — bastions, and look-out tower, moat and drawbridge. It enjoys the renown of having resisted a siege by Wallenstein. As we descended from our carriage the castellan appeared, keys in hand. He conducted us first to two rooms on the ground floor, old low ceilinged places with latticed windows, looking out upon the wide extent of country which the castle commands. These rooms contain a collection of harness, sledges, and state carriages, these last used when John Casimir was Duke in 1500. They are unique. The carriages are long narrow platforms with a seat at each end for a single person, the sides done in carved open work gilt; four thin poles support a flat roof, encircled by a cornice, also carved and gilded. The driver's seat in front is flanked on either side by a griffin, or lion rampant two feet high, these also gilt except a scarlet tongue, which protrudes defiantly — evidently the family crest. There were two of these carriages, each used at the separate marriages of Duke Casimir. The second room contains sledges, all about the size of what we call

a „pung“ at home, for a single person with a very small velvet seat, and just room for the legs within. The foot board is carried very high up in front and presents a carved image about half the size of life, gaily painted and gilt; Neptune with his trident, or a Triton blowing a horn and other mythological naked figures, inappropriate, but very gay and gorgeous. Half were of this description, the other half animals, eagles, pelicans etc. probably the family crests. The horse collars were enormous, shaped to reach above their heads in a peak; painted in gay colors and the harness studded with brass arabesque ornaments.

From these rooms we walked into a gallery where a fresco has been restored, representing the marriage procession in which these carriages figured. The Duke sits on the back seat dressed in a sort of Spanish costume, and his bride fronting him, in coif and flowing sleeves. Close behind the carriage follow on foot the court fool, in his suit of motley, and the favourite dwarf beside him. Then the three architects (who had modelled the plan of the gymnasium) represented with the plan in their hands, conning over it, meant to be comical figures: they have their rules, compasses etc. protruding from their pockets. Further behind, walks the master builder, with his workmen, bearing on their shoulders the model of the building. The rest of the procession is filled up with citizens in their holiday garb, caps, plumes and slashed sleeves, the Spanish fashions having been introduced into Germany after the accession of Charles V. to the Imperial dignity. From this gallery we mounted an oak stair and entered a suite of rooms all renovated, but preserving the original coloring and decoration. Several of these are devoted to a valuable collection of arms, all arranged against the walls in artistic style. Among them

were pointed out to us some of the original flail weapons used in the Hussite and peasant wars, a scythe fixed to a long staff. The largest of these rooms was formerly the banqueting hall, with a great stove in one corner, about twelve feet square and flat on the top. In the antichamber a fresco covers a large space on the wall and represents a scene enacted here in former days. Two bears kept chained in the court below, got loose and, attracted by the smell of food, found their way to the banquet-hall; the servants leapt on the stove, the guests defended themselves with chairs and stools, all in dismay, when the lady of the castle with great presence of mind seized a dish of fruit from the table and advanced offering it to one of the bears, who politely waited for her, while the other more bearish, had climbed up on the table to help himself. The host is seen, having seized a rifle, in the act of shooting. The window of the antichamber looks down into a court, and we there saw the living images of the bears, but whether descendants of the same, remained untold. Bears were kept for the purpose of sport, bear-baiting then an aristocratic amusement. In these armory chambers hang portraits which are interesting. There I saw Duke Casimir who resembles greatly the likeness of Charles V., Gustavus Adolphus, a dark Jewish looking man, and Tilly a mean, diminutive, pale-faced, red-haired man, elaborately dressed in slashed doublet, high boots and peaked hat, with a long feather, many trappings, sashes, scarf etc. in divers colors, all of which only made him look the meaner. If I despised him before, it was only augmented by this delineation of (as Gustavus Adolphus called him) „that devil, Tilly.“ In the picture one may have imagined the artist indulging his own taste in contrasting colors, but not so; at the sacking of Magdeburg the historian thus describes him.

„A haggard looking man dressed in a short slashed green satin doublet with a long red feather in his high crowned hat, his large bright eyes peering from under a deeply furrowed brow; a stiff mustache under his pointed nose; ghastly hollow cheeks, and with a seeming affectation of wildness, sitting on a bony charger amid the ruins of Magdeburg, proudly looking down upon the thirty thousand of its brave citizens now stiffening in death, which at his command were cast into the Elbe; the river was choked up with the mass.“ Another of Tilly's atrocities, though of a different nature, but which mark the man, was the destruction of the famous Palatine Library at Heidelberg a considerable portion of which he caused to be used as litter for his horses in lieu of straw. From the armory, we were conducted into the room once occupied by Luther. It has not been altered, and remains wainscoted in dark oak, with two deep latticed windows. It contains his bedstead, a mean common wooden one with four posts, and a chair, both eaten away by those worst of woodworms, travellers, who have carried away small shreds of both, to their utter disfigurement, but a stop has now been put to that. The only ornament of this room is a plain table, on which is placed a bust of Luther with a large Bible laid open before it, and that Beer-Mug! No spot where Luther has left traces of his life, but is marked by some special Beer-Mug. In museums you will find it, on the Wartburg you will find it, go to Wittenberg, it is there; John Kessler's Narrative ends by saying: „After this talk, he took a long glass of beer and said according to the custom of his country: „Drink with me a friendly glass with God's blessing“. This was Martin Luther. It was here at Coburg Luther received the letter telling him of his father's death, the staunch old Hans. He spoke only these words: „God's will

be done“, arose, took his Psalter and went into his room where he wept and prayed and returned with a composed mind. The same day he wrote to Melanchthon with deep emotion of the heartfelt love of his father, and of the entire confidence that existed between them. After leaving Luther's room, we were shown two smaller ones, the first fitted up as a catholic oratory, the walls encrusted with carvings of Scripture subjects and a statue of the Virgin and Infant Jesus, colored and gilded. The second room is ornamented with panels, on which are depicted likenesses of Luther and his friends; also Catherine von Bora in a nun's dress. All are done on gold grounds half life-size. Melanchthon, Luther, Jonas etc. in their black robes, but with faces delicately painted, too much idealized, but beautiful works of art. The last chamber shown us, was entirely made up of ancient marquetric work, for which Coburg is celebrated even to this day.

This room is fashioned with beams across the ceiling, these, together with the cornice and architraves, are delicately inlaid. A succession of alto-relievo carvings in white wood, are framed with arabesque patterns, and the doors and pilasters, elaborate and elegant, are finished in the same style. The panellings of the walls represent scenes of the chase, or agricultural pursuits, in fine black and yellow inlaid woods. This completed the objects of interest within the castle, and we betook ourselves to the ramparts to enjoy the vast and varied view, which extends to the Franconian Switzerland. Here grows the famous Lindentree beneath which Luther refreshed himself, and where travellers continue to refresh themselves, with the immortal Beer-Mug even unto this day. From the castle we drove about four miles to Rosenau, a summer residence, so called from rose and meadow, derived from the abundance of these flowers on its slop-

ing terrace. This, the favourite retreat of the Queen of England, was the birthplace of the Prince consort. Its aspect is that of a gentleman's quiet country seat, with a tower, but no pretension to be a castle, sitting in its stillness among groves of forest trees, extending away into park and green lawns, where the repose of nature constitutes its great charm. We walked about and gathered a few wild flowers as mementos of the place where a good man was born, then dined at a little Gasthaus, just beyond the domain, and went afterwards to Kalemberg, the ducal summer residence, erected in 1838. Coming one day from Heideker, the Duke gazed at the remains of the old castle of Kalemberg crumbling away on its hill top, and resolved that a new phenix should spring from its dust; he declared, another Wartburg should rise, to equal its rival, „and now it has become a little bit of universal history,“ as a German quaintly remarked. So the Kalemberg bore a stately castle on a high pinnacle, overlooking the region all about. The ducal family were there, consequently we were only admitted to see the grounds and the terraces under the windows, which are laid out with the most elaborate art. It would seem that nature having appropriated everything that was beautiful, the gardeners of Kalemberg resolved not to be outdone, and set their invention to work with the material left them, to outnature Nature. The space on the terrace below the windows is ornamented with a fountain, the water falling in a sheet over a bronze tazza. From this centre, radiate beds of flowers, divided by strips of orange colored sand, the borders green box, the earth within the borders, ink black, the flowers divided according to color, forming ridges of white, blue, scarlet, or pink. The exterior of the

circle is encased by a border of bright red artificial coral, a kaleidoscope might have served for the pattern.

„All the fine things in rockwork and crockery,
That make of poor Nature a solemn old mockery.“

One looks at such things as among the petty wonders of art, but with no sentiment for the beauty of flowers, and one turns to the wild wood path by which you descend from the Kalemberg and enjoy the cool green ferns and little blue hare-bells of Nature's domain. A German who accompanied us, handed me a butter-cup and a field-daisy, saying: „These are world inhabitants, they grow everywhere, we call them „home-keepers“. Our drive back to Coburg was through a country in the highest state of cultivation; great fields of grain and pasture land, spreading far and wide, with the proud castle of Kalemberg overlooking us from above. These two summer residences, so dissimilar in their aspect and influence upon the feelings, are known in the present time at Coburg by the terms „Ich bin“ and „Ich war“, the Present and the Past. Tired out by the day's excursion, I was fully prepared to enjoy a night's rest; everything promised it in that very quiet town of Coburg, and I betook myself to that contrivance known as a bed in Germany, in which you curl yourself as in a soup-spoon; *passe pour cela*. The hush of night fell, but soon the town-clocks, which in German land are not content to strike the hours, but must thump away at all the quarters, began their preparatory flourish of four strokes, to be followed by ten, eleven or twelve, as the chance might be. Now that over, quiet must come, one thinks — not so; the watchman is heard approaching, sounding a horn, from which he produces a noise akin to the subdued snort of a steam-engine. There it ends — Not at all, he chaunts the two lines of a distich, informing you, all is well, and wishes you repose. A comforting

termination enough, if by this time, the clocks were not all ready to begin striking the first quarter, and before the hour comes round, again the watchman is there, too-tooing his horn, and singing another four lines, in which he blesses your slumbers, and you bless him, as you would a „dog that bays the moon!“ and so they continue in concord, those clocks and that watchman, the live-long night, persevering till day-break: a nice arrangement for thieves, methinks, if any such be about.

Dogberry. This is your charge;
you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand in the prince's name.

2. *Watch.* How if he will not stand?

Dogberry. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Actually at Hof there were three town clocks close by the hotel! I learnt after a while to lump the matter, calculating at midnight I was in for 48 strokes, including quarters, and naturally gave up counting, one of the few pleasures by-the-bye of lying awake.

On our departure from Coburg, we met the Duke in an open carriage, a fine looking man and deservedly popular in Germany, where he has been the leading advocate of liberal opinions.

CHAPTER XLVII.

BOHEMIA.

FROM Coburg we travelled by rail four hours to Hof, an uninteresting manufacturing town built on an elevation, the climate said to be so bleak, that only the hardier fruits will grow there. According to its annals, it has been burnt down ten times, and offers no object to detain the traveller. Hardly a town in Germany however, but has some recollection clinging to it, something to awaken imagination, or to interest the feelings. Here in one of those low obscure tenements lived Jean Paul (Richter); unable to hold his ground in the university of Leipzig in the hard battle between poverty and debt, he fled in disguise to his mother, who then lived in Hof with her other children, in a poor small lodging containing one apartment, where the cooking, washing, cleaning, spinning and all the labor of domestic life went on together. Here he brought his twelve volumes of extracts; too poor to own books, he had thus converted those he had borrowed into a library of his own. Under these adverse circumstances, he set about to become famous. The full consciousness of his own powers sustained him, and he realized his hopes. „Jean Paul came forth from that humble dwelling, his mother's noisy kitchen, to go among the great, the wealthy, and the renowned. Beautiful women courted his society and were enthusiastic about

him; he learnt much, he enjoyed much, but he never lost the balance of his mind. He finally made his home in retirement, and still found in unimpeded labor his primeval joy."

At Hof it was necessary to take a carriage to carry us into the centre of Bohemia, that kettle-land as the Germans call it, surrounded as it is, in all its circumference, with mountains. Our object was to visit Carlsbad, about twelve hours distance from Hof. The way led us through Franzensbad, one of the innumerable fountains of health, springing up from the soil of Germany and frequented as they all are by people from every part of the earth. It is duller, I am told, than most of them, which is saying a great deal. We only remained to dine and rest ourselves. These waters are sent to all parts of the world bearing the name of Eger water, an alkalo-saline chalybeate. The New Well differs in quality, but the pleasant feature of the place is, its mud baths. A great peat bog lies in the neighborhood nearly two miles long and in some places nearly ten feet thick, composed of decayed vegetable matter mixed with black earth all teeming with gas. This peat earth is dug out, and dissolved in tubs, to the consistency of mud, by mixing with it the mineral waters. It is black as ink. Thus prepared, it is heated to about eighty Fahrenheit, and the patient is immersed. It exhales at the same time an odor of sulphur and vinegar, very like one's preconceived idea of a bath in the black Styx. From Franzensbad we travelled on through that beautiful land of Bohemia, so full of fertile valleys and wooded hills, passing to the town of Eger, once a frontier fortress, built upon a rock on the right bank of the river Eger. Its walls are very steep and like all these old towns, its streets are narrow, and irregularly built with common houses. The Imperial castle standing

on an angle of the fortification is now falling to ruin. Within it, rises a singular black tower, said to be a work of the Romans, and a double chapel, similar to the one in the castle at Nuremberg. Eger is marked in the annals of Germany as the spot where Wallenstein was murdered. Envy and jealousy of his power, his own presumption, and the machinations of the Jesuits, all tended to inflame the Emperor's wrath against him. He was accused of treason. His assassination was determined on by the Emperor, who treacherously wrote him friendly letters during twenty days after having signed his death warrant. Wallenstein, suddenly abandoned by Piccolomini and the other foreign generals in whom he reposed confidence, fled to Eger with the few regiments which still adhered to him. But his hour was come. Col. Butler, Leslie and a Scotchman named Gordon, conspired against the life of their great leader and common benefactor. The soldiers used by Butler, to carry out his purpose, were Irishmen, Scotchmen and Italians; Germans are free from that stain, at least. At the east end of the market-place at Eger, stands the Bürgermeister's house where the terrible scene was enacted in the year 1634. The apartment has been modernized, but the backdoor by which the murderers entered, the gallery along which they crept, and the low door of his bed room which they burst open, are still to be seen. Wallenstein had just retired to bed after consulting the stars, which, it is said, boded him ill luck. Awakened by the noise outside, he sprang from his couch and confronted Devereux, who cried out: „Are you the villain who would sell the army and tear the crown from the Emperor's head?“ Wallenstein, without replying, received a mortal wound in his breast and fell lifeless on the floor. Meantime the four friends who accompanied him to Eger, were invited to

sup with Gordon, the governor of the castle; he, with Leslie and some others, had sworn upon their naked swords to put them to death. As soon as the goblets began to fill, and men's hearts to warm within them, Leslie ordered the drawbridge of the castle to be raised, and having received the keys into his custody, gave the signal and the room was filled with armed men. The guests started up, suspicious of treachery, and were all cut down after a brave resistance. This bloody deed accomplished, the perpetrators all received absolution in the chapel of the castle.

After this foul deed within its walls, the castle was abandoned and allowed to fall to decay, the popular belief being, that it was haunted. Butler and Leslie were created counts, and rewarded by the Emperor. Wallenstein's property was divided among his betrayers, and his treasure given as largesse to the soldiers. The officers who had adhered to him, were banished, twenty four were beheaded and their places given to foreigners.

The road from Eger to Carlsbad, winding through a lovely country, constantly presents objects of interest and romantic incident. The chapel and convent of Maria Culm which you pass is said to have been in ancient times the resort of a band of robbers and murderers, who, by disguising themselves as knights and ecclesiastics, remained long undiscovered, until a peasant girl, concealed by an accident in the chapel, was witness to their foul deeds and disclosed the secret. The bones of the victims they had destroyed, are still shown in a vault beneath the chapel. Pursuing our route, we came upon the sudden bend of the river Eger, where the town of Ellenbogen, built on a rocky promontory, presents to the eye its picturesque old castle. A modern chainbridge is now thrown across the valley, the river meandering be-

low, by this you reach the entrance of the town. Formerly it was through a narrow portal, with a wicket gate beside it for foot passengers, now, through an open space, a number of old houses having been pulled down to accomplish it. It is a poor looking town of about two thousand inhabitants, but the castle is one of the oldest in Bohemia, often inhabited by its ancient Kings.

It stands on a perpendicular rock projecting over the the river, which here at its base, takes a sharp sudden bend whence the town receives its name Elbow (Ellenbogen.) The castle is now a prisonhouse and there is nothing within the precincts of the town to detain one, except a visit to the Rathhaus, to look at a great meteoric stone which fell in these regions at so remote a period, that it ever remained an object of superstition. The current tradition was, that a bad Bürgermeister who had tyrannized over the people, had been turned into stone, a favourite mode of proceeding in these parts some ages since, it would seem. This aerolite weighed originally 192 lbb. but part has been removed to the mineral cabinet of Vienna.

I own to looking with a sort of awe, at an aerolite with all its hidden mystery „moon stones“, things hurled from other worlds, wanderers through space. The mystery of their origin has never been satisfactorily explained. They have attracted attention in all ages. The oldest one on record is that which fell at Crete 1478 B. C. The priests of Cybele kept it in the temple as the personification of the „Great Mother of the Earth.“ No country has been exempt from these phenomena, everywhere have they excited curiosity and been embellished by credulity. The famous „Black Stone“ worshipped at Heliopolis is described as „large, black and round below, terminating above in a point. This was the famous He-

liogabalus, the Phoenician deity, „the stone fallen from the sun“ at whose shrine even barbarian kings sent tributes. Everywhere the people preserve the tradition they have fallen from heaven. The Chinese had observed and written records of them long before our era. The largest one known is in Siberia at the mouth of the Yellow River and is called by the Moguls „The Rock of the North“, fifteen metres high. „About 1802 the attention of learned men was attracted by an abundant fall of aerolites near Laigle. The most able chemists analyzed their substance, all found the same properties in them. Thereupon were formed systems. Some said they were stones projected from the volcanoes of the moon, other, that they were fragments of worlds destroyed. The conclusion of the observations of men of science is based on hypothesis. They can prove nothing, only it has suggested that the enormous velocity of these stones through the air, heats them to that degree, that when they come in contact with our atmosphere they radiate in flame and rushing as a meteor through space, fall a black fused mass on the earth. One deduction has been made, if they be wandering portions of another planet, they go to prove the worlds about us are composed of similar material with ours, and so the big black Bürgermeister of Ellenbogen remains a monument of superstitious awe to the little world about him, as did other transformed moon stones play their part, in the great Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis, and at the solemn festival of the Megalesia at Rome.

I have travelled far away in my researches after aerolites, and now return to drive round the bend of the river and ascend the steep hill beyond, from whence one takes in the magnificent view. The whole scene is never to be forgotten, and I score it down among the

many lovely features of the old Bohemian land. With a feeling of regret I turned my back upon it, to travel on a very prosaic, good, straight road, to Carlsbad, about six miles farther on.

We reached Carlsbad about sunset. A sudden bend of the road presents to you the little narrow valley where the town nestles, surrounded by high wooded hills. Through the foliage every here and there, pavilions, or look-out towers, are perceived, perched on elevations, shrines, where health-pilgrims climb, to worship Nature. A stream called the Tepel divides the town, crossed by many bridges which connect the streets on either side. A hundred years ago, Carlsbad was barely accessible over break-neck roads, and frequented only by such as could be dragged in a great family coach by horses and oxen, over the rough places. The meadow then spread through the valley, and up and down over its green sward, the visitors lounged, while they drank the steaming waters of its spouting rock. Now, the meadow has been built over, and the „Sprudel“ spouts from a great bronze basin. The Tepel is confined within high stone walls, and two streets have grown up on either side; one retains the name, „Alte Wiese“, old meadow,“ and still continues to be the fashionable lounge. The houses are constructed to accommodate lodgers above, and on the ground floors, either cafés or shops. One must travel the whole length of the town, to reach the beautifully shaded walks, laid out in every direction among the hills and glens, and kept with the most scrupulous care. The part of the valley where the town is built, is so narrow, that there is no space allowed behind the houses, and

flights of steps are often constructed to facilitate the access to the hills behind. A friend of mine who occupied a second story, had but to step out from her bed room-window to be half way up the hill. Once upon those hills, one looks down with a feeling of deep repose upon the varied scene presented. There the stream, rippling and winding, as such streams always do, among little valleys and glens, is backed by heights covered with wood, all cool and calm. Pleasant nooks, where one sits enjoying nature, with ferns and wild-flowers shedding their peculiar odor around. Nothing to disturb the equanimity of existence, heedless of the fact, that beneath one's feet the most terrible agents of nature are at work. The following description by a French engineer gives one a thrilling and lucid account of Carlsbad. „Imagine a city built on the cover of a huge caldron of boiling water, such is Carlsbad. Among the masses of granite which compose the substrata of the country, the valley of the Tepel forms a fissure, the sides of which are in peaks; volcanic convulsions have thrown together masses of granite which present, as it were, great caverns formed by the interstices. The herbage of the valley is spread over all this, hiding it like a great carpet. The waters are engulfed in these great cavities, whose depth, probably reaching the central heat of the globe, send them boiling upwards, charged with carbonic acid gas and mineral substances; so they rise modified to the surface. The gas then separates itself and the calcareous substance which had remained in a liquid state, forms a deposit encrusting all the sides of the gulf. These extending little by little, increased in thickness, until the whole has been covered and it is on this part that Carlsbad is built, what I term the lid of the kettle. This cover is naturally heated by the temperature of the water beneath, conse-

quently no snow lies long in Carlsbad, though much falls there. As the cover is not strong enough to resist much, it happens sometimes the violence of the water and the escape of the gas produce fissures, and then a new spring of water comes to life amid clouds of vapor. In some places where the cover is most threatened, as that near the river which is always in danger, they have been obliged to patch it up like an old cracked pot, with iron bands, or masses of granite. In 1711 and 1727 ruptures to a considerable extent having caused alarm, it was decided to dig down deeper than had yet been done, and it is to those works, we owe the little knowledge we have of the interior constitution of the caldron. There exist many cavities separated by irregular encrustations, forming a sort of vaulting, from one to the other of two or three stories, and below all, the gulf of boiling water, which cannot be sounded, and which extends towards the valley. The water escaped at the time of the experiment, with such violence and awful noise, that it inspired fear and the investigation was concluded."

It is said in early times the inhabitants of the valley approached the spot with dismay, and gave it the name of „Hell's Mouth“, but time and civilization have done away with all that; the people are now seen filling their tubs at the rock where the infernal stream bubbles over, and the same, finding its way to the bronze basin, within an arcade not far off, is thronged hour after hour by people of all degrees, who come to Carlsbad to be relieved. These waters are efficacious in all diseases of the liver and digestive organs, obesity also, and the consequence is an assemblage of huge ungainly figures are seen here. It is one of the most fashionable resorts in Europe, and the promenade of the „Alte Wiese“ presents to the eye that mixed crowd which one sits and speculates upon as they

pass, with something of wonder at times. Here a Greek archbishop in robe, cross and and waistband; there a King in citizen's clothes walking about with a single companion; now a beautiful stately dame, her robes sweeping the ground, wrapped in her own importance; there a peasant girl with her thick mass of petticoats high up under her shoulder blades, and jacket sleeves stuffed out to meet her ears; thick soled peasants and lacquered booted exquisites. From five in the morning till nightfall, the walks are crowded, exercise being an important feature in the routine of health seeking; diet may be added, for that is so strictly enforced that the use of certain condiments are entirely prohibited in the eating saloons, and the person who visits Carlsbad merely for amusement, must submit to the regimen enforced. One naturally escapes from the monotony of the promenade upon all possible opportunities and the country around offers excursions of every variety. We were told we must visit the Hans Heilinger Rocks, in the Eger valley; Spies and Körner have sung them in verse, Marschner in music, all founded upon an old legend connected with the spot. Elsbeth was the village beauty and lived with her father, Arnold inhabited the cottage by the river, they were playmates in infancy and became lovers in youth. Her father refused his consent to their marriage, because Arnold was poor, who, in consequence, went off to seek his fortune. One day there arrived from a distant land a man almost forgotten in the village, named Hans Heiling; he had amassed a great treasure; marvellous things were told of him and people looked upon him with suspicion, but he managed to ingratiate himself in the favor of old Veit, Elsbeth's father, and finally asked the hand of his daughter. Elsbeth refused him indignantly, and he fled from her presence at sight

of a gold cross which hung about her neck. Three years had nearly expired and yet her lover Arnold had not returned. Old Veit pressed his daughter more and more to give her hand to Hans Heiling — at last he insisted. It wanted but three days for the time to expire when Arnold should return. She was in the depths of despair, when there came riding into the village a troop of gentlemen with Arnold at their head, who sprang from his horse, embraced his betrothed, and satisfied her father that he could lay a fortune at her feet. Nothing now lay in the lover's way, consequently great preparations were made for their marriage. On the day appointed, the happy couple with their wedding guests came down into the Eger valley, where Veit had a tent spread and a festive supper prepared. Amidst singing, dancing and shouts of joy, the time sped till midnight, the hour struck, when all at once a terrible storm of wind burst over them, and Hans Heiling appeared in the midst, frightfully distorted, surrounded by a legion of devils shrieking blasphemies, then vanishing down into the river, but the company all remained transfixed, the devilish spell had turned them all to stone. The loving couple had embraced each other and now look down with melancholy faces upon the passers-by. Such is the legend of the Heilinger Rocks and one fine afternoon we ventured forth to see them. An hour's drive through a lovely country, then a halt upon a bit of wild land, and we alighted, to pursue our way on foot through the forest to the romantic bank of the Eger, which here cuts its way through hills wooded down to the water's edge, twisting itself about along their bases. A footpath leads along the margin and you reach in half an hour a rustic cottage with seats and tables under the trees; it is placed just in view of the far famed rocks, which stand out bold, single and upright, on the

opposite side of the river. The fancied wedding procession is hard to define, even for a vivid imagination. That yonder peak, with a fir-tree growing from its summit, was once a cavalier in cap and plume; that yonder two, interlaced with wild vines and tufts of fern, were bride and groom; and that, a lot more of jumbled stones were the village musicians, with sackbut and pipe, requires the illuminating medium of poetry to detect, which, like the genius of Michael Angelo, can see the living breathing form, even through the rough mass that enshrouds it. It is a sweet rural quiet spot, and no hour that I remember was more pleasantly spent than that when we went wandering along those lovely banks of the Eger to see the Hans Heilinger Rocks.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

W I T T E N B E R G.

And thou, old Wittenberg!
Nor time, nor desolation can efface
Thy name, inscribed on Fame's immortal scroll.

THE whim seized me one day, to start off alone, on a pilgrimage to Wittenberg, the so called Protestant Mecca. Arriving at a little quiet station, only one person besides myself descended, and a one horse chaise stood ready to convey passengers to the town a short distance back. I found my companion had already esconced himself in the vehicle, carpet bag and all, and only waited for me to come and do likewise; there was no alternative and I found myself jolting over a country road with a French „commis voyageur“ of rather the shabby sort.

„Mais que venait-il faire dans cette galère.“ My Anglo-Saxon reserve stood me in good need, it imposed on his national volubility. We drove into the Elster gate, and then through a long street paved with sharp flint stones, making the old chaise rattle enough to drown even a Frenchman's jabber. At the extreme end, we drew up in front of the Gasthaus or inn, — Wittenberg of the present day aspiring not to the dignity of a hotel. Mine host appeared, and conducting me through a stone-

flagged passage, and up a stair, introduced me into the best chamber, lighted by five windows, through which the summer sun warmly welcomed me. In a position commanding these five windows, three to the left and two to the right, stood the wooden trough bed, wherein you had the advantage like the sun flower, of

„Turning to its god when it rests,
The same look that it gave when he rose.“

Well, I was treated to the very best the house afforded, yellow spindle legged bedstead, hard sofa, and all; dined off my sofa table, and asked for a guide, to conduct me about the town.

Wittenberg has suffered severely from sieges. In 1760, the chief public buildings and one third of the town were destroyed by the Austrian bombardment. In 1814, it went through a siege of ten months by the Prussians, who took it from the French; during this siege the suburbs were laid in ruins. In consequence of all this, it is reduced at the present day to very small dimensions. Its university too, was removed in 1815 and joined to that at Halle, consequently all life and animation is extinct in the town. The windows of my room looked out on a small paved square, and directly opposite stood the Schlosskirche. This church has been preserved when hardly a remnant of the palace remains. On its iron gates, Luther hung his ninety five theses, or arguments, condemning the doctrine of papal indulgences, which after the fashion of the times he offered to defend against all comers.

My guide now appeared. Who, and what he was, I could not surmise, but evidently a citizen of credit and renown; he took me in hand without comment, and with an air of authority. Crossing the small open space front-

ing the inn, he stopped before the church, and inserted the key. The interior is very plain at the present time, plain as white wash, a wooden gallery and wooden benches, can make it. An effort at ornamentation of the Temple arose probably in later days, for the chancel has been backed by four great wooden columns painted to imitate the brightest specimen of green marble and from between these, protrudes a pulpit got up in white and gold. In front of the chancel, in the stone floor, lie two bronze slabs, covered over with oaken cases, which are kept carefully locked. These mark the tombs of Luther and Melancthon, inscribed with their names, dates of birth and death. My conductor opened the oaken lids with all the fussiness of business, detracting thus from any emotion one might experience. But when I actually realized I was looking down upon the resting places of these two remarkable men, a rush of recollections crowded into my mind; these, with like passions and failings as ourselves, had been the chosen instruments in God's hands to bring such mighty things to pass. After a little, the oaken cases were shut down again, leaving me ruminating. I hardly heeded the only two works of art left in the church, the statues of the Electors John and Frederick, Luther's friends and protectors of the Reformation. These are done in fine bronze, the work of Peter Vischer. I cannot help thinking this church would be the fitting place for that great Indulgence case which they show at the little Wendish town Jüterbogk, not far from here, in the church of St. Nicholas. The story runs that Tetzel was waylaid, and robbed by the Knight Hans von Hacke, as he was returning with his Ablasskasten, or Indulgence box, filled with gold, the produce of the pardons he had sold. Tetzel had previously granted to the knight an indemnity for any sins he might commit! It

is a large wooden coffer, hooped with iron having a narrow slit in the top. In that collection of old documents recently published by Freytag, he gives the narrative of Frederick Myconius, a pious, earnest student, who had listened to the harrangues of Tetzal. He entered a convent in 1510, but eventually became a convert to the reformed religion. The picture is so striking, that here, on the very spot where Luther defied the world on the subject of indulgences, I am tempted to transcribe it. „Tetzal, a haughty Dominican, rode into the city with his box of indulgences accompanied by a large body of monks and priests. The bells were rung, ecclesiastics and laymen met him and reverentially conducted him to the church; his great crucifix, with the holes of the nails and the crown of thorns, was erected in the nave, and sometimes believers were allowed to see the blood of the crucified one, trickling down the cross. Church banners on which were the arms of the Pope with the triple crown, were placed beside the cross. In front of it the Indulgence box, strongly clamped with iron. Near this, on one side, a pulpit, from which the monk set forth the wonderful powers of his indulgences, and showed a large parchment of the Pope's with many seals appended. Opposite was the pay table, with indulgence tickets, writing materials, and money baskets. Here I could relate wonder upon wonder, and many incredible things which I heard preached by Tetzal at Annaberg. At last about Whitsuntide, 1510, he threatened to take down the red cross, close the door of Heaven, and extinguish the sun, that we should never more have the opportunity of obtaining remission of sins and eternal life, for so little money, as it could not be hoped the benevolent mission of the Pope would return again, as long as the world lasted.“

Now return we to Wittenberg, where I am passing out from between those iron church gratings, on which hung the renowned theses, denouncing all that I have just been quoting, as described by an eye witness.

Once more in the street, my conductor led me on through the town, and turned into a little back lane where he stopped before a small house, saying: „Come in, I will introduce you to my daughters who speak English and will be pleased to accompany you to Luther's abode“. I was glad for the change, as my taciturn friend had enlightened me but moderately. Mounting the stair I was ushered into a little drawing room, where he left me to go and apprise his daughters. This room did not present the usual bare, cold aspect of German parlors, but was decorated with all manner of foreign productions; shells, branches of coral, tropical seaweeds, Chinese monstrosities, and other things from the islands of the sea. Its walls were hung with likenesses of missionaries in all quarters of the globe. I learnt later, that at Wittenberg there remain theological seminary students and these young ladies I found perfectly posted up to the same, probably ready for Timbuctoo, or the Fijii islands, as the case might happen. At all events on acquaintance I discovered they had imbibed the preparatory inflection of voice, that minor-key intonation of miserable sinners, used while speaking of the ordinary things of life. Why people must drawl, to prove their goodness, is to me inexplicable, and why brother Brown, or brother Smith, who are having a pretty good time of it upon the whole must be chap-fallen, is a part of the business I do not pretend to understand. Well, the two sisters who were presented to me, were o'that kin. They led me to the end of the town by which I had entered. This it seems was the celebrated Elsterthor, the gate through which

Luther, followed by the students and professors of the university, proceeded to light the bonfire, to which was committed the Bull of the Pope, with the volumes of the Decretals, and Canon Law. The spot was in that day marked by an old oak-tree, which has mouldered away, but a descendant, acorned from him, now reigns in its stead.

„Oh! couldst thou speak, as in Dodona once
„Thy kindred trees, oracular,
„I would not, curious, ask the future, (best unknown),
„But at thy mouth, inquisitive, the less ambiguous past.“

On the left of this gate as you enter Wittenberg, stands the great building formerly the Augustine convent. The brotherhood of this convent were the first to adopt the new doctrines of Luther. They abolished private masses, both for the living and for the dead, and invited all religious persons to partake of the sacrament, but not according to the Roman belief of its being expiatory sacrifice. Later, when monkish institutions were abolished, the buildings of this convent remained in the Elector's possession, who used them for his newly founded university. Luther had long been professor of theology and philosophy, in Wittenberg, but after this arrangement left his humble house and garden, to take up his abode in the great gloomy lodging in this building, which is shown at the present day.

We ascended the dark old oak stair case and reached a hall on which several doors faced, one of these introduced us into a large square wainscoted room, lighted by two high arched windows; the wainscot and ceiling painted a tawny orange, and on the panels of the walls a coarse attempt at colored arabesque, now nearly faded out. In one corner stands a large stove of colored pot-

tery, designed it is said by Luther himself, the table and two wooden settles in the opposite corner, are remnants of his furniture. A bench built against the wall, surrounds two sides of the chamber. A door opens from this into a smaller inner one, where are kept a few relics, such as a bit of embroidery done by Mistress Martin Luther, née Catherine von Bora, (Herr Kate) as the Reformer was wont facetiously to call her in his domestic letters. Over the door of this little chamber is a curious autograph roughly struck in chalk, by Peter the Great, who left it as an evidence of his visit. Two or three portraits by Cranach, and a crucifixion half life-size hang upon the walls. This latter is of surpassing interest, the intense agony of suffering is so feelingly veiled under the meek expression of resignation, I could not leave gazing upon it, it seemed to convey so fully the great sacrifice for sin. Had I been alone, I would have remained long dwelling upon this realization of the terrible scene, but the two missionary girls attacked me right and left, as to how far my convictions had been carried, and as I did not feel inclined then and there, to satisfy their curiosity, I made the move to return, and we descended the broad old stair into the court. Here my companions pointed out an enclosure known as Luther's garden; he, a true German was a lover of nature and out-door life. In all biographies of the Reformer, we read of him in his garden. „How much rather“ said he upon one occasion“ would I live among the wonders of God, the trees, the flowers, the grass, the birds; this enjoyment and leisure would be mine if I did not require the discipline of labor, sometimes important, sometimes useless.“ It required very little stretch of imagination then, to see him sitting before the arbor-table, beer tankard in hand, holding converse with Cranach

perhaps, then made Bürgermeister of Wittenberg, or may be with the pale melancholy Melanchthon, these, his two intimate friends; reproving the one perchance for caricatures, somewhat too gross, in which he delighted to ridicule the monks and the pope. „Whatever you may do,” said Luther to him one day, „respect women, leave them out entirely from your caricatures.” This was Lucas Cranach the elder, friend of the Elector Frederick, whom he accompanied to the Holy Land as court painter, and there sketched many remarkable places. It is presumed also that Cranach followed in the expedition against the Venetians. It was a short time before this war that Luther gave the signal for the Reformation. After the Elector’s death, Cranach attached himself to his successor John, with such devotion, that at the battle of Mühlberg when this Elector was made prisoner, he voluntarily shared his captivity for years. Almost immediately after his release, Cranach died at Weimar, which had become the capital of his Master’s diminished estates. There can be no doubt that Luther, declaiming against the luxury of the Roman church, condemned religious paintings, where the Virgin and Saints are ever prominent objects, classing such as idolatrous. Thus the art received a check, and church music a development which took its place.

Luther’s love of music and religious fervor led him to cultivate this means of praise and thanksgiving in the new form of worship.

He collected numerous songs borrowed from the Hussites, translated from the Latin, and many wild ballads of infinite pathos and harmony, sung by the travelling students and soldiers. To these he added compositions of his own, which became general as the Reformation advanced, and as the school of the Mastersingers gradu-

ally died away. Meanwhile Lucas Cranach employed his pencil in depicting, by means of caricature, moral lessons.

There is extant a volume of his, in which each alternate page represents a scene in the Passion of our Lord, and on the opposite page a scene in the lives of the Popes, contrasting what ought to be with what was. These popular caricatures, with the ribald ballads of the day, did perhaps more to impress men's minds with the necessity of reformation, than sermons or religious writings: „this art of caricature which consoles the people in its sorrows, avenges it on its tyrants, and reproduces with its satirical pencil the thoughts of the multitude.“ There is a subject connected with caricatures, which, as it has come under my personal observation, I do not deem irrelevant to the present writing. Unlearned in the history of Gothic architecture, it strikes one with amazement to see what strange incongruities exist, and how frequently the ridiculous is combined with the sublime. In the cathedral at Magdeburg, the interior of which was all burnt out during the Thirty Years' War, remnants of the old decorations which escaped, were worked into the walls at its restoration. Among these I noticed under a cornice, a fresco representing a group of Jews distinguished by their peculiar national physiognomy, and dressed in a marked costume. One is kneeling, milking a sow, the others waiting with cups in their hands, for a supply. In the „Dom“ at Brandenburg, which I did not see, I am told that at the principal entrance there are reliefs satirizing the monks, a fox preaching to a congregation of geese. The luxury of the ecclesiastics, and the stupidity and licence of the monks, so glaringly opposed to the principles they professed, were unsparingly ridiculed by both pen and pencil before the twelfth century. The spirit of satire gained increased force at a later pe-

riod, encouraged at the court of the Emperor Frederick II. and introduced into the songs of the Minnesingers. Art then admitted some of those burlesques which are found among the sublimest efforts of architecture. On the cathedral at Strasburg was found a group sculptured in the stone, representing a boar carrying the holy water and sprinkling brush; a wolf the cross, a hare the taper, a pig and goat the box of relics in which lies a sleeping fox. An ass is reading the mass, while a cat acts as a reading desk. This impious caricature has been erased in modern days, it is said. In a recent work on this subject, the author observes, „The classic Greek grotesque had gradually lost its elegance, as it became merged during the decay of Art into the dark ages; and that monstrous style, termed the ecclesiastical grotesque, which produced all those strange incongruities in Gothic edifices, we can trace to times when fear of evil spirits prevailed, and ridiculing the devil and his imps became a mode of relief. Thence those strange distorted faces protruding among the gargoyles of an old edifice; and scattered up and down, those offensive debauches of art, not always detected, but lurking among the elaborate adornments of Gothic skill.“ Our author continues the subject by saying: „This church decoration was calculated to produce its effect upon the lower classes, and mediaeval art was more than anything else suited to mediaeval society, for it belongs to the mass, not to the individual; the ludicrous is the spirit that usually prevails, it provokes a smile, but no horror. As Dante could intermingle his unique conceptions of supernatural grandeur with minute descriptions of the farcical proceedings of the vulgarest possible fiends with their pitchforks, so the same artists who ornamented our cathedrals with their glorious expressions of thought, sublimed at once

by their love of beauty and the love of Heaven, could furnish them out with the strangest, meanest, and often filthiest images, which a debased imagination could suggest."

From the sculptured and religious grotesque of the Middle Ages, to the Dutch and German woodcut literature of the Reformation, the transition is not a very wide one.

„Some chronicle of fiends

Profuse in garniture of wooden cuts

Strange and uncouth; dire faces, figures dire,

Sharp kneed, sharp elbowed, and lean anckled too,

With long and ghastly shanks; forms which once seen

Could never be forgotten."

In imaginative minds, the sudden transitions from pathos to mirth rapidly alternate — a fact stamped by the name of more than one genius in the fields of literature: the exuberance of fancy seeking some mode of developing the good and evil element combating within. At one period this evinced itself in art, at another, satisfied its cravings through the new offered outlet of the printing press. Erasmus, contemporary with Luther, without deviating from the dogmas of the Roman church, taught his students to read the Bible in the original text, and to investigate its meaning, whilst his satirical poems, the wittiest of those times, spread through civilized Europe and accustomed the reader to laugh at many things hitherto regarded with reverential awe. This diffusion of satirical works, first demonstrated to the people the power of the weapon Guttenberg had placed in their hands. Sarcasm and ridicule were the only means by which elevated minds could attack the general depravity. Sebastian Brand described all the follies of

public and private life in his „Ship of Fools“ and Erasmus published his „Praise of Folly“. Later satirical writing merged into coarseness, till gradually it became obscene and disgusting, and as usual a reaction took place.

At the gate of the old university building I took leave of the two sisters, they to return to their seashell bower, I to mine inn, deferring further exploration till the following day. Evening was lowering, and I saw the wisdom of employing the dark hours with that invention Sancho Panza calls sleep. It was making the most of time. I had witnessed various sun-risings in my life, at sea, on the Righi, Guido's Aurora and others, but the anticipation of a sunrise over the red tiled roofs of Wittenberg, illuminating at three in the morning the white-washed walls of my chamber, through five shutterless windows, was anything but glorious!

Reality exceeded expectation. These might in truth be classed among the sunny hours of my existence. I waited impatiently for the stirring of the household. Profound silence reigned; no cock crew, no sparrow twittered on the housetop, no dog cart pattered over the stones. I recalled the wise aphorism „One must learn to wait“, and while I waited, I thought if any one desires to drill himself in the exercise of this virtue, he had better live awhile in Germany. At the last moment, when you are in a fever of impatience to be off for fear of missing the train, the carriage not yet at the door, and you appeal to the houseporter, he calmly tells you „Es kommt gleich.“ If you are starving for your dinner, and impatiently ask why it does not come, the waiter blandly answers „Es kommt gleich.“ If he is somewhat sprightly, he may say „In einem Augenblick“, which means „in the wink of an eye“. In all seasons of desperate impa-

tience you are thus cooled down. A lady friend of mine ordered some tea, it was served. A thin straw colored fluid issued from the teapot, she harangued the waiter, he complacently answered „Es kommt gleich“ in other words „if faut savoir attendre“. All things come to pass if you will only wait long enough, tea brews and diplomacy develops. So mused I until the clap-bang of heavy wooden shutters below stairs, and the growling of the housedoor turning on its rusty hinges gave evidence that the world was astir. Never before had the shrieks of chairs and tables drawn across a bare floor been music to my ears. The servants were setting to rights, and contentment pervaded my whole being. In process of time the morning coffee arrived in the snubby little jugs I have described elsewhere, with the identical accompaniments. These prevail from north to south in Germany, and are usually served in your sleeping room. Finding the train did not pass till ten o'clock, I equipped myself for a walk, to wander about and find the remainder of the objects of interest which the guide-book indicated. My chamber door opened on to a great square hall, and as I came out who should I meet but the Frenchman, my chaise companion of the preceding day, got up, as the washerwomen say, in the highest degree of elegance. The last Parisian cut of fine broad cloth, a shirt bosom beruffled and bestudded, unexceptionable gloves, and a beaver, the lustre of which was only exceeded by his patent leather boots. As I advanced he saluted me with a bow quite in keeping with the rest and said „he had purposed doing himself the honor of calling upon me.“ I regretted of course, with the usual sincerity of society, but I was going out. I have been sorry ever since, that elaborate toilet was not better appreciated. Whether he wished to impress me with his importance, or whether he

was impressed with mine, I never could exactly decide, „mais que venait-il faire dans cette galère.“

The great book in which strangers inscribe their names, was handed to me on arriving; I wrote my name and residence, summing up my titles and pretensions under that word „Privat“ (which an American friend of mine pronounces Privateer.) I never thought of looking for my Frenchman's name, he may have been the Marquis de Carrabas himself, for all that I know, but I would venture a wager, he discovered I was no dealer in small wares. I never saw him again, nor do I expect like aunt Charity, to „die of a Frenchman“.

I walked down the main street to the market-place, (as the city squares are usually called), where I was first attracted by a bronze statue of Luther standing upon a pedestal, beneath a Gothic canopy of cast iron. This statue by Schadow was erected in 1822. On one side of the pedestal is inscribed his text: „If it be the work of God it will endure.“ On the other side, that line of Luther's hymn which has become the Lutheran watchword,

„Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.“

This is the most agreeable likeness of the great Reformer I have yet seen, the artist has idealized somewhat the expression; it looks as Luther might have done in some great moment of religious fervor, you lose the massive heaviness of the countenance. He is dressed in the serge robe, and flat cap, which he adopted after casting off the monk's cowl and frock, and holds the Bible in his hand.

The Rathhaus fronts this market-place. It is the only building left in Wittenberg of any pretension. It stands out, surmounted by Attic arches, five on each side, and a portico totally out of keeping, looking as if made of frag-

ments picked up at random and intended for an entirely different purpose. Four slender Ionic columns support a slab of stone, on which rest four small Corinthian ones; these are surmounted by a gutter, with grotesque Gothic gargoyles at each end, to pour off the water, while an angel with extended wings, flanks either corner. What it all means, I am at a loss to discover, but an inscription in old German gold letters on a black ground partly defaced, may enlighten archaeologists. The Rathhaus contains few objects of interest at present; I consoled myself with this thought, as I could find no one to show me into its precincts. Formerly they kept here the sword of Gustavus Adolphus, which he left as a memento of his visit to Wittenberg. On the opposite side of the square, stands the house of Melancthon, a large massive building with a high pointed gable toward the street, presenting innumerable windows still filled with those little octagonal shaped glass panes set in lead. This house possesses one other interest, it became the home of the fugitive nun, Catherine von Bora. She belonged to the Nymphal cloister under the patronage of the Elector. She was of noble birth, and the Elector was present when she took the veil. In bidding her farewell he said: „Remember my daughter, in me you will always find a friend.“ At that moment neither dreamt what was to follow. Year after year the reformed principles spread, they crept within the convent walls, Catherine became a convert, and one day appeared before the gate of the Electoral palace and asked admission. The Elector questioned her, was satisfied and bespoke her a home with Melancthon and his wife. Circumstances brought her and Luther into intimate companionship, and the result is well known. However honorable their after-lives, I have always felt that Luther would have been grander had he,

like Saint Paul, stood alone wedded to his great work. From the market-place I found my way to the retired nook where stands the Stadt-Kirche, with an open space about it. Between two perfectly plain towers, the great door of entrance opens, and on the side, another. About the lower parts of the outer walls, masoned in to preserve them as best they may, are many decayed old monuments, bearing the date 1500. Further down, I found a low door opening into a small conical capped tower, probably the belfry, and through this I entered the church. Here Luther preached, and from its bronze baptismal font, he and Melanchthon administered the rite.

The altar is divided from the body of the church by a low railing, the altar piece, painted by Lucas Cranach, represents the four sacraments. Imbued with the new principles, Cranach foresaw that the liturgy and martyrology, from which the old masters had selected their subjects, would be interdicted by the spirit of the reformed religion and he seized upon the moral of christianity, as containing the element of a new style of art. This altar piece presents in the centre the Lord's supper in which Cranach himself figures as a servant. On the two sides, are painted the rite of baptism, administered by Melanchthon, and confession as given by Bugenhagen. Below these, under the altar piece, is a small narrow painting representing „the word“. Luther is seen preaching from a pulpit on the right, in the midst, a crucified Saviour, and on the left, an assemblage of people kneeling. Those in the foreground are Luthers wife, with her little son by her side, dressed in scarlet; Catherine and the women that surround her, in a short nun's costume, a white coif, and band, which covers the lower part of the face. Luther's preaching was persuasive and calculated to interest all classes, he set aside scholastic

ignorant, his manner was simple, energetic and affectionate, he used to say: „I would not have preachers torment their hearers; when I am in the pulpit I regard neither magistrates nor doctors, of whom there are above forty here in the church, but I have an eye to the multitude of young people, children and servants of whom there are more than two thousand.“ In the apsis behind the altar, hung four pictures of very great interest. One by Lucas Cranach the younger, who followed his father in all the diversities of his styles, and helped him in many of his pictures. This one: „The Conversion of St. Paul,“ is distinguished by the naïveté of that early school. The group of mounted soldiers surrounding St. Paul, are in Roman helmets, while he is represented in the costume of a German burgher; a black overcoat, brown hose pulled up over the knee, and the flat black cloth cap, known as a barret in 1500. St. Paul is seen falling from his horse, caught round the waist by an attendant. This forms the central group. In the glory from on high, the Holy Father is represented. The expression of the horse turning his head away from the dazzling light, is so curious as to excite a smile, yet the artist's idea is correct, brute instinct, overawed by the supernatural appearance. In the foreground the subject is continued in a sort of second chapter as it were. St. Paul is on foot, sustained by his followers after having lost his sight and making his way towards Damascus. In the crowd of lookers-on, the two Electors of Saxony, patrons of the Reformation, are represented, dressed likewise as burghers.

The second picture was a crucifixion, with the two thieves on either side, and kneeling figures in the foreground, dressed in the costume of the sixteenth century. The expression of the thieves tells the whole story. The

penitent one is pale and contemplates the Saviour with a deep melancholy and repentant expression; his lank black hair hangs contrasting with his lived complexion. The other one, a robust vigorous man, turns his head away from the Lord, writhing under the agony of bodily punishment, no thought but that of physical pain, „What is he to me?“ the whole conception of this picture is heart searching. A small instance of the nicety of invention peculiar to that old school, is evinced by putting a vicious looking bee in the act of stinging the leg of the remorseless thief, and the contortion of the limb under pain. There is a life-like interest in such works of art, that impress them indelibly on the memory.

The third picture was a Nativity. The swaddled infant lying in the foreground, Mary and Joseph behind, various other figures introduced, and the rest of the canvass filled up with innumerable infant angels, bearing scrolls, on which are inscribed, „Glory to God on high, on earth Peace, Good will towards men;“ the coloring admirable.

The fourth painting was by an unknown artist, bearing the date 1565, the purification of Mary in the Temple, a lovely little picture. It presents an exquisite perspective of pointed arches, in the foreground an altar, the high priest fronting you; Saint Anne is on the right, and the Virgin, a young girl of fourteen or fifteen, kneeling, presenting her two white doves in a little cage, the very impersonation of innocence and purity.

The beautiful simplicity of early German art yielded at length to the pressure of the times. The universities had gradually cast off the old scholastic shackles and revived the classics; thence, art driven from the reformed churches, sought in mythology a new field of development, and we find meretricious Venuses and unchaste

Dianas taking the place of the exquisitely modest and pure conceptions of the old mediaeval school. Cranach with the others, lapsed later into this style of painting, as did also Albrecht Dürer, and both into that compromise between classical nudity and allegorical virtue, which made but sad havoc with the art. I had rather be the painter of that meek young girl kneeling before the high priest, with her offering of two white doves, than obtain the most elaborate triumph by limning Virginius sacrificing his daughter, or that model of Roman chastity, Lucretia, committing suicide. One must be essentially religious I think, to depict scripture subjects with feeling. Pagan virtue can never touch the same chord in the heart.

I had enjoyed these paintings alone, in the deep church silence, when the sudden apparition of a sexton startled me from my reveries, and awoke me to the fact that time and steam wait for no man; so I crossed his palm with silver, in gratitude for a few golden moments of quiet enjoyment, and bade farewell to old Wittenberg.

CHAPTER XLIX.

TEPLITZ.

Teplitz — All the world's a stage — and all the men and women
merely players.

As you like it.

My German experiences began at a watering place on the Rhine, and I shall wind them up by my summer passed at Teplitz, which is about three hours distance from Dresden by rail, one of the loveliest journeys one can take, the road skirting the Elbe through its most romantic passes. Teplitz has long been historic, and has again of late lent its name to a convention of crowned heads, so that perhaps a particular account of it may have some interest, as it is almost exclusively a German watering place. Now and then a wandering Englishman finds his way there, or an American, but a proof of how few foreigners do, is that no language but the German is spoken, either in the shops, or lodging houses, and very rarely at the hotels. Teplitz lies in a valley in Bohemia within the range of the Erzgebirge or Ore Mountains, the mining district, belonging to Saxony. The „Joachimsthal“ among these mountains, is the oldest silvermine in Europe; here the first dollars were coined called „Thaler“ from the word Thal, valley, literally, „valley piece“, a name still retained in Saxony and

Prussia. Teplitz is a Slavonic word, signifying warm bath, the waters belong to the class alkalo-saline, and range in temperature from 95 to 120 Fahrenheit. The original spring lies in the town, but within twenty years, another has been discovered in a marshy spot a little distance off. About this, there soon grew up a settlement, now known by the name of Schönau, the most fashionable and frequented part of Teplitz. The whole domain belongs to the Fürst Clary, of the Aldringer family, whose ancient castle, now in ruins, caps the Schlossberg and is the favourite excursion for pedestrians. The modern castle is in the centre of the town, surrounded by a spacious park, which is left open for the use of every one, a very small flower-garden only being fenced off with wire screenings, round the palace. Prince Clary counts seventeen villages on his domain, and is one of the wealthiest noblemen in Bohemia. The bathing establishments are all his, but leased to the highest bidder, who however is restrained by a code of laws and regulations which he is bound to obey. The building erected over the „New Spring“ at Schönau, known as the „Neue Bad“, contains upon its ground-floor the bathing establishment, and above, fine suites of rooms, occupied for many seasons by the Royal family of Prussia, who lived there quite unostentatiously. Schönau is one continuous row of lodging-houses, overlooking grounds laid out with trees, shrubs and flowers, kept with the neatest care. Benches are placed everywhere. A band of music plays two or three times a week, in an open spot where the visitors lounge upon seats, or pace up and down the gravel walks. A small tax is imposed on each person visiting the baths, to pay for these luxuries. Teplitz is exclusively German, national in all its habits; foreigners are rare, except Russians, who arrive from the most re-

mote parts of the Empire; but take these Brunnens as you may, „on s'amuse moult tristement“, as old Froissart said of England. Under the windows, along the walls of the houses, are placed long wooden seats, with tables in front of them, where the lodgers place themselves and take their coffee in the morning. Once appropriated, it is civilly conceded as your right, and the next comer looks about and chooses a shady spot to instal his own table. The physicians prescribe, that all patients remain as much as possible in the open air, and it was during my mornings on a bench, I made most of my observations on men and things. The Schlossberg road sloped down just beside us; there are several villages beyond, and the peasant-women came trudging past, with baskets on their backs, supported by a strap passing under each arm. In these they carry every imaginable thing, from a cabbage to a child two years old; sometimes weights that bend them nearly to the ground. Children have little baskets fitted to their size. Usually these are loaded with poultry, vegetables, or cans of milk; now and then a small live porker betrayed himself from under a white cloth closely tied down, or a couple of geese protruded their heads, to take a view of things as they passed.

The peasantry of Bohemia are the finest race I have seen in Germany. They do not look exhausted and worn down by hard work, in fact have the reputation of being lazy; and unthrift and slovenliness of all the villages seems evidence of the fact. Agriculture is in a high state of perfection in Bohemia, as it is everywhere else in Germany; fruit orchards are cultivated with great care, quantities being sent down the Elbe to the Dresden market, but it is in the villages, about the doors of the peasant-houses, that one remarks their want of thrift; unseemly

heaps of stone and rubbish appear to have been heir-looms from their fathers, held as a sacred trust.

The usual costume of the women is a thick red striped linsey woolsey petticoat, made very full and short, a calico jacket, and a gay colored handkerchief tied three cornered-wise over the head. This latter generation however have begun to substitute common prints with deep flounces, and so by degrees the old costumes die out. In the progress of the times and commercial exchange, the modern article is obtained for less than the cost of their domestic woollens, and so improvement diffuses itself everywhere. But there is one little spot yet remaining on the face of the earth where innovation has not crept in, and where it is a pity it does not, I mean Altenburg, near Leipsic. One of these women passed here, and it is impossible not to follow them as far as the eye can reach. Seeing is believing! A body, always stout, is covered with a tight thing of ribbed worsted, like the leg of a sock, of course taking the form of said body, in all its contours, from the waist to the knees. Above, appears a bodice and shift sleeves; below, a pair of colored stockings with flowing ribbon garters and leather shoes. Between the stocking and the knit garment, there always is a slight deviation when they walk, which shows the skin. This curious costume is finished off by a long narrow apron, and a cap fitted close to the head, with a square flap hanging down the back. The effect in the rear of such a person, is decidedly that of a pair of kersey small clothes. When I saw an Altenburg woman for the first time crossing the square at a distance, I never dreamt of her being a female. Habit makes them unconscious of the ridicule they inspire out of their own peculiar domain, and I never was more amused in my life than by a young Altenburg girl fresh from her village, who

was lounging about the square under my window, one morning in Dresden, who nudged her companion, and both shouted out laughing at a young lady who had adopted the fashion just then introduced, of a tight fitting cloth coatie and round hat.

O wad some Power the giftie gie us
 To see oursels as others see us!
 It wad frae monie a blunder free us
 An' foolish notion;
 What airs in dress an'gait wad lea'e us,
 And ev'n devotion!

These Altenburg women are much in request as children's nurses, and esteemed for their faithfulness.

An outdoor panorama at a watering-place is generally every-day men and women pacing backwards and forwards; but here the eye is constantly lighting upon some new object. Away yonder under the trees glide two sisters of charity, with their black serge robes, close coifs, black veils, and rosaries; they have just arrived, probably at the call of some sick person, it being customary to apply to them in serious cases; calm, patient and enduring, trained to be so, as few mortals are,—I should choose just such women to smooth my dying-bed. It is now eight o'clock, the scene becomes animated, people are returning from their morning walk, the little tables spring up like mushroom rooms under the trees. Here and there, servants in livery are running to and fro, with coffee equipages, or plates of rolls and fruit, every one is going to breakfast in the open air. Somehow on the continent, one can do so, without having an ear-wig drop in one's cup. So the Countess D . . . sweeps by, leaning on the arm of her son, a young officer in the Austrian uniform, these belong to the „*haute volée*“. The two daughters arrive somewhat later, floating past in elegant *négligé-toilets*

and that peculiar toss of the head, with half closed eyes, superciliously overlooking inferior mortals. An officer or two, join them at the breakfast table, it is just far enough removed from the common path for the peasant-girls to stop with fruit and flowers; or the nice neat Frau Bertha, who comes every morning, her basket covered with a white napkin, under which lie the thin delicate brittle wafer-cakes, for which she is sure of customers. Little Wenzel too, with her brown gipsy face, peering out from a scarlet handkerchief tied under her chin, there she is, with her bare brown feet and hands, and her old basket, out of which come so many lovely nosegays of roses and mignonette. Further off, on my left, sits a lean Bavarian, always dressed in grey, from hat to gaiters, always smoking a pipe; he has two nice daughters, light blondes, with clear blue eyes and fresh lips, they also have their coterie, sew interminable worsted work all day and every day out of doors, not excepting Sunday. Above, in the balconies, lounge some of the exclusives sipping their coffee. The one on my immediate left, a Princess of Wallachia, whose daughter married a young military man and brought him as a marriage portion, 30,000 swine! I heard it from the gentleman himself. On the floor above me lives a Russian Minister of State and his family. I may say here that I have universally found the Russians more affable in their manners to entire strangers, than any people I have met. On the further balcony, lives a Consul from Astrakhan, whose wife's toilet varies between the sublime and the ridiculous. Away on again, three dames of high degree, Viennese, who come out now and then of an afternoon to hear the music and honor the gravel with their august tread; sweeping to and fro wrapped in gorgeously embroidered canton crape shawls, the like of which, they

feel, can never adorn dames of less nobility than ten quarterings on both sides of the house! I laugh in my sleeve, and think, what a bore some of our ladies at home consider it to wear those shawls. I turn for better amusement to another view of the panorama. I see a strange wild looking human being, with hair hanging about his shoulders, a wide flapped hat slouched over his face; a coat flung hussar fashion over his shoulder, breeches and leggings of leather; the latter fastened up the calf with innumerable little silver buttons, a shirt thrown open at the collar, all brown — brown of every shade, from that of the woollen coat, to the sun burned face; from the leather leggings to the shirt of coarse texture. Over his shoulder is cast a coil of iron wire, and a few mousetraps strung on a twine. He is a wandering Slavonian, — this his stock in trade. They gather a scanty living by tinkering. They do not beg, on the contrary I saw nothing grovelling about them, rather a spirit of independence. One is tempted to volunteer a small coin now and then, which they do not fail to accept, but rather haughtily. These are just such figures as Murillo or Rembrandt would choose to paint, dark expressive faces, with keen eyes. Those people go by the name of Slavonian, why specially I could not trace. Among the descendants of the Slavonian race may be enumerated, Russians, Poles, Bohemians and Moravians; be this as it may, the Bohemians universally call these travelling tinkers, Slavonians.

It is a curious fact that all writers agree in the description of their peculiarities. "The Slavonian was dark, short, and with small black eyes, and very difficient in personal cleanliness." So writes Tacitus in the first century, and nearly eighteen hundred years later, this people retain their national features and the last peculiarity particularly.

And there is little Nickel too, she shows herself at times, her height that of a child three years old, her age forty seven; she comes from one of the mountain mining districts, where her mother rejoices in five more like her; what a nest it would have been for Barnum! These must be genuine Kobolds. There go four Polish Jews, they wear long black surcoats to their feet, made of shiny alpaca; they have long beards and greasy locks, and the crouching, poor, degenerate look of a despised race — Parias. „The Jews that in the 28th Chap. of Deuteronomy were cursed in a certain contingency with a sublimer curse than ever rang through the passionate wrath of Prophecy, and that afterwards in Jerusalem cursed themselves, voluntarily taking on their own heads and on the heads of their children's children, for ever and for ever, the guilt of innocent blood: they are Parias to this hour; yet for them there has always shone a sullen light of hope“, with what peculiar interest I always dwell upon these people, so especially marked, living witnesses of the word of God. „And thou shalt become an astonishment, a proverb and a byword, among all nations.“

Next appears on the scene Mademoiselle * * * one of the habituées of Teplitz, a lady of an uncertain age, still retaining hopes of an establishment, and known as an indefatigable Tuft hunter. This fact is so well established, she furnishes amusement to an observing public. Her success is marvellous. However determined an Austrian countess may be, she will none of her, however freezing a Russian princess may appear, she manages in a very short time to control the whole, get her seat in their carriage, and accompany them in their walks. An accomplished parasite was as novel an object to me, as a Hungarian tinker, only I thought the mousetrap trade the more respectable of the two. I wonder if she ever dreamt

of appearing in such goodly company! But she so often passed before me, during my mornings on a bench, that I could not but note her and her manoeuvres.

One morning I was joined by a Russian gentleman, with whom I had formed an acquaintance; while we were conversing, we were interrupted by the approach of an old woman slightly deformed. She was clad in a narrow skirt of faded calicoe, here and there patched, a calico jacket quite as poor, a red kerchief tied about her head, the ends flapping down her back, and an elflock or two, of coarse grizzled hair, escaping from beneath it, skinny arms and hands, bare feet to match; her complexion of a dark mulatto shade, and a pair of coal black fiery eyes, the vivacity of which age had not extinguished. She was a gipsey, a genuine Bohemian, one of that race which two hundred years ago, migrated hither, no one knew from whence, and dispersed over the European continent without a fixed home; they, whom the French call Bohemians, the English Egyptians, gipsies, no matter whence their origin, here was one, upon the very soil attracting our attention by her age and poverty. She insisted on telling the Russian's fortune. He crossed her hand with silver, and their confab was long and apparently serious. She finished off her communications by giving him a specific for long life. He told me she had used the common jargon of fortune tellers, and had directed the substance she gave should be burnt on a chafing dish with a small portion of bread and salt, the inhaling of which would ensure him long life. On inspection we found it was a bit of dried toadstool, the witch's heritage.

There is another class of persons I have omitted to mention, who are an intolerable nuisance. These are the „Spitzen-Frauen“, and occasionally their helpmates.

These people flock to the watering places during the season; they carry a wooden box in which is deposited the lace made by a whole village, one being appointed to sell it, who is absent often several months, travelling far and wide in different parts of the country. I had the misfortune when I first arrived, to be assailed by a pale worn-down looking man, who opened his case for me, and displayed an array of common things, such as I could not make up my mind to buy, but as his eyes were big with hope, and as he humbly told me he had not sold enough to keep him in bread that day; I gave him a trifle to get rid of him. Ignoramus that I was; you lend a man money to get rid of him, but give! I had all the „Spitzen-Frauen“ in Teplitz round me, like wasps about a honey-pot, every time I took a seat out of doors. It became not only a nuisance, but a cause of nervous irritation at last. It seemed to me they had leagued together to torment me. I never opened my window at six in the morning, that I did not see a couple nodding at me, to know if I wanted lacecollars or undersleeves. I never was deep in a book, or writing a letter in my room, that I was not interrupted by a tap at the door, and the „Spitzen-Frau“ and her box meeting my vision. One day I was about to answer the tap, the verb „enrager“, ready conjugated upon my lips, when I was agreeably disappointed to see one of my old friends, the Brothers of Charity, whom I have spoken of before; an excellent sweet tempered man, who collects for the strangers' hospital.

Teplitz is the great hospital of Germany, each state has an establishment here for its army. That of Austria, the most imposing, situated in the midst of Schönau, with cultivated grounds and walks around it, where the invalid soldiers lounge under the trees. These waters are specific in rheumatic affections to

which soldiers are peculiarly exposed. So seemingly simple are the component parts of these waters, yet so severe in their effects upon the nerves, that an ordinary patient will find after five or six baths he is obliged to desist for a day or two, they produce the same uneasy sleeplessness at night, which the strong stimulants of coffee or tea do upon delicate organizations. For a time, perhaps two months after going through the cure, the patient is not sensible of much amelioration, but the fact then presses forcibly upon him, that he is partially relieved. If the case be an old chronic one, it will require three or four seasons in succession to cast it off, but that the results are marvellous I have full reason to know. Exercise in the open air is strongly enforced, and for those who cannot use their limbs freely, there are bath-chairs to be hired, and plenty of men ready for a small compensation to push you about for hours at a time. Thus lame people gain all the advantages of excursions in the valley and among the pleasant hill woodlands about Teplitz. These bath-chairs are in such general use, a person does not feel conspicuous when reduced to that method of locomotion, and is wheeled up under the trees of the promenades, or where the band performs, and left sitting, while the crowd walk about, or stand in groups listening.

In these afternoon promenades one sees many young Austrian officers who come down to Teplitz for a day or two, from the neighboring fortress of „Theresienstadt“. Among them I remarked one day two in hussar uniform, rather supercilious in their manners, looking down upon the crowd with a very indifferent air. One of them was a fine specimen of an Austrian, who are remarkably handsome men, wellformed, with florid complexions like the English. His companion was a „black

man“, dark as a full ripe chestnut, not a mulatto. It was the first time in my life I had seen the colored man as a gentleman. The effect of early educational prejudice and association produced a most singular excitement in my mind. The uniform and colored face combined recalled the militia bands and black musicians, who flourished in primitive times in New-York. I could not keep my eyes off him. I watched him as he paced up and down, I felt some misgivings, I could not reconcile the idea that he could be a gentleman. They met an officer of rank, both stopped, Othello threw himself negligently back, leaning on the hilt of his sword, he was perfectly at his ease. There was now no question, he was not the big drummer, nor the cymbal-player. He had a beautiful mouth, and a set of teeth glistening like pearls set in black enamel. His hair, that proof of blood, I could not detect, it was cropped close to the head behind in military fashion, and the zchako covered the rest. The peculiar style of the hussar uniform is not pleasing to the eye, there is such a superfluity of cords and loops and what-nots, as it is now represented. It originated in Poland and Hungary. „Fitted for hasty enterprize, these soldiers were oddly clothed, having skins of tigers and other wild beasts, hanging on their backs against bad weather, with furcaps and cocks' tails“. Such was the original dress, now refined into the velvet trimmed with rare furs, and strewed over with diamond and precious stones, which adorn the persons of Esterhazy and his compeers, when they appear at the court levees of their Emperor.

For three days, Teplitz departed from the even tenor of its way. The Emperor had announced he would be there. The Prince-Regent of Prussia was to meet him, Saxony and Bavaria were invited to the conference,

all Europe had their eyes turned Teplitz-wise, and the little town produced more glazed calico on the occasion than had entered into my imagination to conceive. Banners floated from every point, from every attic window, every garden post, every accessible height; even from the airholes in the old churchtower there waved Austria's black and yellow, Saxony's green and white, old Bohemia's national red and white, and Prussia's white and black. Festoons of flowers, wreaths, arches, decorated balconies, all that evergreens and muslin could do, to get up a demonstration they did, and yet in spite of a dense crowd from the railway station to the hotel, where the Emperor's rooms were prepared, there was no heartiness in the cheers that greeted his arrival. „Some one or two threw up their caps and cried long live King Richard“, but the remainder cheered with an effort, the machinery creaked, that was all. (This occurred previously to the concessions made later to the people, which have not rendered them a whit more enthusiastic), but we have nothing to do with politics, only impressions. The bells rang, the cannon boomed, and the Emperor arrived in the midst of a crowd. The next day came Prussia. The Emperor went to the station to meet him, and there was more noise at least, how much heart, Heaven knows, but the bell, and the cannon and the red, black, yellow and white calico, all did their duty, and no one inquired further. The conference lasted only two days. The Emperor went about quietly in a low open carriage, accompanied by one aide-de-camp, visiting the hospitals and some spots of interest. Turning down a narrow street one day, I heard a carriage coming round the corner, and ranged myself against the wall to let it pass, it was the Emperor, who politely lifted his hat. He is a blond delicate looking young man, with no force of expression.

Prussia I saw later, a big, burly, but handsome man. How very little one cares for these Royal personages when one has lived long in Europe. We learn very soon, the „highborn“ and „noble“ are only given terms. The individuals rarely come up to our preconceived ideas of what they ought to be. I find myself a better republican in feeling abroad, than I was at home, and treasure the nobility of intellect and talent above all hereditary honors. One night the miners got up a torchlight procession in honor of the Royal guests. The peculiarity of the miner's costume consists in a rounded leather apron worn not before, but behind, a singular appendage, which even the King of Saxony is obliged to assume as chief of the miners, when he visits the district. This leather apron passes under the coat-tail and as all is black, it is not so very conspicuous after all, and the eye becomes reconciled to the young men so accoutred, knowing thereby they belong to the school of miners. So passed the mighty conference at Teplitz with what result, let newspapers discuss. I know, the wreaths faded and the flags became weather-stained, prophetic perhaps of faded hopes and false colors.

The excursions about Teplitz are interesting. On the Dresden road lies the battle-field of Kulm, where in 1813, the allied forces, commanded by Count Colloredo Mansfeld, defeated the French under Vandamme; the remnant of the whole army escaped through the woods and across the mountains to Dresden, then Napoleon's headquarters. The Prussian, Austrian and Russian sovereigns have each erected a monument on the field. The Prussian is of cast iron and bears the inscription: „A grateful King and Country honor the Heroes who fell.“

That of Austria is a copy of the beautiful bronze figure found under the Temple of Hercules at Brescia,

and is dedicated to the memory of Prince Colloredo Mansfeld who was wounded in the battle.

The Russian monument is an obelisk, surmounted by a figure of Fame, the base guarded by two lions.

The shrine of „Mariaschein“ a cloister-chapel, formerly celebrated for its miracles, and still a pilgrimage church, is a pleasant drive from Teplitz. The adjacent country is lovely, and for those who have strength to drive about, there is enough to be seen and enjoyed. However to me the routine of coffee-gardens and a very indifferent band of music, became monotonous, as it always does. We Americans have not the faculty of passive enjoyment, and I rejoiced when „the cure“, as it is called, was completed, and I could take my leave. Farewell then to the long rows of lodging houses, distinguished by the names of Kings and Emperors, Archdukes and Princes. I think some of these worthies would look aghast at the pretensions of their namesakes, could they see them, for often the poorest and meanest, in the dirtiest quarters of the old town, bear the most sonorous titles. No house above a cowshed, but has emblazoned on its front some splendid name. Cities, States, all became exhausted. Then men returned to the Bears, the Boars and the Horses, blue, black and red, whom sign-painters have delighted to honor for centuries; Angels too, white ones, and blue ones, and golden ones; Morning Stars, Evening Stars, Suns and Moons, until finally the astronomical effort terminated in a fresco over the door of a little yellow house in my vicinity where a blazing comet with a fiery tail, is illuminating the physiognomies of a little lady and gentleman who stand admiring it. Stars, Angels and Comets, however have been outdone in originality by two insignificant houses a little way down the street, one of which rejoices in the name

of „The Red Apple“, and its next door neighbor, „The River Jordan“, the which sets one speculating on the question: „What’s in a name“?

And now farewell to the dear old Vaterland. When I look about me and mark how simple, how free from guile and criticism life is here, how divested of that superciliousness and ridicule, which can be felt, if not heard, in other lands; where the deformed, the absurd, the beautiful, the common and the wellbred, all meet in one common community, where the young men lounging about, smoking together, are never saucy nor impolite, where military men do not become puppies, not only from restraint of discipline, but because they have inherited a better feeling, I am sure that goodness lies deep down in the foundation of the national character.

The solitary exceptions I have seen were among the university students, whose rudeness and follies are more an assumed privilege of their order („dummer Junge“), than a natural emanation of character, they could not be Germans otherwise.

May the land never lose this beautiful trait, may the quiet valley of Teplitz long remain in its present simplicity unspoiled by migrations from foreign lands; and while the German people wake to progress, may they never change their national characteristic of genuine goodness.

FAREWELL.

NOTICE.

HAD I been aware of the difficulty of printing an English manuscript in a foreign press I never would have undertaken it. In spite of the unwearied efforts and perseverance of my proof-reader, the text contains many typographical errors I shall make no note of errata, they are obvious, and only ask the friends for whom this volume is intended, that they

„Be to its faults a little kind,
And to its misprints very blind.“

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